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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

THE HOPES OF THEOLOGY.¹

ON the occasion of my former address at St. Andrews, the Principal of St. Mary's College asked me to speak a few words to the theological students under his charge. It was not within my power to comply with his request at that moment. But now that the time draws near to take farewell of an office which I have valued so highly, I have thought that I might properly touch on some subject which, though of general interest, had special reference to theology. When I spoke to you before, I appealed to the motto which is written over this ancient hall—

Ἀὐτὸν ἀπιστεύειν

—and dwelling on the inspiring force of the contemplation of GREATNESS in all its forms, I endeavoured to show how bright was the sunshine which such a thought throws on all your present duties and studies. That brightness I would still wish to maintain, though within a more definite range, and in a humbler and graver tone, more suited to the altered circumstances both of him who speaks and of you who listen.

The topic which I propose to take is one at which I slightly hinted in the conclusion of my last words to you, and which was suggested to me afresh by the instructive address delivered, in the course of the late winter, to the

students of Aberdeen by an eminent statesman—one of the foremost of our time. He, speaking with the fulness of his varied experience, and with the strength of true humility and moderation, chose as his theme, "The Rocks Ahead," in the political and social world, indicated some years ago by a distinguished publicist. But besides the political and the economical rocks, there was a third rock, which the prophet of ill had pointed out, the religious or theological rock—namely, the danger arising to religion from the apparently increasing divergence between the intelligence and the faith of our time. It is this topic—touched for a moment by Mr. Forster; handled more fully, but still in a rapid survey, by an accomplished countryman of your own, Mr. Grant Duff, at Edinburgh—on which I propose to insist more at length on the present occasion. You know the story of the Inchcape Rock, almost within sight of these shores; how for many years it was the terror of mariners until an enterprising Abbot of Aberbrothock ventured to fasten a bell upon the sunken reef. Will you permit the successor of the Abbots of Westminster, after the fashion of the Douglas of your own Scottish history, to attempt to "bell this rock"? The waves of controversy and alarm will still doubtless dash over it; but, perchance, if my advice contains any truth, you will catch from time to time henceforth, amidst the roar of the billows, faint chimes of a more

¹ Address to the Students of St. Andrews, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Lord Rector of the University.

cheering music; and even if some rash rover shall tear off the signal of warning and encouragement, yet the rude shifts of the Abbot may suggest to some wiser and more scientific inventor to build on the rock a lighthouse which will more effectually defy the storm, and more extensively illuminate the darkness of the time to come. I propose, then, to speak to you of the grounds of hope for the religion and theology of the future.

I do not deny that the forebodings of Mr. Greg have some foundation. It was one of the last anxious aspirations of Dean Milman,¹ that some means might be found to avert the wide and widening breach which he seemed to see between the thought and the religion of England. There has been an increasing suspicion between the fiercer factions of the ecclesiastical and the scientific world—each rejoicing to push the statements of its rival to the extremest consequences, and to place on them the worst possible construction. There have arisen new questions, which ancient theology has for the most part not even considered. There is an impetuosity on both sides, which to the sober sense of the preceding century was unknown, and which threatens to precipitate conflicts, once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted. There are also indications that we are passing through one of those periods of partial eclipse which from time to time retard the healthy progress of mankind. In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind. Of this wasting, withering influence modern theology has had its full share. Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things, which the calm judgment of the last century,

the Heaven-inspired insight of the dawn of this, would have scattered like chaff, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world. And this calamity has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which feels most keenly and presses most heavily the weaknesses of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief. It is, no doubt, conceivable that these dreadful forms and “fiery faces” might portend for England the same overthrow of faith that has overtaken other countries. If such a separation were indeed universally impending between the religion of the coming age and the progress of knowledge, between the permanent interests of the Christian Churches and the interests of the European States, then there would be a cause for alarm more serious than the panics of religious journals or the assaults of enraged critics. It would be the “*ingens motus excedentium numinum*”—the tread of departing deity—

“Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox; sed Di terrent et Jupiter
hostis.”

But behind those outward manifestations of danger, there is a higher Christianity, which neither assailants nor defenders have fully exhausted. We cannot believe that the inexorable hour has struck. There is good ground for hoping that the difficulties of religion, national religion, Christian religion, are but the results of passing maladies, either in its professed friends or supposed foes. We may fairly say, with the first Napoleon¹—“We have perhaps gone a little too fast; but we have reason on our side, and when one has reason on one’s side, one should have the courage to run some risks.” The Evening star, according to the fine image of the poet, which is the accompaniment of the setting day, may be one and the same with the Morning star, the harbinger of sunrise.

¹ *History of the Jews*, 3rd edition, vol. i., p. xxxiv.

¹ Matthew Arnold, *Popular Education in France*.

It is a large inquiry. I can but touch on a few salient points.

I. First, there is the essentially progressive element in religion itself. Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, maintains, with all the exuberance of logic and rhetoric, the difference between theology and all other sciences is in this respect, that what it was in the days of the patriarch Job, such it must be in the nineteenth century, and to the end of time. No doubt in religion, as in all great subjects of human thought, there is a permanent and unchanging element; but in everything which relates to its form, in much which relates to its substance, the paradox of our great historian is as contrary to fact as it would be crushing to our aspirations if it were true. In the practice of theological controversy, it has been too much the custom to make the most of differences and the least of agreements. But in the theological study of the past, it has been too much the custom to see only the agreements and not the differences. Look in the face the fact that the belief of each successive epoch of Christendom has varied enormously from the belief of its predecessors. The variations of the Catholic Church, both past and present, have been almost, if not quite, as deep and wide as the variations of Protestantism; and these variations, whilst they show that each form of theology is but an approximation to the truth, and not the whole truth itself, contain the surest indication of vitality in the whole body of religious faith. The conceptions of the relations of man to man, and, still more, of man to God, have been incontestably altered with the growth of centuries. Not to speak of the total extinction of ancient polytheism, and confining ourselves within the limits of the Christian Church, it is one of the most consolatory fruits of theological study to observe the disappearance of whole continents of useless controversies which once distracted the world. What has become of the

belief, once absolutely universal in Christendom, that no human being could be saved who had not passed through the waters of baptism; that even innocent children, if not immersed in the font, were doomed to endless perdition? Or where are the interminable questions respecting the doctrine of predestination or the mode of justification which occupied the middle of the sixteenth and the close of the eighteenth century in Protestant Churches? Into what limbo has passed the terrible conflict between the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers amongst the now United Presbyterians? What do we now hear of the doctrine of the Double Procession, or of the Light on Mount Tabor, which in the ninth century and in the fifteenth filled the mind of Eastern Christendom? These questions for the time occupied, in these several Churches, the whole horizon of theological thought. They are dead and buried; and for us, standing on their graves, it is idle to say that theology has not changed. It has changed. Religion has survived those changes; and this is the historical pledge that it may, that it will, survive a thousand more.

Even the mere removal of what may be called dead matter out of the path of living progress is of itself a positive gain. But the signs of the capability of future improvement in Religion are more direct than this. No doubt theologians have themselves to thank for the rigid, immutable character which has been ascribed by philosophers to their beliefs. The Jesuit maxim, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*, has been too often accepted in all Churches for any of the Churches to complain if they have been taken at their word. But already, as far back as the Reformation, there were indications of a deeper insight—exceptional and quaint, but so expressive as to vindicate for Christianity, even then, the widest range which future discoveries may open before it. In the first Confession of John Knox, the Reformers had perceived what had

been so long concealed from the eyes of the Schoolmen and the Fathers—that the most positive expressions, even of their own convictions, were not guaranteed from imperfection or mutability; and the entreaty with which that Confession is prefaced, contains at once a fine example of true Christian humility and the stimulus to the noblest Christian ambition—"We conjure you, if any man will note in this our Confession any article or sentence repugnant to God's Holy Word, that it would please him of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in writing; and we, upon our honour and fidelity, do promise him satisfaction from the Holy Scriptures, or due reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss." And perhaps even more striking is the like expression in the well-known address of the first pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, before embarking on the great enterprise which was to issue in the foundation of new churches and new commonwealths beyond the Atlantic—"I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. The Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. Though they were burning and shining lights, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of your Church's covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." "Noble words," says the eloquent historian¹ of the Dutch Republic; "words to bear fruit, after centuries shall go by." They are, indeed, the charter of the future glories of Protestant, and perhaps of Roman Christianity. Well did Archbishop Whately, on the eve of a change in the constitution of the Church of

England, exclaim:—"I will not believe that the Reformers locked the door, and threw away the key for ever!" It is in the light of this progressive historical development that the confessions and liturgies, the doctrines and usages, of former times find their proper place. All of them, taken as the final expressions of absolute truth, are misleading. All of them, even the most imperfect, may be taken as the various phases and steps of a Church and a faith whose glory it is to be perpetually advancing towards perfection.

II. When we examine in detail the materials of Christian theology, they give abundant confirmation of this general truth. Theology has gained, and may gain immensely, by the process which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge—the process of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations. How much has been effected for archaeology by the excavations of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Rome, of Troy, of Mycenæ! How much for history, by the exploration of the archives of Simancas, of the Register House of Edinburgh! How much for science, by the crucible of chemistry, by the spade and hatchet of the geologist, by the plummet of the *Challenger*! To this general law theology furnishes no exception. Every deep religious system has in it more than appeared at the time to its votaries, far more than has appeared in later times to its adversaries. Even in the ancient pagan religions of Greece and Rome, it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent in forms of which the influence might long ago seem to have died out. The glory of the Homeric poems, the solemnity of Sophocles and Æschylus, the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, have, as it were, risen from their graves after the lapse of centuries, and occupy a larger space in the modern mind than they have done at any time since their first creation. Even in the case of Mohammedanism the Koran has,

¹ Motley, *Life of Barneveldt*, ii. 295.

within the last century, been awakened from a slumber of ages, and has been discovered to contain maxims which Christendom might cultivate with advantage, but which, in all the long centuries of ignorance, were hopelessly forgotten both by friends and foes. A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended, or because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, the seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case in Christianity, which is not only (like Mohammedanism) the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life.

Putting aside for the moment all question of the divine authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and of the dogmatic systems built upon them, it is certain that their original force and grace is far more keenly appreciated now than it was when they were overlaid with fanciful allegories and scholastic perversions. The spirit of the time, the "*Zeit-Geist*," as Matthew Arnold says, "has turned the rays of his lantern" full upon them, and in "the fierce light" that beats upon their structure through this process, if some parts have faded away, if the relation of all the parts to each other has been greatly altered, yet there can be no question that by its influence, which has penetrated more or less, all modern theology, the meaning, and with the meaning the grandeur and the beauty, of the Sacred Volume has been brought out with a fulness which was unknown to Hume and Voltaire, because it had been equally unknown to Aquinas and Augustine. Whole systems of false doctrine or false practice, whole fabrics of barbarous phraseology, have received their death-blow as the Ithuriel of modern criticism has transfixed with his spear here a spurious text, there an untenable interpretation, here a wrong translation, there a mistaken punctuation.

Or again, with regard to our in-

creased knowledge of the dates and authorship of particular books, much, no doubt, remains obscure; but this partial ignorance is as the fulness of knowledge compared with the total blank which prevailed in the Church for a thousand years or more. All the instruction, inward and outward, which we have acquired from our discovery of the successive dates, and therewith of the successive phases, of St. Paul's Epistles, was lost almost until the beginning of this century, but has now become the starting-point of fresh inquiry and fresh delight in every historical or theological treatise. The disentanglement of the Psalter, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Isaiah from the artificial and fallacious monotony in which, regardless of times and circumstances, a blind tradition had involved them, gives a significance to the several portions of the respective books which no one who has once grasped it will ever willingly abandon. The Parables, as has been of late well described, have by their very nature an immortality of application which could never have been perceived had they been always, as they were in many instances at the time of their first delivery, shut up within the gross, carnal, matter-of-fact interpretation of those who said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" or "It is because we have taken no bread." In short, when it was perceived, in the noble language of Burke,¹ that the Bible was not a dead code, or collection of rigid dogmas, but, "an infinite variety of a most venerable and most multifarious literature," from that moment it became as impossible in the nature of things that the educated portion of mankind should ever cease to take an interest in the Old and New Testament, as it would be that they should cease to take an interest in Homer, or Shakespeare, or Dante, or Scott. The Sacred Books, which were once regarded as the stars were regarded by ancient astronomers,

¹ Burke's Works, x. 21, Speech on Acts of Uniformity.

spangles set in the sky, or floating masses of nebulous light, or a galaxy of milky spots, have now been resolved by the telescope of scholarship into their component parts. Lord Macaulay would not deny that astronomy has undergone a total revolution through Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton—a revolution which has immensely extended its grandeur and its usefulness. Erasmus, Lowth, Herder, and Ewald have effected for Biblical knowledge a revolution no less complete and no less beneficent. There has been, as it were, a triple chain of singular, one may almost say providential, coincidences. The same critical process which has opened our eyes to the beauty and the wisdom of the sacred records has, by revealing to us the large infusion of the poetic element, enabled us to distinguish between the temporary and the essential, between the parabolical and the historical; and thus, at the moment when science and ethnology are pointing out difficulties, which on a literal and mechanical view of the Biblical records are insuperable, a door of escape has been opened by the disclosure of a higher aspect of the Scriptures, which would be equally true and valuable, were there no scientific difficulty in existence. Except in the lowest and most barbarous classes of society the invectives and the scoffs of the last century have ceased. They have been extinguished, not by the fires of the Inquisition or the anathemas of Convocations or General Assemblies, but by the steady growth of the same reverential, rational appreciation of the divine processes for the revelation of great truths, as has shut the mouths of the defamers of Milton and covered with shame the despisers of Shakespeare.

III. Leaving the grounds of hope furnished to us by the original documents of our faith, let us turn to those which are supplied from the study of its doctrines and institutions. And here I will name two bridges, as it were, by which the passage to a brighter prospect may be effected. One is the

increasing consciousness of the importance of definition. It was said by a famous theologian of Oxford thirty years ago that “without definition controversy is either hopeless or useless.” He has not, in his subsequent career, applied this maxim, as we might fairly have expected from his subtle intellect, to the clearing away of obstructions and frivolities. But the maxim is true, not only in the negative sense in which he pronounced it, but in the more important sense of the pacifying and enlightening tendency necessarily implied in all attempts to arrive at the clear meaning of the words employed. It was a sagacious remark which I heard not long ago from a Scottish minister on the shores of Argyleshire, that the vehemence of theological controversy has been chiefly in proportion to the emptiness of the phrases used. So long as an expression is employed merely as a party watchword, without inquiring what it means, it acts like a magical spell; it excites enthusiasm; it spreads like an infectious malady; it terrifies the weak; it acts as a stimulant to the vacant brain. But the moment that we attempt to trace its origin, to discover in what other words it can be expressed, the enthusiasm cools, the panic subsides, the contagion ceases to be catching, the dram ceases to intoxicate, the cloud disperses, and the clear sky appears. This pregnant reflection might be aptly illustrated by examples in the history of the Scottish Churches. But I will confine myself to two instances drawn from other countries. One is that of which I have before spoken, the doctrine of the Double Procession, which was sufficient to tear asunder the Eastern and Western Churches; to give the chief practical occasion for the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed; to precipitate the fall of the Empire of Constantinople; and therefore to sow the original seed of the present formidable Eastern Question. This controversy has in later days, with very few exceptions, fallen into entire obscurity.

But in those cases where it has occupied the attention of modern theologians, its sting has been taken out by the process, simple as it would seem, but to which resort had never been had before, of inducing the combatants to express their conflicting opinions by other phrases than those which had been the basis of the original antagonism. This, and this only, is the permanent interest which attached to a recent Conference at Bonn, between certain theologians of the Greek, Latin, and English Churches. What was then done with much satisfaction, at least to those more immediately concerned, might be applied with still more advantage to many other like phrases which have acted as mischievous a part in the disintegration and disunion of Christendom. Another instance shall be given from a Church nearer home. In the Gorham Controversy, which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base, and which produced the widest theological panic of any within our time, the whole question hinged on the word "regeneration;" and yet, as Bishop Thirlwall showed in one of those charges, which I would recommend to all theological students, of whatever Church, who wish to see the value of severe discrimination and judicial serenity on the successive controversies of our time, it never occurred to the disputants that there was an ambiguity in the word itself—it never occurred to either of them to define or explain what either of them intended to express by it.¹ What is there said with withering irony of "regeneration" is true of the larger number of theological phrases by which truth has been veiled and charity stifled. Differences and difficulties will remain. But the bitterness of the fight is chiefly concerning words; the fight itself is what the apostle denounced as "a" battle of words.² Explain these—define these

—the party collapses, the bitterness exhales, the fear is cast out.

Another ground of hope is the growing sense of the doctrine of proportion. It is a doctrine which has dawned slowly and painfully on the theological mind of Christendom. "In God's matters," said Samuel Rutherford, "there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle," said Ebenezer Erskine, in his amazement at the indifference which Whitfield displayed towards the Solemn League and Covenant, "is precious."³ What Rutherford and Erskine thus tersely and quaintly expressed is but the assumption on which has rested the vast basis of the Rabbinical theology of Judaism, and the Scholastic Theology, whether of Catholic or Protestant Churches. But to the better spirits of Christendom there has penetrated the conviction that these maxims are not only not sound, but are unsound to the very core. "There is a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle is not equally precious." Richard Hooker and Richard Baxter had already begun to perceive that religion was no exception to the truth, expressed by a yet greater genius than either, in the magnificent lines of "Troilus and Cressida," which tells us how essential it is in all things to

"Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order."

This, if not the ultimate, at any rate is the proximate, solution of some of the difficulties which have threatened, or which still threaten, the peace of Churches and the growth of religion.

Take the vexed question of Church government. The main source of the gall which once poisoned, and still in some measure poisons, the relations between Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, was not the position that one or other form was to be found in the

¹ Bishop Thirlwall's *Charges*, i. 156.

² 1 Tim. vi. 4.

³ *Lectures on the Church of Scotland*.

Bible, or in antiquity, or was more conformable to common-sense and order. These are comparatively innocent and unexciting propositions. The distracting thought lay in the conviction that one or other was absolutely perfect, and was alone essential to the Christian religion. It is for the rectification of this misplaced exclusiveness that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to such men as Hooker in England and Leighton in Scotland. There is much to be said for Presbyterianism; there is much to be said for Episcopacy. But there is much more to be said for the secondary, temporary, accidental character of both, when compared with the general principles to which they each minister; and in the light of these principles we shall view more justly and calmly the real merits and demerits both of bishops and of presbyters, than is possible for those who, like your Scottish or my English ancestors, upheld the constitution of either Church as in all times and under all circumstances irrevocably indispensable. What is true with regard to those two leading distinctions is still more applicable to all debates on Patronage, Ecclesiastical Courts, Vestments, Postures. There is a difference, there is, if we choose so to express it, a right and a wrong, in each case. The appointment by a multitude may be preferable to the appointment by a single individual; the appointment by a responsible layman may be preferable to the appointment by a synod; a black gown may, in certain circumstances, be superior to a white one, or a white one to a red one. But far more important than any of these positions is the persuasion that, at most, all of these things, the nomination, the jurisdiction, the dress, the attitude of ministers, are but means towards an end—very distant means towards a very distant end. And in measure as we appreciate this due proportion, scandals will diminish, and the Church of the future will leap forward on its course, bounding like a ship that

has thrown over its super-charge of cargo, or quelled an intestine mutiny.

Or take a yet graver question—the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called miracles. There is no doubt an increasing difficulty on this subject—a difficulty enhanced by the incredulity which now besets educated sections of mankind, and by the credulity which has taken hold with a fresh tenacity on the half-educated. It is a question on which neither science nor religion, I venture to think, has yet spoken the last word. It is a complex problem, imperatively demanding that careful definition of which I spoke before, and the calm survey of the extraordinary incidents not only of biblical but of ecclesiastical history, whether Catholic or Protestant. On the true aspects of such physical portents as have been connected with the history of religion, there is much to be argued. But on these arguments I do not enter. The point on which I would desire to fix your attention is this: that whatever view we take of these “signs and wonders,” their relative proportion as grounds of argument has altogether changed. There is a well-known saying, like other famous axioms¹ of Christian life, erroneously ascribed to St. Augustine—“We believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles.” Fill your

¹ It fell to my lot two years ago to track out the story of another famous maxim, which had been really the maxim of Rupertus Meldenius, an obscure German divine of the 17th century, but in like manner, falsely ascribed to Augustine, “In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.” See “Address on Richard Baxter,” in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876. The saying in question is sometimes quoted as Augustine's, but on inquiry I find that there is no ground for ascribing it to him. The nearest approach to it is the passage from the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesie*, c. 19, quoted in Archbishop Trench's work on the Miracles. “Quaecumque talia [i.e. the Donatist Miracles] in Catholicâ [Ecclesiâ] fiunt, ideo sunt approbata, quia in Catholicâ fiunt; non ideo manifestatur Catholica, quia hæc in eâ fiunt.” This, however, is a very inadequate statement of the principle, if indeed it be not

minds with this principle, view it in all its consequences, observe how many maxims both of the Bible and of philosophy conform to it, and you will find yourselves in a position which will enable you to treat with equanimity half the perplexities of this subject. However valuable the record of extraordinary incidents may be in other respects, however impressively they may be used to convey the truths of which they are confessedly the symbols, they have, in the eyes of the very men whom we most desire to convince, become stumbling blocks and not supports. External evidence has with most thinking men receded to the background, internal evidence has come to the front. Let us learn by experience to use with moderation arguments which, at least for the present, have lost their force. Let us acknowledge that there are greater miracles, more convincing miracles, than those which appeal only to our sense of astonishment. "The greatest of miracles," as a venerable statesman has observed, is the character of Christ. The world was converted, in the first instance, not by appeals to physical, but to moral prodigies. Let us recognise that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken.

IV. And what is the true supernatural? What are those essentials in

merely the polemical and untenable assertion that, whatever miracles are wrought by heretics for that very reason go for nothing—the exact opposite of our Lord's words, Mark ix. 38.

The substance of the sentiment, however, has been repeatedly expressed by writers, who, if less famous than Augustine, have penetrated far more profoundly into the root of the question. Not to mention Coleridge, Arnold, and Milman, it may suffice to quote from the work of Archbishop Trench to which reference has just been made. "'Miracles,' says Fuller, 'are the swaddling clothes of the infant Church; and, we may add, not the garments of the full-grown.'" (Trench on the Miracles, 51.) "*It may be more truly said, that we believe the miracles for Christ's sake, than Christ for the miracles' sake.*" (Ibid. 103.)

religion which have been the purifying salt of Christianity hitherto, and will be the illuminating light hereafter; which, raising us above our natural state, point to a destiny above this material world—this commonplace existence? The great advance which, on the whole, theology has made in these latter centuries, and which it may be expected still more to make in the centuries which are to come is this, that the essential, the supernatural elements of religion are recognised to be those which are moral and spiritual. These are its chief recommendations to the reason of mankind. Without them, it would have long ago perished. So far as it has lost sight of these, it has dwindled and faded. With these, it may overcome the world. Other opportunities will occur in which I shall hope to draw out at length both the means by which these spiritual elements of Christianity may be carried on from generation to generation, and also the characteristics which distinguish them from like elements in inferior religions.¹ It is enough to have indicated that in the supremacy of these, and in their supremacy alone, lies the hope of the future. To love whatever is truly lovable, to detest whatever is truly detestable, to believe that the glory and divinity of goodness is indestructible, and that there has been, is, and will be a constant enlargement and elevation of our conceptions of it—furnishes a basis of religion which, whilst preserving all the best parts of the sacred records and of Christian worship and practice, is a guarantee at once for its perpetuity and for its growth.

Observe also that in proportion to our insistence on the moral greatness of Christianity as its chief evidence and chief essence, there accrues an external weight of authority denied to the lower and narrower, but granted to the higher and wider, views of

¹ In the two sermons preached in the College Church and in the Parish Church of St. Andrews on the following Sunday, March 18th.

religion. When we look over the long annals of ecclesiastical history, we shall often find that it is not within the close range of the so-called orthodox, but from the outlying camp of the so-called heretic or infidel, that the champions of the true faith have come. Not from the logic of Calvin, or the rhetoric of Bossuet, but from the great scholars and philosophers of the close of the last century and the beginning of this, have been drawn the best portraits of Christianity and its Founder. A clearer glimpse into the nature of the Deity was granted to Spinoza,¹ the excommunicated Jew of Amsterdam, than to the combined forces of Episcopacy and Presbytery in the Synod of Dordrecht. When we cast our eyes over the volumes which, perhaps, of all others, give us at once the clearest prospect of the progress of humanity, and the saddest retrospect of the mistakes of theology—Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals and of Rationalism*—when we read there of the eradication of deeply rooted beliefs which, under the guidance of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical rulers, were supposed to be essential to the existence of religion—witchcraft, persecution, intolerance, prohibition of commercial intercourse—if for one moment our faith is staggered by seeing that these beneficent changes were brought about by States in defiance of Churches, by philosophers in defiance of divines, it is revived when we perceive that the end towards which those various agencies worked is the same as

that desired by the best of the theologians; that what Mr. Lecky calls the secularisation of politics is in fact the Christianisation of theology. That view of man, of the universe, and of God which by a recent able writer is called "Natural Religion"¹ is in fact Christianity in its larger and wider aspect. The hope of immortality, which beyond any other belief of man carries us out of the world of sense, was eagerly defended by Voltaire and Rousseau, no less than by Butler and Paley. The serious view of duty, the admiration of the heroic and the generous and the just, the belief in the transcendent value of the spiritual and the unseen, are cherished possessions of the philosophers of our generation, no less than of the missionaries and saints of the generation that is past. The Goliath of the nineteenth century, as was once well observed by a Professor² of your own, is not on the opposite side of the valley—he is in our midst; he is on our side: he is not to be slain by sling and stone, but he is—if we did but know it—our friend, our ally, our champion. If there is a constantly increasing tendency, as Mr. Lecky says,³ to identify the Bible and conscience, this is in other words, as he himself well states the case, a tendency to place Christianity in a position "in which we have the strongest evidence of the triumph of the conceptions of its Founder," a position in which by the nature of the case the doubters will be constantly diminishing and the intelligent believers constantly increasing.

It is indeed one hope not only for the solution, but for the pacific solution of our theological problems, that in this, more than in any previous age, in our country more than in most countries, the critical and the conservative overlap, interweave, and shade off into

¹ This statement would be justified by a comparison of the best sayings of Spinoza with the best sayings of the Synod of Dort. The former are still read with admiration and instruction, even by those who widely differ from Spinoza's general teaching. The latter are but little known, even to those who most firmly agree with the theory propounded by the Synod.

It may also be well to record, over against the anathemas which have been levelled at his name, the epithet by which his humbler acquaintances called him immediately after his death, "The blessed Spinoza," and the description given of him by Schleiermacher, "He was a man full of religion and of the Holy Ghost."

¹ See a series of most instructive articles in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Natural Religion," between February, 1875, and April, 1877.

² Professor Campbell.

³ *History of Rationalism*, i. 384, ii. 247, 385.

each other—"Ionians and Dorians on both sides." The intelligent High Churchman, the moderate Free Churchman, melts almost imperceptibly into the inquiring scholar. The generous Puritan or Nonconformist is more than one third a Latitudinarian, perhaps even half a Churchman. Few philosophers have so entirely parted with the natural feelings of the human heart, or the natural aspirations of the human mind, as to be indifferent to the sane or insane direction of so mighty an instrument for good or evil as the religious instinct of mankind. And thus the basis of a reasonable theology, even if shaken for the moment by the frenzy of partisans, has intrinsically become wider and more solid. The lines drawn by sects and parties do not correspond with the deeper lines of human nature and of history. A distinguished theological statesman some time since drew out what he called a chart of religious thought. But there was one school of thought which was noticed only to be dismissed. And yet this school or tendency is one which happily runs across all the others and contains within itself, not indeed all, but many of the finest elements of Christendom—the backbone of Christian life, the lamp of Christian thought. We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. The phrase is well intended, and has been used as the title of an excellent book. But it does not exactly describe the case. What we need is the recognition that so far as they meet, Theology and Science are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the Author of the universe gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad theology is also bad science; whatever is good science is also good theology. In like manner, we hear of the reconciliation of religion and morality. The answer is the same; they are one and indivisible. Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the

purity, the generosity of mankind, is high religion; whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is low religion, is infidelity of the worst sort. There are, according to the old Greek proverb, many who have borne the thyrsus, and yet not been inspired prophets. There are many also who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle, or bearing the mystic wand; and these, whether statesmen, philosophers, poets, have been amongst the friends, conscious or unconscious, of the religion of the future; they are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free.

And now, with all this cloud of witnesses, what is our duty in this interval of waiting, of transition? What is our duty? and what is yours, O students of St. Andrews, O future pastors of the famous Church of Scotland, O rising generation of that strong Scottish nation which in former times was the firmest bulwark of a national, Protestant, reasonable Christianity? You, no doubt, in this secluded corner of our island, feel the breath of the spirit of the age. How are you to avoid being carried about with every gust of its fitful doctrine? How are you to gather into your sails the bounding breeze of its invincible strength? There is nothing to make you despair of your Church. It may have to pass through many transformations; but a Church which has not only stood the rude shocks of so many secessions and disruptions, but continues to gather into its ranks the most liberal tendencies of the nation, is too great an institution to be sacrificed to the exigencies of party, if only it be true to that fine maxim of Archbishop Leighton's, of leaving to others "to preach up the times," and claiming for itself "to preach up eternity." The principle of a national Establishment, which Chalmers vindicated in the interests of Christian philanthropy has in these latter days more and more commended itself in the interests of

Christian liberty. The enlarging, elevating influence infused into a religious institution by its contact, however slight, with so magnificent an ordinance as the British commonwealth; the value of resting a religious union not on some special doctrine or institution, but on the highest welfare of the whole community;—these principles are not less, but more appreciated now than they were in a less civilised age. It is the growing conviction of all reflecting minds that there is no ground in the nature of things or in the precepts of the Christian religion for the sharp division which divines used to draw between the spiritual and secular, for the curious fancy which represented all which belonged to ecclesiastical matters as holy, all which belonged to the state as worldly. In proportion as those larger and nobler hopes of religion, of which I have been speaking, penetrate into all the communions of this country, the provincial and retrograde distinctions which have been stereotyped amongst us will fade away; and the policy of improving and reforming institutions, instead of blindly destroying or blindly preserving them, will regain the hold which as late as the first half of this century it retained on the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

There is perhaps a danger which threatens the Church of Scotland, in common with all the Churches of Christendom—the apprehension which we sometimes hear expressed, that the more gifted and cultivated minds of the coming generation shrink from the noble mission, because of the supposed restraints of the clerical profession. Far more dismal than any secession of Old Lights or New Lights would be the secession of the vigorous intellects and nobler natures which of old time made the Scottish Church, though poor in wealth, rich in the best gifts of God. But it is precisely this tendency which it is in your own power to cure or to prevent. The attractions of the Christian ministry, the opportunities which it offers of untried usefulness, are not

less but greater, in proportion as the questions of religion involve a larger and deeper sweep of ideas than when they ran within the four corners of the Confession of Faith. Nor is there any reason in the constitution of your Church, or in the prospects of your country, why that Confession should be an obstacle to the expanding forms of religious life amongst you. I am not here to criticise or disparage that venerable document, which, born under my own roof at Westminster, alone of all such confessions for a short time represented the whole national faith of Great Britain. If it has some defects or exaggerations, from which our own Thirty-nine Articles are free, on the other hand it has soared to higher heights and struck down to deeper depths. Each views theology from a limited experience; and through the colour of the atmosphere, political, philosophical, and military, in which the framers of each were moving. To compare the failings and the excellences of the two Confessions, and to illustrate from them the condition of our respective Churches, would be, if this were the time or place, a most interesting and instructive task. Still, even the Confession of the Westminster Assembly is not the essential, is not the best characteristic of the Church of Scotland, any more than the Thirty-nine Articles are the essential or the best characteristic of the Church of England. Nor are the present forms of adhesion to it more sacred than the ancient forms of adhesion to the English standards, which a few years ago, by the timely intervention of the Imperial Legislature, were largely modified,¹ and might at any moment, without any loss to the Church or the State, be altogether abolished.

These however are merely passing and external difficulties, to be surmounted by patriotic policy, by mutual forbearance, by courageous perseverance. Neither for us nor for you are any such restrictions worth a single gifted

¹ See *Essays on Church and State*, 212.

intellect or a single devout life that they may exclude.

But neither in the retention nor in the abolition of these local impediments is the main interest of the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the times that are coming. Confession or no Confession, subscription or no subscription, Established Church or Free or United Presbyterian, there is other and worthier work for you to accomplish. There are, on the one hand, the moral evils which you have to combat, the rough manners, the intemperate habits of large numbers of your fellow-citizens. There are, on the other hand, the high and pure traditions of former times which you have to maintain; the appropriation of whatever pastoral activity or keen intellectual ardour may be seen in other communions. There are those words and works of greatness to which I referred in my earlier address, and the actual examples which you have or have had before you in your own generation. In these there is more than enough to occupy and exalt yourselves and others, and to show that the Church of Scotland is still able, and is still proud, to hold its head among the Churches of Christendom. It is for you to welcome with a just pride its acknowledged glories. Place before yourselves the noble thoughts which have been unkindled, not by German, not by Anglican, but by your own pastors and teachers. Remember how one¹ has taught you, in language never surpassed, the connection of religion with common life, and the claims of the one universal religion to acceptance by the very reason of its universality; how another² has shown you the high value of theology, viewed in its long historical aspect, and the yet higher grandeur of religion; how³ another has taught you that, however great is the Church militant or the Church dogmatic, there is yet a greater Church, the Church beneficent;⁴ how

one¹ has endeavoured to represent to you the relation of religion to culture, another² of religion to philosophy, and³ another of religion to ritual; how the still small whispers of spiritual life, though no longer⁴ heard from the farther shore of the Tay or of the Clyde, still make themselves felt by those whose ears are attuned to their heavenly harmonies; how many an eloquent voice is yet heard from the pulpit of ancient abbey or populous city or mountain village; how inspiring is the example⁵ of the venerable teacher whom the Church of Scotland sent out to India some forty years ago, and who still bears the greatest name of living Indian missionaries; how invigorating and stimulating is the memory of the foremost Scottish minister of our age,⁶ who, though gone, yet still seems to live again amongst us in his own flesh and blood, and whose commanding voice still exhorts us, as with his dying words, to be "broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow with the narrowness of His righteousness." I might enlarge the roll—I might go back to the worthies of earlier days—to Carstairs,⁷ whose memory was recalled of late by a descendant worthy of himself—to the great literary leaders of the Church in the last century, to Chalmers and Irving. In our own, I might speak of your most famous living countryman, who, though winding up the threads of his long and honourable life at Chelsea, has never disdained the traditions of the Scottish Church and nation, still warms at the recollection of his native Annandale, still is fired with poetic ardour when he speaks of the glories of St. Andrew's.

¹ Principal Shairp.

² Professor Knight.

³ *Pastoral Counsels* by the late John Robertson; *Reforms in the Church of Scotland*, by the late Robert Lee, D.D.

⁴ The late John McLeod Campbell, and the late Thomas Erskine.

⁵ Dr. Duff.

⁶ *Life of Norman McLeod*.

⁷ *Life of Carstairs*, by Dr. Story.

¹ Principal Caird.

² Principal Tulloch.

³ *Salvation Here and Hereafter*, by John Service, minister of Inch.

But it is enough. There are words which often come into my mind when I look at an assemblage like this—words spoken by a gifted poet, endeared to some among us, and who loved your country well—a cry, responding perhaps, yet also cheering, wrung from him by the dislocations and confusions of his time, which is also ours, when he looked out on the contending forces of the age—

“O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O
joy of the onset!
Sound, thou trumpet of God; come forth,
great cause, to array us;
King and leader appear; thy soldiers sorrowing
seek thee.”¹

We may already hear the distant notes of that trumpet; we may catch, however faintly, the coming of that cause. The kings and leaders surely will appear at last, if their soldiers will but follow them on to victory.

¹ Clough's *Bothie*, ix.

It was once said in mournful complaint of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, “For the sake of gaining to-day, he has thrown away to-morrow for ever.” Be our policy the reverse of this: be it ours to fasten our thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow. The day, the year, may perchance belong to the destructives, the cynics, and the partisans. But the morrow, the coming century, belongs to the catholic, comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of this present time, but of the times which are yet to be.

“O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri—
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.”

“Come, my friends—
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and
thought, with me
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.”

A. P. STANLEY.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

LILIAS did not say much about the adventure in the wood; nothing at all indeed to Mary or any one in authority; nor did it dwell in her mind as a thing of much importance. The kind of things that strike a child's mind as wonderful are not always those which would most impress an older person. There were many things at Penninghame very curious and strange to the little girl. The big chimneys of the old house, for instance, the sun-dial in the old garden, and on a lower level the way in which Cook's cap kept on, which seemed to Liliias miraculous, no means of securing it being visible. She pondered much on these things, trying to arrive at feasible theories in respect to them, but there was no theory required about the other very natural incident. That an old woman should meet her in the woods, and kiss her, and ask to be called granny, and cry over her,—there was nothing wonderful in that; and indeed if, as she already suspected, it was no old woman at all but a fairy, such as those in the story-books, who would probably appear again and set her tasks to do, much more difficult than calling her granny, and end by transforming herself into a beautiful lady—this would still remain quite comprehensible, not by any means unparalleled in the experience of one who had already mastered a great deal of literature treating of such subjects. She was interested but not surprised, for was it not always to a child or children by themselves in a wood, that fairies did speak? She told Nello about the meeting, who was not surprised any more than she was; for though he was not very fond of reading

himself, he had shared all his sister's, having had true histories of fairies read to him almost since ever he could recollect anything. He made some cynical remarks prompted by his manhood, but it was like much manly cynicism, only from the lips, no deeper. "I thought fairies were all dead," he said.

"Oh, Nello; when you know they are spirits and never die! they are hundreds and hundreds of years older than we are, but they never die; and it is always children that see them. I thought she would tell us to do something——"

"I would not do something," said Nello, "I would say, 'Old woman, do it yourself.'"

"And do you know what would happen then," said Liliias, severely, "whenever you opened your mouth, a toad or a frog would drop out of it."

"I should not mind; how funny it would be! how the people would be surprised."

"They would be frightened—fancy! every word you said; till all round there would be things creeping and creeping and crawling all over you; slimy cold things that would make people shiver and shriek. Oh!" said Liliias, recoiling and putting up her hands, as if to put him away; "the frogs! squattling and jumping all over the floor."

At this lively realization of his problematical punishment, Nello himself grew pale, and nervously looked about him. "I would kill her," he cried, furiously; "what right would she have to do that to me?"

"Because you did not obey her, Nello."

"And why should I obey her?" cried the boy; "she is not papa, or Martuccia, or—Mary."

"But we must always do what the

fairies tell us," said Liliás ; " not perhaps because they have a right—for certainly it is different with papa—but because they would hurt us if we didn't ; and then if you are good and pick up the sticks, or draw the water from the well, then she gives you such beautiful presents. Oh ! I will do whatever she tells *me*."

" What kind of presents, Lily ? I want a little horse to ride—there are a great many things that I want. Do fairies give you what you want, or only what they like ? "

This was a puzzling question ; and on the spur of the moment Liliás did not feel able to answer such a difficulty. " If you do it for the presents, not because they ask you, they will not give you anything," she said ; " that would be all wrong if you did it for the presents."

" But you said——"

" Oh, Nello ; you are too little, you don't understand," cried the elder sister, like many another perplexed authority ; " when you are older you will know what I mean. I can tell you things, but I can't make you understand."

" What is it he cannot understand ? " said Mary, coming suddenly upon their confidential talk. The two children came apart hastily, and Liliás who had two red spots of excitement on her cheeks, looked up startled, with lips apart. Nello laughed with a sense of mischief. He was fond of his sister, but to get her into trouble had a certain flavour of fun in it, not disagreeable to him.

" It is about the fairies," he cried, volubly. " She says you should do what they tell you. She says they give you beautiful presents. She says, she——"

" Oh, about the fairies ! " said Mary calmly, with a smile, going on without any more notice. Liliás was very angry with her brother, but what was the use ? And she was frightened lest she should be made to look ridiculous, a danger which is always present to the sensitive mind of a child. " I will never, never talk to you again," she

said to him under her breath ; but Nello knew she would talk to him again, as soon as her mind wanted disburdening, and was not afraid.

And of how many active thoughts, and wonderful musings, and lively continued motion of two small minds and bodies, the old hall was witness in those quiet days ! Mary coming and going, and the solid figure of Martuccia in the sunshine, these two older and more important persons, were as shadows in comparison with that ceaseless flow of existence. The amount of living in the whole house beside, was not half equal to that which went on in the motherly calm of the old hall, which held these two small things like specks in its tranquil embrace, where so much had come to pass. There was always something going on there. Such lively counterfeittings of the older life, such deeply-laid plans, dispersed in a moment by sudden changes of purpose, such profound gravity upset by the merest chance interruption, such perpetual busyness without thought of rest. Their days went on thus without hindrance or interruption, nothing being required of them except to be amused and healthy, and competent to occupy and please themselves. Had they been dull children, or subject to the precocious *ennui* which is sometimes to be seen even in a nursery, no doubt measures would have been taken to bring about a better state of affairs ; but as they were always busy, always gay, they were left completely to their own devices, protected, sheltered, and ignored, enjoying the freedom of a much earlier age, a freedom from all teaching and interference, such as seldom overpasses the first five years of human life. Mary had her whole *métier* to learn in respect to the children, and there were many agitating circumstances which preoccupied her mind and kept her from realising the more simple necessities of the matter. It had cost her so much to establish them there, and the tacit victory over fate, unnatural

prejudice, and all the bondage of family troubles, had been so great, that the trembling satisfaction of having gained it blunted her perceptions of further necessity. It was at the risk of everything that made up life to her that she had declared herself the protectress of these children, and the effort of making up her mind, if need were, to forsake all else rather than give up this charge, had been a great one. Indeed, even now it was scarcely over, for it was still possible that the squire might assert himself, and banish those helpless creatures whom he had never noticed or acknowledged; so that it is less wonderful that Mary, having her whole mind bent upon the need of protecting and keeping them safe in the house of their fathers, should have forgotten that her protection and love, though so much, were yet nothing in comparison with the many wants of these little beings who were dependent upon her for all the training of the future, as well as all the necessities of the present. It was from a humble quarter that enlightenment first came to her. Her teacher was Miss Brown, her maid, who had early melted to the children, and who by this time was their devoted vassal, and especially the admiring slave of Nello, whom, with determined English propriety, she called Master John. Miss Brown's affection was not unalloyed by other sentiments. Her love for the children indeed was intensified by strenuous disapproval of their other guardians—Martuccia “with her foreign ways,” who was “no good,” a qualification which varied between absolute uselessness and a great deal of active harm—and Miss Musgrave, who was ignorant as a baby herself, and knew nothing about “children's ways.” Between these two incapable persons her life became a burden to Miss Brown. “I can't get my night's rest for thinking of it,” she said to Cook, who like herself had the interest of many years' service in “the family.” “I would up and speak,” said Cook.

“Speak!” cried Miss Brown, “I'm always speaking; but what can a body do, when folks won't understand?” It is the lament of the superior intelligence over all the world. Lilius herself had expressed the same resigned consciousness of the impossibility of enlightening Nello; and both were quite unconscious that Dr. Johnson, not to say many another distinguished person, had said it before them. Miss Brown, however, was not resigned. People seldom are in her class, in which the missionary sentiment is stronger than elsewhere. And by and by things came to a pitch which she could put up with no longer. She opened the subject finally when she had her mistress at an advantage—when she was standing behind Miss Musgrave “doing” her hair, and so enjoyed the opportunity of seeing all the changes of her countenance in the glass.

“I wonder,” she said suddenly, introducing the subject, “if these foreigners have our ways of counting, and know what numbers means——”

“Numbers?” said Mary, puzzled—“and who are the foreigners? Martuccia? We do not meet with many here——”

“Oh, one is enough for me, ma'am,” said Miss Brown, with a toss of her head. “I never can be bothered with her name——”

“Martuccia?—it is the same name as your own, Martha—she seems a harmless, good-natured creature. How does she bother you?” said Mary with a smile.

“Good-humoured! I don't call it good-humoured, Miss Mary. I call it humouring; and the dear children they're sharp, and sees it—sharper than the likes of us—like a needle Miss Lily is, that sharp! You wants all your wits about you to keep that child straight.”

“To keep her straight! Why, Martha! how often have you told me you have never seen a more delightful child?”

“That was Master John, Miss Mary

—but I say nothing against her, not a word; she's a dear. She's dark, not like the family, but she's a dear. But Master John, he's the very moral of the Musgraves, and the spiritedest boy! That's why I cannot bear to see him neglected——”

“Neglected,” said Mary once more repeating the word, “you puzzle me more and more. I don't think poor Nello is a very spirited boy—but who neglects him? You must tell me what you mean. And about the foreigners and the numbers? You are mysterious altogether. What do you mean?—”

“It isn't that I mean much—but I can't hold my tongue—not any longer,” said Miss Brown. “So far as I can make out her gibberish, she holds to it as Master John is eight years of age; though if their numbers and ours is different, maybe she's making a mistake——”

“You think he is very small for that age? and babyish? I am very sorry you think so, Martha. I have had a feeling of the same kind; but you know he has been so delicate——”

“It's not that, Miss Mary, it's not his fault, the darling; but just you think of it. Eight years of age! and no schooling so much as thought of, nor no tutoring; and I don't know if he can tell his letters in English,” said Miss Brown with a deep sigh.

Mary turned round so quickly that she twitched her locks out of her attendant's hands. “Schooling!” she said in a tone of dismay, and stared at Miss Brown, who shifted her position and recovered command of the long soft tresses, still brown and silky as ever, of Mary's hair.

“I don't know Master John's birthday,” said that astute person intent upon her hairdressing, “but going on for nine is what he must be, for he was eight when he came, and that's seven months if it's a day. And if you consider, ma'am, all the learning that little gentlemen has to put into them! Look at the Squire: they tell me the languages he knows is wonderful, and the books he reads, a body can see

that for themselves. And if Master John don't begin, when is he to have the time to learn? Once a boy's in his 'teens,” said Miss Brown, shaking her head with mournful meaning, “he's twenty before you know.”

Mary had turned again into her former attitude. She had received the arrow thus cunningly sent, into the very centre of her being; and was quivering with the shock. She did not pay any particular attention to the rest of Miss Brown's monologue, having enough to think of. When one has been pluming one's self, or at least has allowed one's self a feeling of satisfaction over a service rendered, a valuable act accomplished, it is appalling to have that merit of self-satisfaction blown away, and to see that in reality, though so much has been done, it is nothing in comparison with what ought to be done; schooling, tutoring, education in short. How was it she had never thought of it before? When she had taken this trust which John had put into her hands, had she not virtually promised to train the children for the position they must hereafter hold, to make man and woman of them, fit for man's and woman's duties? They could not be children for ever; even, as Mary with the quick instinct of alarm perceived, they were already growing towards that condition, developing out of their childhood. A thrill of consternation ran over her. How was she to manage this? Miss Brown had spoken of Nello only, but Lilius was her own successor, the future Miss Musgrave, the princess of the old house. She could not let her grow up a rustic in the old hall, where she had taken root so naturally. What was she to do? Mary was not poor, for she had few desires, and what she needed was within her reach. But she was not rich enough for the expenses of education; and she could not go to her father about the needs of the children whom he did not acknowledge. She had already made her calculations on the subject of clothing them, and had discovered that by a

little self-denial she might manage to do that out of her own allowance ; but to educate them ? that was beyond her power. She thought of nothing else all the evening long, pondering it as she sat at table with her father, who was absorbed in the study of some new books of a kindred type to his own. How grateful she was to him for being so absorbed and inattentive ! Thus he did not find out that she was pre-occupied and unobservant too.

Mr. Pennithorne appeared on one of his usual visits next morning while she was still full of this matter. For the more she thought of it, the more dark her way seemed before her. It might be possible to push Nello forward in his Latin and Greek, and help him to something like an education. But Liliás ! The means of Mary's own education had been simple. She was motherless, and there had been no one to take thought for her ; and unlimited reading, and some music lessons from the old organist had been all her preparation for the position of Princess Royal. With this Mary had not done badly to the external eye, but within herself she had often felt her deficiencies. Could she do no better, she asked herself, for her successor ? And the old organist was dead, carrying such simple lore as he had to regions where it was unavailable for another Miss Musgrave. The music of the parish was conducted now sometimes by Mrs. Pennithorne's feeble playing, sometimes by the rough tunes of a village amateur ; for the parish was not rich, and its ear was not keen. But Liliás ! Mary brooded till her head ached ; and she was glad beyond measure to see Mr. Pennithorne coming slowly along the road. She could see him almost from the moment his spare figure turned the corner from the village ; the outline and movement of him was so familiar to her, as he grew upon the quiet distance drawing nearer and nearer. It was seldom that she anticipated his approach with so much satisfaction. Not that Mr. Pennithorne,

good man, was likely to invent an outlet out of a difficulty, but he was the only person to whom she could talk with absolute freedom upon this subject, and to put it forth in audible words, and set it thus in order to her own ear and mind was always some advantage. How like Mr. Pen it was to come on so quietly step after step, while she was waiting impatient for him ! not a step quicker than usual, no swing of more rapid motion in the droop of his long coat. Why should he quicken his steps ? She laughed to herself at her own childish impatience. Ought he not to have divined that she wanted him urgently after all these years ? Mary had gone into the hall, the children being absent on their daily walk. They were so much in her thoughts that she was glad to get them out of her sight for the moment and thus relieve the air which rustled and whispered with them. She went out to meet the slowly approaching counsellor. It was early summer by this time, and all was green and fair, if still somewhat cold in its greenness to a southern eye. The sunshine was blazing over the lake, just approaching noon, and the sky was keenly blue, so clear that the pleasure of it was almost a pain, where the green shoulder of the hill stood against it in high relief. It was seldom that Mary was at leisure so early, and very seldom that in the morning when both were busy she should have a visit from Mr. Pen. As she made a few steps down the slope that led from the hall door, to meet him, the sunshine caught her full streaming from behind the corner of the house. It caught in her hair, and shone in it, showing its unimpaired gloss and brightness. Mr. Pennithorne was dazzled by it as he came up, and asked himself if she was superior to time as to most things else, and after all those years, was young as well as lovely still ?

"I am very glad to see you," she said, holding out her hand. "I just wanted you ; it is some good fairy that has sent you so early to-day."

His face brightened up with an answering gleam; or was it only the sun that had got hold of him too, and woke reflections in his middle-aged eyes? "I am very happy to have come when you wanted me," he said, his eyelids growing moist with pleasure. He went in to the hall, where all was comparative dusk after that brilliant shining of the noon, and sat down on the stool which was Martuccio's usual place. "Whatever you want, Miss Mary, here I am," her faithful servant said.

"It is about the children. What am I to do with the children, Mr. Pen? I have been so negligent and foolish; thinking all was right when I had them safe, and was allowed to keep them. Fancy, it was Martha Brown who brought me to my senses, who had more perception than I had——"

"What about the children? they are very well off and very happy, as they may well be——"

"But their education, Mr. Pen!"

"Ah!" he said, with a slight catching of his breath, which conveyed a consolation to her—as showing that to him, too, this idea was new. Then he added, "Yes, indeed, Miss Mary, you are quite right as you always are. It is time that was thought of, perhaps; but, on the other hand, there is no time lost."

"No, not much lost," she said with a little relief; "but what am I to do? My father takes no notice of them. I am not—rich—how am I to do justice to them? There is Lilius—I am sure the child is clever and full of power—I should not like her to be as uneducated as I am."

"If she does half as well—if she is half what you are—do not hurt my feelings by speaking so," said Mr. Pen, pathetically. "You!—but we will make no comparisons."

"I cannot be so kind to myself as you are to me," she said, smiling. "How often have I been put to the blush for the little I know; but who is to teach the children? I could not

do it, even if I had the knowledge—and Nello; I have not the money either; I am at my wits' end."

Mr. Pen sat by her very sympathetically and heard all her difficulties. He was not very clever about advising, seeing that it was generally from her that he took advice, instead of giving it. But he listened, and did not see his way out of it, which of itself was a comfort to Mary. If he had been clever, and had struck out a new idea at once, it is doubtful whether she would have liked it half so well. She went into the whole question, and eased her mind at least. What was she to do? Mr. Pen shook his head. He was quite ready to take Nello, and teach him all he remembered after a life spent in rural forgetfulness, of Latin and Greek; but Lilius! and Lilius was the most urgent as being the eldest. There was no school within reach, and a governess as Mr. Pen suggested with a little trembling—a governess! where could Mary put her, what could she do with her? It seemed hopeless to think of that.

"I don't know what you will think of what I am going to say—but there is Randolph, Miss Mary; he is a family man himself. I suppose—of course—he knows about the children?"

"Randolph," said Mary faltering; "Mr. Pen, you know what Randolph is as well as I do."

"People change," said Mr. Pen, evasively. "It is not for me to say anything; but perhaps—he ought to know."

"He has never taken any interest in the house; he has never cared to be—one of us," said Mary. "Perhaps because he was brought up away from us. You know all about it. When he came back—when he was with you and poor John—— You know him as well as I do," she concluded abruptly. "I don't see what help we could have from him."

"He is a family man himself," said the vicar. "When children come they bring new feelings; they open the heart. He was not like you—or poor John; but he was like a great many

people in this world ; he would not be unkind. You write to him sometimes ?”

“Once or twice a year. He writes to ask how my father is—I often wonder why. He has only been here once since—since it all happened. He would not have it known that he was one of the family which was so much talked about—that he was the brother of——” Mary stopped with a flash of indignation in her eyes. “He has separated himself altogether from us as you know ; but he asks from time to time how my father is, though I scarcely know why.”

“And you have told him, I suppose, about the children ?”

“No, Mr. Pen ; he turned his back upon poor John from the beginning. Why should I tell him ? what has he to do with it ? We have left our subject altogether talking of Randolph, who is quite apart from it. Let us go back to our sheep—our lambs in this case. What is to be done with them ?”

“I will do what I can for them, as I did for their father,” said the vicar. “I was thinking that little Johnny must very soon—and Mary might as well—They can come to me for an hour or two every day ; that would be something. But I think Randolph should be told. I think Randolph ought to know. He might be thinking, he might be calculating——”

“What, Mr. Pen ?” Mary confronted him with head erect and flashing eyes. “Why should he think or calculate about us ? He has separated himself from the family. John’s children are nothing to him.”

It was not often that Mr. Pen was worldly wise ; but he had an inspiration this time. He shook his head slowly. “It is just that ; John’s children might make all the difference to him,” he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. PENNITHORNE went home thoughtful, and Miss Musgrave remained behind, if not exactly turned in a new

direction, yet confused and excited in her mental being by the introduction of a new element. Randolph Musgrave, though her brother, was less known to Mary than he was to the tutor who had travelled and lived with him in the interval which had formed his nearest approach to his own family. He had been brought up by an uncle on the mother’s side who did not love the Musgraves, and had succeeded to the family living belonging to that race, and lived now, as he had been brought up, in an atmosphere quite different from that which belonged to his nominal home in the north. Except now and then, in a holiday visit, Randolph had scarcely spent any portion of his life at Penninghame, except the short period just before, and for a little time after, his university career, when he shared with his brother John the special instructions of Mr. Pennithorne. The two young men had worked together then, or made believe to work, and they had travelled together ; but being of very different dispositions, and brought up in ways curiously unlike, they had not been made into cordial friends by this period of semi-artificial union. Randolph had been trained to entertain but a small opinion of anything at Penninghame, and he had followed up his training. And when Penninghame became public property, and John and all his affairs and peculiarities were discussed in the newspapers, the younger son did something very like the Scriptural injunction—shaking the dust from off his feet as he departed. He went away after some painful scenes with his father. It was not the old Squire’s fault that his eldest son had become in the eyes of the world a criminal ; but Randolph was as bitter at the ignominy brought upon his name as if it had been a family contrivance to annoy and distress him, and had gone away vowing that never again would he have anything to do with his paternal home. There had been a long gap in their relations after that, but at his marriage there had been a kind of

reconciliation, enough to give a decorous aspect to his relations with his "people." He had brought his bride to his father's house, and since then he had written, as Mary said, now and then, once or twice in the year, to inquire after his father's health. This was not much, but it saved appearances, and prevented the open scandal of a family quarrel. But Mary, who replied punctiliously to these questions, did not see the need of making a further intimation to him of anything that affected the family. For one thing, it did not occur to her. What had he to do with John's children? and if Mary had thought of any special interest he had in the matter, it is to be feared this would have closed more firmly, not opened her mouth. But she had not so much as thought on the subject. She had written her periodical letter announcing that her father was pretty well; that he had finished his *Monograph*, and desired her to send Randolph a copy, which he would receive by book-post; that she hoped Mrs. Randolph and the boy were quite well; and that she remained his affectionate sister. All was perfectly matter-of-fact except that adjective; for there was no affection between them. And she would no more have thought of informing him of any private event in her own history, or of looking to him for sympathy, than she would have stopped a beggar on the road to communicate her good or evil fortune. She could not even understand why the Vicar had suggested such a thing to her. But the idea of Randolph suggested a new element and new complications. What had he to do with the family? He had voluntarily withdrawn himself from it. It vexed her to be reminded that it was not possible to take away from Randolph some right to interfere, to thrust in his opinion if he chose to exercise it—to make inquiries that would be annoying and disagreeable. This gave Miss Musgrave a great deal of annoyance, and she felt angry with Mr. Pennithorne, for was it not his fault?

Next morning, however, a very extraordinary incident occurred. She had sent Liliás and Nello to the Vicarage to get their first lesson, and had waited for them in the hall, almost as much excited as they were, to hear the result. And the account of it had been of the greatest interest to Mary. She was going through that experience common to parents, which makes the baby-lessons, the child's first steps in literature, the very pot-hooks and sums, all of vital importance to the looker-on. The children had of course been much excited by this new event in their life. They had come in breathless with the story they had to tell. "Then he made me read out of all the books," said Liliás, her dark eyes shining; "but Nello, because he was so little, one book was enough for him."

"But it was not a girl's book," said Nello; "it was only for Johnnie and me."

"And I looked in it," said his sister; "it was all mixed with Italian—such funny Italian: instead of *padre* it was put *payter*—Mr. Pen called it so. But it would not do for Nello, when we go back, to say his Italian like that. Even Martuccia would laugh, and Martuccia is not educated."

"It was Latin," said Nello, "Mr. Pen said so. He said girls didn't want Latin. Girls learn to dance and sing; but I—and Johnnie——"

"Will Mr. Pen teach me to dance—and sing, Mary?" said Liliás, with a grave face.

"And me, I wrote a copy," said Nello, indifferent to the interruption; "look!" and he held up fingers covered with ink. "You cannot read it yet, but you will soon be able to read it, Mr. Pen says. And then I will write you a letter, Mary."

"It would be better to write letters to some one far off," said Liliás, half scornful of his want of information. "You can talk to Mary, Nello. It is to far-off people that one makes letters."

"We have nobody that is far off,"

said Nello, shaking his head with the sudden consciousness of a want not hitherto realised. "Then I need not write copies any more."

"Your father is far off, Nello," said Mary; "your poor papa, who never hears any news of you. Some time I hope you will be able to write to him, and ask him to come home."

"Oh," cried Liliás, "you need not be sorry about that, Mary. He will come home. Some day, in a moment when you are thinking of nothing, there will be a step on the stair, and Martuccia will give a shriek; and it will be as if the sun came shining out, and it will be papa! He is always like that—but you never know when he will come

Mary's eyes filled in spite of herself. What long, long years it was that she had thought but little of John! and yet there suddenly seemed to come before her a vision of his arrival from school or from college, all smiles and brightness, making the old roof ring with his shout of pleasure. Was it possible that this would happen over again—that he would come in a moment, as his little daughter said? But Liliás did not know all the difficulties nor the one great obstacle that stood in John's way, and which perhaps he might never get over. She forgot herself in these thoughts, and did not perceive that Liliás was gazing wistfully at her, endeavouring with all her childish might to penetrate her mind and know the occasion of these tears. Mary was recalled to herself by feeling the child's arm steal round her, and the soft touch of a little hand and handkerchief upon her wet eyes. "You are crying," said Liliás. "Mary, is it for papa?—why should you cry for papa?"

"My darling, we don't know where he is, nor anything about him," said Mary, with a sudden outburst of tears—tears which were not all for John, but partly excitement, standing as she was in the centre of so many troubles, alone.

"That does not matter," said Liliás,

winking rapidly to throw off the sympathetic tears which had gathered in her own eyes, "he is always like that. We never knew where he was; but just when he could, just when it was possible, he came home. We never could tell when it would be—it might be any day. Some time when we are forgetting and not expecting him. Ah——!" cried the child, with a ring of wonder in the sudden exclamation. The hall-door was opened as usual, and on the road was a distant figure just visible which drew from Liliás this sudden cry. She ran to the door, clutching her brother. "Come, Nello, Nello!" and rushed forth. Mary sat still, thinking her heart had stopped in her breast—or was it not rather suffocating her by the wildness of its beating? She sat immovable, watching the little pair at the door. Could it be that John had come home? John! he who would be the most welcome yet the most impossible of visitors; he who had a right to everything, yet dared not be seen in the old house. She sat and trembled, not daring to look out, already planning what she could do, what was to be done.

But the children stopped short at the door. Liliás, with the wind in her skirts and her ribbons, half-flying, stopped; and Nello stopped, who went by her impulse, not by his own. They paused: they stood for a moment gazing; then they turned back sadly.

"Oh no, no!" said Liliás. "No, Mary! no. It is a little, something like—a very little; it is the walking, and the shape of him. But no, no, it is not papa!"

"Papa!" said Nello, "was that why you looked? I knew better. Papa is all that much more tall. Why are you crying, Lily? There is nothing that makes cry."

"I am disappointed," said the little girl, who had seated herself suddenly on the floor and wept. It was a sudden sharp shower, but it was soon over; she sprang up drying her eyes. "But it will be for to-morrow!" she cried.

Mary sat behind and looked on. She did not think again of the chance resemblance Liliás had seen, but only of the children themselves, with whom her heart was tuning itself more and more in sympathy. She had become a mother late and suddenly, without any gradual growth of feeling—leaping into it, as it were; and every response her mind made to the children was a new wonder to her. She looked at them, or rather at Liliás, who was always the leader in her rapid changes of sentiment, with a half-amused adoration. The crying and the smiles went to her heart as nothing else had ever done; and even Nello's calm, the steadier going of the slower, less developed intelligence, which was so often carried along in the rush without any conscious intention, and which was so ready to take the part of the wise sluggard and say "I knew it," moved Mary with that mixture of pleased spectatorship and profound personal feeling which makes the enthusiasm of parents. Nello's slowness might have seemed want of feeling in another child, and Liliás's impetuosity a giddy haste and heedlessness; but all impartiality was driven from her mind by the sense that the children were her own. And she sat in a pleased abstraction yet lively readiness following the little current of this swiftly-flowing softly-babbling childhood which was so fair and pleasant to her eyes. The two set up an argument between themselves as she sat looking on. It was about some minute point in the day's work which was so novel and unaccustomed; but trivial as it was Mary listened with a soft glow of light in her eyes. The finest drama in the world could not have taken her out of herself like the two little actors, playing their sincerest and most real copy of life before her. They were so much in earnest, and to her it was such exquisite play and delicate, delightful fooling. And until the light in the open doorway was suddenly darkened by some one appearing, a figure which made her heart jump, she thought no more of the passer-

by on the road who had roused the children. Her heart jumped, and then she followed her heart by rising suddenly to her feet, while the children stopped in their argument, rushed together for mutual support, and stood shyly with their heads together and lips apart, the talk just hovering about their lips. Seen thus against the light the visitor was undecipherable to Mary. She saw him nothing but a black shadow, towards which she went quietly and said—

"I beg your pardon, this is private," with a polite defence of her own sanctuary.

"I came to look for—my sister," said the voice which was one which woke agitating memories in her. "I am a—stranger. I came—. Ah! it is Mary after all."

"Randolph!" she cried, with a gasp in her throat.

A thrill of terror, almost superstitious, came over her. What did it all mean? Good Mr. Pennithorne in his innocence had spoken to her of John, and that very day John's children had arrived; he had spoken of Randolph and Randolph was here. Was it fate, or some mysterious influence unknown? She was so startled that she forgot to go through the ordinary formulas of seeming welcome, and said nothing but his name.

"Yes; I hope you are well," he said, holding out his hand; "and that my father is well. I thought I would come and see how you were all getting on."

"It is a long time since you have been here," she said. What could she say? She was not glad to see him, as a sister ought to be. And then there was a pause.

The children stood staring open-mouthed while these chill greetings were said. ("I wonder who it is?" said Liliás, under her breath. "It is the one who is a little, a very little, like papa." "It is a—gentleman," said Nello. "Oh you silly, silly, little boy! not to know that at the very first; but Mary is not very glad to see him," said the little girl.)

Mary did not even ask her visitor to come in; he stood still at the door looking round him with watchful, unfriendly eyes. This was not a place for any one to come who was not tender of Mary, and of whosoever she might shelter there. She did not want him in that special place.

"Shall we go round to the house?" she said; "my father ought to know that you are here, and he never comes into the hall."

"I am very well here," Randolph said. "I know it was always a favourite place with you. Do not change your sitting-room for me. You have it in very nice order, Mary. I see you share the popular passion for art furnishing; and children too! This is something more novel still. Who are the children, may I ask? Good morning; and how are you? They are children from the neighbourhood I suppose?"

"No," she said, faltering still more, "they are not visitors—they—belong to us——" Mary could not tell how it was that her lips trembled, and she hesitated to pronounce the name. She made an effort at last and got it out with difficulty. "They are—John's children."

"John's children! here is a wonderful piece of news," said Randolph; but she saw by his countenance that it was no news. Howsoever he had heard it, Mary perceived in a moment not only that he knew, but that this was his real errand here. He stood with the appropriate gesture of one struck dumb with amazement; but he was not really surprised, only watchful and eager. This made his sister more nervous than ever.

"Children," she said, "come here—this is your uncle Randolph; come and speak to him." Mary was so much perplexed that she could not see what was best to do—whether to be anxiously conciliatory and convince Randolph in spite of herself without seeming to notice his opposition; or to defy him; the former, however, was always the safest way. He did not make any advance but stood with a half-smile on

his face, while the children drew near with suspicious looks.

"It is the—gentleman who is—a little, not very much, just a little, like papa," said Lillas, going forward, but slowly, and with that look of standing on the defensive which children unconsciously adopt to those they do not trust.

Nello hung on to her skirts, and did as she did, regarding the stranger with cloudy eyes. Randolph put out his hand coldly to be shaken; his smile broadened into a half-laugh of amusement and contempt.

"So, they are said to be his children, are they?"

"They *are* his children," said Mary.

Randolph shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "They look like foreigners anyhow," he said. "My father, I suppose, is delighted. It must be a new experience both for him and you."

"Go away, my darlings, go to Martuccia; you see I have some business with—this gentlemen." She could not again repeat the title she had given him. When the curious little spectators had gone she turned to Randolph, who stood watching their exit, with an anxiety she did not attempt to conceal. "For Heaven's sake do not talk to my father about them! I ask it as a favour. He consents tacitly that they should be here, but he takes no notice of them. Do not call his attention to them. It is the only thing I ask of you."

He looked at her fixedly still, with that set smile on his face with which he had looked at the children.

"I am scarcely the person to be called upon to make things smooth with my father," he said. "Come, come; my father is old and can be made to believe anything, let us allow. But what do you mean by it, Mary, what do *you* mean? You were never any friend to me."

"Friend to *you*! I am your sister, Randolph, though you don't seem to remember it much. And what have you to do with it?" asked Mary, with a certain amount of exasperation in her

voice; for of all offensive things in the world there is none so offensive as this pretence of finding you out in a transparent deception. Mary grew red and hot in spite of herself.

"I have a great deal to do with it. I have not only my own interest to take care of, but my boy's. And why you should prefer to us, about whom there can be no doubt, these little impostors, these supposed children of John——"

"Randolph," said Mary, with tears in her eyes, "there is no supposing about them. Oh don't go against us, and against truth and justice! They brought me a letter from their father. There was no room to doubt, no possibility. John himself is most unfortunate——"

"Unfortunate! that is not the word I should use."

"But why remember it against *them*, poor little things, who have done no harm? Oh, Randolph, I have never been otherwise than your friend when I had the chance. Be mine now! there are a hundred things in which I want to consult you. You have a family of your own; you have been trained to it; you know how to take care of children. I wanted to ask your advice, to have your help——"

"Do you think me a fool then," he cried, "as silly as yourself? that you try to get *me* to acknowledge this precious deception and give you my support against myself. Why should I back you up in a wicked contrivance against my own interests?"

"What is it you mean? Who has been guilty of wicked contrivances?" cried Mary, aghast. She gazed at him with such genuine surprise that he was arrested in his angry vituperation, and changed his tone to one of mockery, which affected her more.

"Well," he said, "let us allow that it is your first attempt, Mary, and that is why you do it so clumsily. The mistakes good people make when they first attempt to do badly are touching. Villainy, like everything else, requires experience. It is too funny to expect me to be the one to

stand up for you, to persuade my father to believe you."

"Oh," she said, clasping her hands, "do you think this is what I ask? It is you who mistake, Randolph. It has never occurred to my father, or any one else, not to believe. He never doubted any more than I was capable of doubting. I will show you John's letter."

Randolph put up his hand, waving off the suggested proof.

"It is quite unnecessary. I am not to be taken in by such simple means. You forget I have a stake in it—which clears the judgment. And I warn you, Mary, that I am here to look after my personal interests, not to foist any nondescript brat into the family. I give you notice—it is not to help your schemes, it is for my own interests I am here."

"What do interests mean?" she said, wondering. "Your own interests!—what does it mean? I know I have none."

"No—it cannot make much difference to you whatever happens; therefore you are free to plot at your leisure. I understand that fully; but, my dear, I am here to look after myself—and my boy. You forget I have an heir of my own."

Mary looked at him with a dulness of intelligence quite unusual to her. There are things in the most limited minds which genius itself could not divine. The honourable and generous, and the selfish and grasping, do not know what each other means. They are as if they spoke a different language. And her brother was to Mary as if he veiled his meaning in an unknown tongue. She gazed at him with a haze of dulness in her eyes. What was it he intended to let her know? Disbelief of her, a suggestion that she lied! and something more—she could not make out what, as the rule of his own conduct. He looked at her, on the other hand, with an air of penetration, a clever consciousness of seeing through and through her and her designs,

which excited Mary to exasperation. How could they ever understand each other with all this between?

"I am going to see my father," said Randolph; "that of course is the object of my visit; I suppose he will not refuse to keep me for a day or two. And in the meantime why should we quarrel? I only warn you that I come with my eyes open and am not to be made a dupe of. Good-bye for the present—we shall meet no doubt at dinner the best of friends."

Mary stood still where he left her, and watched him as he went slowly down the slope and round the corner of the house. He was shorter than John and stouter, with that amplitude of outline which a wealthy rural living and a small parish are apt to confer. A comfortable man, fond of good living, fond of his ease; yet taking the trouble to come here, for what?—to baffle some supposed wicked contrivances and plots against himself. Mary remembered that Randolph had taken the great family misfortune as a special wrong to him. How dared the evil fates to intrigue with his comfort or rumour to assail his name? He had said frankly that it could be nothing to the others in comparison. And was it once more the idea that he himself was touched, which had roused him out of his leafy paradise in Devonshire to come here and assert himself? But how did the arrival of John's children affect him? Mary, in her long calm, had not entered into those speculations about the future which most people more or less think necessary when the head of the house is old. She had not asked herself what would happen when her father died, except vaguely in respect to herself, knowing that she would then in all likelihood leave the old Castle. John was the heir. Somehow or other she did not ask how the inheritance would be taken up for him. This had been the conclusion in her mind without reason given or required. And Randolph had not come into the sphere of her imagination at all as having anything to do with it. What

should he have to do with it when there was John? And even now Mary did not know and could not understand the reason of his objection to John's children. She stood and looked after him with a dull beating of pain in her heart. And as he turned round the corner of the old house towards the door, he looked back and waved his hand. The gesture and look, she could scarcely tell why, gave her a sensation of sickening dismay and pain. She turned and went in, shutting the door in the sudden pang this gave her. And to shut the great door of the hall was the strangest thing, except in the very heart of winter. While the sun was shining and the air genial, such a thing had never happened before. It seemed in itself a portent of harm.

CHAPTER XV.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE was a squire-parson, a class which possesses the features of two species without fully embodying either—which may be finer than either, the two halves of the joint character tempering each other—or may be a travesty of both, exaggerating their mutual defects. He was of the latter rather than of the former development. His living was small in one sense and large in another, the income being large, but the people few and very much given up to dissent, a fact which exacerbated his character without moving him to exertion. He was not fond of exertion in any case, and it was all but hopeless in this. But not less was he daily and hourly irritated by the little Bethels and Salems, the lively Methodists, the pragmatical Baptists, who led his people away. It made him angry, for he was easily moved to anger, and it increased that tendency to listen to gossip and be moved by small matters which is one of the temptations of a rural life. He had become accustomed to make much of petty wrongs, calling them insults and

crimes, and perhaps to be more disposed to petty vengeance than a man who is placed in the position of an example to others ought to be; and whereas he had always been disposed to consider himself a sacred person, above the ordinary slights of fortune, this tendency had grown and strengthened so, that every petty pin-prick was like a poisoned arrow to him. By natural laws of reverberation he heard more evil of himself, had more mishaps in the way of gossip, of receiving letters not intended for him, and otherwise surprising the sentiments of his neighbours than almost any one else ever had—which had made him suspicious of his neighbours in the highest degree and ready to believe every small offence a pre-meditated insult. This perhaps made him all the more ready to believe that his sister had conceived a villanous plan against him and his. He would not have done such a thing himself; but was not his life full of such attempts made upon him by others? everybody almost whom he encountered having one time or other conspired against his hopes or happiness. But he had always found out the plots in time. It was true that this villainy might be John's, of whom he would have believed anything; and Mary herself might be the dupe; but most likely it was Mary, who did not like him nor his wife, and who would no doubt be capable of anything to banish him finally from Penninghame, and set up there some creature of her own. This was the idea which had come into his mind, when he heard accidentally of the arrival which had made so much commotion in the north country. He had talked it over with his wife till they both saw gunpowder plots, and conspiracies incalculable in it. "You had better go and see into it yourself," Mrs. Randolph said. "I will," was the Rector's energetic reply. "And believe nobody, believe nothing but what you see with your own eyes." "Never! I will put faith in nobody," Randolph had said. And

it was in this frame of mind that he had come here. He meant to believe nobody save when they warned him of plots against himself: to trust nothing save that all the world was in a league to work him harm. But for this determined pre-conclusion, he might perhaps have been less certain of his sister's enmity to himself, and of the baseness of the deception she was practising; but he had no doubt whatever on this matter now. And he meant to expose her remorselessly. Why should he mince matters? His father was an old man and might die at any moment, and this villainy ought to be exposed at once.

With these thoughts in his mind he went round to the great door. How different was the grey north-country house from anything he was used to! The thought of his snug parsonage embosomed in greenery, roses climbing to the chimney-stacks, clustering about all the windows, soft velvet lawns and strict inclosures keeping all sacred—made him shiver at sight of the irregular building, the masses of ivy, fostering damp, the open approach, a common road free to everybody. If it ever was his, or rather when it was his—for these supposititious children would soon be done away with, and John, a man under the ban of the law, how could he ever appear to claim his inheritance?—when it was his, he would soon make a difference. He would bring forward the boundaries of the Chase so as to inclose the Castle. He would make the road into a stately avenue as it once was and ought to be. What did it matter who objected? He would do it; let the village burst with rage. The very idea of exasperating the village and making 't own his power, made the idea all the more delightful. He would soon change all this; let it but get into his hands. In the midst of these thoughts, however, Randolph met a somewhat ludicrous rebuff from Eastwood, who opened the door suddenly and softly as was his fashion, as if he hoped to find the visitor out in something improper.

"Who shall I say, sir?" said Eastwood, deferentially. This gave Randolph a sense of the most ludicrous discomfort; for to be asked what name is to be announced when you knock at the door of your father's house is a curious sensation. It was nobody's fault unless it might have been Randolph's own, but the feeling was disagreeable. He stood for a moment dumb, staring at the questioner—then striding inside the door, pushed Eastwood out of his way. When he was within, however, somewhat conciliated by the alarmed aspect of the butler, who did not know whether to resist or what to say, he changed his mind.

"I don't want to startle my father," he said; "say Mr. Randolph Musgrave has arrived."

"I beg your pardon humbly, sir," cried Eastwood.

"No, no, it was not your fault," Randolph replied. It was not the servant's fault; but it was *their* fault who had made his home a place of disgrace, and no longer a fit home for him.

The Squire was seated among his books, feeling the drowsy influence of the afternoon. He had no Monograph to support his soul, and no better occupation than to rummage dully through the records of antiquity, cheered up and enlivened if he found something to reply to in *Notes and Queries*, but otherwise living a heavy kind of half-animate life. When the critiques and the letters about that Monograph had ended, what a blank there was! and no other work was at hand to make up, or to tempt him to further exertions. The corner of land that he desired to attain had been bought, and had given him pleasure; but after a while the eyes are satisfied with the contemplation, and the mind almost satisfied with the calculation, of so many additional acres added to the property. The sweetness of it lay in the thought that the property was growing, that there was sufficient elasticity in the family income to make the acquisition of even a little bit of land possible.

The Squire thought this was the fruit of his own self-denial, and it gave him that glow of conscious virtue which was once supposed to be the appropriate and unfailing reward of good actions, till conscious virtue went out of fashion. This was sweet; and it was sweet to go and look at the new fields which restored the old boundary of Penninghame estate in that direction; but such gratifications cease to be sustaining to life after a time. And Mr. Musgrave was dull sitting among his books; the sounds were in his ears which he was always hearing—the far-off ring of voices that made him sensible of those inmates in his house whom he never noticed, who were to him as if they did not exist. When the mind is not very closely occupied, sounds thus heard in the house come strangely across the quiescent spirit of the solitary. Voices beloved are as music, are as sunshine, conveying a sense of happiness and soft exhilaration. Hearing them far off, though beyond the reach of hearing, so to speak, does not the very distant sound, the tone of love in them, make work sweet and the air warm, softening everything round the recluse? But these were not voices beloved. The old man listened to them—or rather not permitting himself to listen, *heard* them acutely through the mist of a separation which he did not choose to overcome. They were like something from another world, voices in the air, inarticulate, mysterious, known, yet unknown. He turned the leaves idly when these strange suggestions came to him in his solitude; he had nothing to do with them, and yet so much. This was how he was sitting, dully wistful, in that stillness of age which when it is not glad must be sad, and hearing almost as if he were already a ghost out of his grave, the strange yet familiar stir in the unseen stairs and passages, the movements of the kindly house—

"Mr. Randolph Musgrave." The Squire was very much startled by the

name. He rose hastily and stood leaning upon his writing-table to see who it was that followed Eastwood into the room after a minute's interval. It seemed scarcely possible to him that it could be his son. "Randolph!" he said. The children's voices had made him think, in spite of himself, of the time—was it centuries ago?—when there were two small things running about those old passages continually, and a beautiful young mother smiling upon them—and him. This had softened his heart, though by means which he would not have acknowledged. He looked out eagerly with a sensation of pleasure and relief for his son. He would (perhaps) take Randolph's advice, perhaps get some enlightenment from him. But the shock set his nerves off, and made him tremulous, though it was a shock of pleasure; and it hurt his pride so to be seen trembling, that he held himself up strained and rigid against his table. "Randolph! you are a stranger, indeed," he said, and his countenance lighted up with a cloudy and tremulous smile.

"Strange that he never was seen here before in my time," said Eastwood as he withdrew. "I've seen a many queer things in families, but never nothing more queer than this—two sons as never have been seen in the house, and children as the Squire won't give in he owns them. I thought he'd have walked right straight over little master Saturday last as if no one was there. But I don't like the looks of 'im. When he's master here I march, and that I can tell you—pretty fast, Missis Cook."

"Master Randolph? He'll never be master here, thank God for it," said Cook with pious fervour, "or more than you will go."

"Yes," said Randolph, walking in, "I have been a stranger, but how can we help that? It is life that separates us. We must all run our own course. I hope you are well, sir. You look well, for your time of life."

It is not a pleasant thing to

be told that you look well for your time of life—unless indeed you are ninety, and the time of life is itself a matter of pride. The Squire knew he was old, and that soon he must resign his place to others; but he did not care for such a distinct intimation that others thought so too.

"I am very well," he said, curtly. "You are so completely a stranger, Randolph, that I cannot make the usual remarks on your personal appearance. You deny me the opportunity of judging if you look ill or well."

"Ah," said Randolph, "that is just what I said. We must all run our own course. My duties are at the other end of England, and I cannot be always running back and forward; but I hope to stay a few days now if you will have me. Relations should see each other now and then. I have just had a glimpse of Mary in the old hall as usual. She did not know me at first, nor, I daresay, if I had not seen her there, should I have known her"—

"Mary is little changed," said the Squire.

"So you think, sir, seeing her every day; but there is a great change from what she was ten years ago. She was still a young woman then, and handsome. I am afraid even family partiality cannot call her anything but an old maid now."

Mr. Musgrave did not make any reply. He was not a particularly affectionate father, but Mary was part of himself, and it did not please him to hear her spoken of so.

"And, by the by," said Randolph, "how did such a thing happen I wonder? for she *was* handsome;—handsome and well-born, and with a little money. It is very odd she never has married. Was there anything to account for it? or is it mere ill-luck?"

"Ill-luck to whom?" said the Squire. "Do you think perhaps your sister never had the chance, as people say? You may dismiss that idea from your mind. She has had enough of

chances. I don't know any reason; but there must have been one I suppose. Either that nobody came whom she cared for, or—I really cannot form any other idea," he concluded sharply. It was certain that he would not have Mary discussed.

"I meant no harm," said Randolph. "She has got the old hall very nicely done up. It is not a place I would myself care to keep up, if the Castle were in my hands; but she has made it very nice. I found her there with—among her favourite studies," he added, after a momentary pause. It was too early to begin direct upon the chapter of the children he felt. The Squire did not show any sign of special understanding. He nodded his head in assent.

"She was always fond of the hall," he said. "I used to think she suited it. And now that she is—past her youth, as you say——"

"Well into middle age I say, sir, like other people; which is a more serious affair for a woman than for a man; but I suppose all hopes are over now. She is not likely to marry at her time of life." This was the second time he had mentioned the time of life. And the Squire did not like it; he answered curtly—

"No, I don't think it likely that Mary will marry. But yourself, Randolph, how are things going with you? You have not come so far merely to calculate your sister's chances. Your wife is well, I hope; and your boy?"

"Quite well. You are right in thinking, sir, that I did not come without an object. We are all getting on in life. I thought it only proper that there should be some understanding among us as to family affairs—something decided in case of any emergency. We are all mortal——"

"And I the most mortal of all, you will say at my 'time of life,' Randolph," said the Squire with a smile, which was far from genial. "I daresay you are quite right, per-

fectly right. I am an old man, and nobody can tell what an hour may bring forth."

"That is true at every age," said Randolph, with professional seriousness. "The idea ought to be familiar to the youngest among us. In the midst of life we are in death. I recommend everybody over whom I have the least influence to settle their affairs, so that they may not leave a nest of domestic contentions behind them. It is only less important than needful spiritual preparation, which of course should be our first care."

"Just so," said Mr. Musgrave. "I presume you don't mean to bring me to book on that point?"

"Certainly not, sir—unless there is any special point upon which I could be of use; but you are as well able to judge as I am, and have access to all the authorities," said Randolph with dignity. "Besides, there is your own clergyman at hand, who is, no doubt, quite equal to the duties of his position. It is old Pennithorne, is it not?" he added, with a momentary lapse into a more familiar tone. "But there is no question of that. In such matters a man of your experience, sir, ought to be able to instruct the best of us."

"The bench of bishops even," said the Squire, "sometimes I think I could—at my time of my life. But that is not the question, as you say."

"No, indeed—not to say that my best advice in every way is at your service, sir; but I thought very likely that it would be an ease to your mind to see me, to give me any instructions or directions—in short, to feel that your nearest representative understood your wishes, whatever might happen."

Now Randolph was evidently his father's representative, John being out of the question; and that John was absolutely out of the question, not only from external circumstances, but from the strong prejudice and prepossession against him in his father's mind, was certain. Yet the Squire resented this assumption as much as if John

had been his dearly-beloved son and apparent heir.

"Thanks," he said, "I feel your care for my comfort—but after all you are not my direct representative."

"Sir!" cried Randolph, reddening; "need I remind you of the disabilities, the nullity of all natural rights——"

"You need not remind me of anything," said Mr. Musgrave, getting up hurriedly. "I don't care to discuss that question—or anything else of the kind. Suppose we go and join Mary, who must be in the drawing-room, I suppose? It is she after all who is really my representative, knowing everything about my affairs."

"She—is a woman," said Randolph, with a tone of contempt.

"That is undeniable—but women are not considered exactly as they used to be in such matters."

"I hope, sir," said the clergyman, with dignity; "that neither my sister nor you add your influence to the foolish movement about women's rights."

"Do you mean that Mary does not want a vote?" said the squire. "No, I don't suppose it has occurred to her. We add our influence to very few public movements, Randolph, bad or good. The Musgraves are not what they once were in the county; the leading part we once took is taken by others who are richer than we are. Progress is not the thing for old families, for progress means money."

"There are other reasons why the Musgraves do not take their proper place. I have hopes, sir," said Randolph, "that under more favourable circumstances—if we, perhaps, were to draw more together——"

"What do you mean, sir?" said the Squire, "it was you who separated yourself from us, not us from you. You were too good, being a clergyman, as you said, to stand the odium of our position. That's enough, Randolph. It is not an agreeable subject. Let us dismiss it as it has been dismissed these fifteen years; and come—to Mary's part of the house."

"Then, am I to understand," said Randolph, sharply; rising, yet holding back, "that your mind is changing as old age gains upon you, that you are going to accept the disgrace of the family? and that it is with your sanction that Mary is receiving, adopting——"

He stopped overawed in spite of himself, by the old man's look, who stood with his face fixed looking towards him, restraining with all his force the tremor of his nerves. The Squire had been subject all his life to sudden fits of passion, and had got the habit of subduing, by ignoring them, as all his family well knew. He made no reply, but the restrained fire in his eyes impressed even the dull imagination of his son, who was pertinacious rather than daring, and had no force in him to stand against passion. Mr. Musgrave turned round quickly, and took up his book which lay on a table near.

"Mary sent you a copy of the Monograph?" he said, "but I don't remember that you gave me your opinion of it. It has had a very flattering reception generally. I could not have expected so much interest in the public mind on a question of such exclusive family interest. But so it has been. I have kept all the notices, and the letters I have received on the subject. You shall see them by and by; and I think you will agree with me, that a more flattering reception could scarcely have been. All sorts of people have written to me. It appears," said the Squire, with modest pride, "that I have really been able to throw some light upon a difficulty. After dinner, Randolph, if you are interested, you shall see my collection."

"My time is short," said Randolph, "and with so many more serious matters to discuss——"

"I know few things more serious than the history of the family honours," said the Squire, "especially as you have a boy to inherit the old family blazon; but we'll go into all that this evening, as your stay is to be short."

Better come and see Mary before dinner. She will want to know all about your home-concerns, and your wife. The house is unchanged, you will perceive," the Squire continued, talking cheerfully as he led the way; and the sound of his voice, somewhat high-pitched and shrill with age, travelled far through the old passages. "I hope no sacrilegious hands will ever change the house. My heirs may add to it if they please, but it is a monument of antiquity, which ought never to be touched—except to mend it delicately as Mary mends her old lace. This way, Randolph; I believe you have forgotten the way."

They were standing in an angle of the fine oak staircase, where the Squire waited till his son came up to him; at this moment a rush of small footsteps, and a whispering voice—"Run Nello, Nello! he is coming," was audible above. Randolph looked up quickly, with a look of intelligence, into the old man's face. But the Squire did not move a muscle. His countenance was blank as that of a deaf man. If he had heard, he allowed no sign of hearing to be visible. "Come along," he said, "it seems to me that my wind is better than yours even at my time of life," with a half-sarcastic smile. Was he hard of hearing? a hypothesis rather agreeable to think of; or what was the meaning of it? Were these obnoxious children the pets of the house? but why should they run because he was coming? The hostile visitor was perplexed and could not make it out. He followed into the drawing-room without a word, while the small footsteps were still audible. Mary was seated at a low table on which there was work, but she was not working. She rose to receive them with a certain formality; for except after dinner when the Squire would sometimes come for a cup of tea, or when there were visitors in the house, she was generally alone in the low quaint drawing-room, which trans-

ported even the unimaginative Randolph back to childhood. The panelled walls, the spindled-legged furniture, the inlaid cabinets and tables, were all exactly as he remembered them. This touched him a little, though he had all the robustness against impression which fortifies a slow intelligence. "It seems like yesterday that I was here," he said.

This, in her turn, touched Mary, whose excitement made her subject to the lightest flutter of emotion. She smiled at him with greater kindness than she had yet felt. "Yes," she said. "I feel so, sometimes, too, when I look round; but it tells less upon us who are here always. And so much has happened since then."

"Ah, I suppose so; though you seem to vegetate pretty much in the old ways. Those children though for instance," said Randolph, with a laugh, "scurrying off in such haste as we came within hearing, that is not like the old ways. Are you ashamed of them, or afraid to have them here? I should not wonder for my part."

The tears sprang to Mary's eyes. She did not say anything in the sudden shock, but looked at Randolph piteously with a silent reproach. It was the first time since the day of their arrival that any public mention had been made of the children in her father's presence. And there was a pause which seemed to her full of fate.

"You must not look at me so," said her brother. "I gave you fair warning. My father is not to be given up to your plots without a remonstrance at least. I believe it is a conspiracy, sir, from beginning to end. Do you intend our old family with all the honours you are so proud of, to drop into disgrace? With the shadow of crime on it," cried Randolph, warming into excitement. Then, with a dull perception of something still more telling, his father's weak point, "and the bar sinister of vice," he said.

To be continued.

HUNGARY AND CROATIA.

BETWEEN the 25th of April, 1848, and the month of February, 1867, the provinces now included in the Austro-Hungarian empire enjoyed the experience of nearly eight different forms of government. The changes were rung on Centralism and Federalism, according as the notions of Bach and his followers, or those of Belcredi and his disciples were in the ascendant at Vienna, till finally, in February, 1867, under the pressure of the disasters of the previous year, the brain of Count Beust, ever fertile in resources, devised the dualistic system, and the ideas of Bach and of Belcredi were alike discarded in favour of the ingenious piece of mechanism which now regulates the dominions subject to the House of Hapsburg. That the edifice erected by Count Beust was a masterpiece at the moment, that it afforded at least a temporary solution of existing difficulties, and gave the empire a fresh lease of life, will hardly be denied. Whether it has done more is at least a doubtful question, which the future can alone solve. The Slavonic states in both halves of the empire demand the same immunities as against Austria and Hungary which the latter obtained under the Ausgleich of 1867-68 from the former. In the Cisleithan part of the Empire the dissentients are mainly represented by the Czechs of Bohemia, the champions of the historical rights of the crown of King Wenzel; in the Transleithan or Hungarian portion of the empire by the Croatsians. A few years ago the Bohemian question was to the front; at present the outbreak of the Eastern question has thrown whatever passes on the upper course of the Elbe into obscurity compared with the events passing by the lower waters of the Danube. Nor have the

Czechs of Bohemia the same probabilities of success as their Slavonic brethren further south. It is not only that in Bohemia the German population is in numbers nearly equal, and in wealth and education the superior of the Czechs; but the Czech cause itself has been weakened by a practical identification in many respects with the prejudices of the nobility and the passions of the priesthood, and by the divisions existing between the old and the new Czech party, the former looking only to the vindication of the historical rights of the country, and the latter extending their views to political and even social alterations as well. In Croatia the case is different. There the Slaves are in a large and unquestioned majority, and the territorial nobility is ranged on the side of the government. The priesthood is indeed ranged against it; but the division of opinion between the Greek and Catholic communions has not allowed the priesthood of either to obtain an altogether preponderating authority, while the liberal opinions of the celebrated Bishop Strossmayer have not been without influence in preventing the opposition of the clergy being identified with selfish objects and retrograde opinions.

From a very early period of history Slavonic races were settled in the district which, roughly speaking, lies between the Adriatic and the river Drave. Brought under subjection at various periods by the Avars and the Bulgarians, they got rid of their conquerors in the middle of the seventh century, and founded, amongst other principalities, the kingdom of Croatia. For a brief period the empire of Charles the Great comprised a large portion of the territories of this kingdom within

its limits, but in the time of his descendants they recovered independence. The two kingdoms of Slavonia and Croatia, which included Dalmatia, then sprang into existence, the latter of which conquered the former in the eleventh century. Such was the position of things when the tide of Magyar invasion, which had crossed the Carpathians at the end of the ninth century, after rolling over the great plain between those mountains and the Danube, crossed that river and reached the Drave. The struggle was brief. Croatia submitted between 1088 and 1102 to Ladislas I., who gave his son Almus the title of duke of these countries, in much the same way that, two centuries later, an English king gave his eldest son the title of Prince of Wales. A few years later Koloman added Dalmatia to his dominions, and at the same time recognised certain historical rights as belonging to those Slavonic provinces which he had acquired.

It is the recognition of these historical rights that the patriotic Slave now claims, in much the same spirit in which the Englishman of the twelfth century asked for the laws of Edward the Confessor, and the Bohemian Czech claims the immemorial rights of the crown of King Wenzel. What the laws of King Edward were it would probably have puzzled many a worthy Englishman to say. The precise character of the conditions which were agreed upon between King Koloman and the twelve Slavonic chiefs who treated with him is equally difficult to determine. One thing, however, is certain: that for many centuries Croatia and Slavonia did enjoy a large amount of practical self-government. "Many kings of Hungary," says M. de Laveleye, in his well-known work on Austrian and German politics since 1866, "had themselves crowned at Agram; Croatia had her own coinage, the *marturinas*, and special laws placed on the statute book as such. Her Ban was invested with an independent authority almost sovereign in char-

acter. The Pragmatic Sanction was accepted by the Landtag of Agram three years earlier than by the Diet of Pesth. From the fifteenth century, indeed, the Croatian deputies went and sat in the Hungarian Diet, but the laws voted at Presburg had to be ratified at Agram." Eventually Hungary succeeded in annexing the three Comitats of Syrmia, Vorocz, and Poszege, and reduced the Landtag to the rank of a mere "Congregatio," or County Parliament, with the right of sending two *oratores regni* to the Diet at Presburg. These *oratores regni* could be heard, but had no vote, while the three Comitats above mentioned, the district of Tira-pola and the Chapters elected their members direct to the Diet, where they had regular votes. In the Upper House of the Diet sat the Ban, the Obergespäne or lord-lieutenants, the magnates, and the bishops.

In the days of Maria Theresa the separate Croatian Chancellery at Agram was abolished, and the administration of the country centralized at Pesth. Fiume and the adjacent Littoral were claimed as an integral portion of the dominions of the crown of St. Stephen; the territories adjacent to the Save were placed under a special government, known as that of the "military frontier," and intended as a barrier against the Turks, while the administration of Dalmatia was transferred to Vienna. Much was not accordingly left of the triune kingdoms of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia. The memory, however, of earlier greatness and liberty did not perish. Distance rather lent enchantment to the view. To re-unite the Littoral, the Military Frontier and Dalmatia, and to have a real Diet sitting at Agram became the day-dream of Croatian patriots.

There was little time, however, while the ever-threatening invasions of the Turks were still at the gate, to quarrel seriously about constitutional questions. Foreign affairs were of greater interest than home questions when persons were still living who had seen the standard of the Prophet

stream from the citadel of Buda; and men cared more whether Belgrade was to remain a Mahomedan or a Christian city than whether the members of the Landtag at Agram were to have a veto on the legislation of the Diet at Pesth. Nor were Turkish invasions the only dangers which threatened the existence of the countries east of the Leitha. The yoke of the Austrian Emperors was even heavier than that of the Turk, the cruelties of the Jesuits more searching than those of any Achmet Aga or Shefket Pasha. Nothing in history is perhaps sadder than the contrast between the splendour of Hungary in the fourteenth century and her misery in the seventeenth. Constant revolts, in which Croat and Magyar stood side by side, revolts carried out with the valour of a Mansfeld and the perseverance of a Pym, alone taught the House of Hapsburg the inutility of crushing the love of civil and religious liberty which burned with as pure a flame on the banks of the Theiss and the Drave as on those of the Thames and Severn. After the failure of the centralizing efforts of Joseph II., the constitution of Hungary, as ascertained by the Bulla Aurea of Andrew II., the contemporary, and, in many respects, the counterpart of our own Magna Charta, remained unmolested, and the year 1848 found Hungary in possession of it. The question, however, still remained—what was to be the character of the relations uniting the countries southwest of the Drave to the Hungarian crown? Were the former to constitute a *regnum socium* or be a *pars adnexa*?

It is possible that had the differences of opinion been confined to constitutional questions, the quarrel would never have assumed a deep-seated character; but the Hungarians by a succession of laws intended to force their own language on the Southern Slaves, and to Magyarise them against their will—laws passed in opposition to the advice of some of the best men in the Diet—succeeded in awakening a national feeling which otherwise

might have slumbered and slept. It was as if the English Government had attempted in the eighteenth century to force the English language on the Irish throughout the length and breadth of the country, in order to allay the cravings of the sister island after independence. What followed is well known. The abortive Illyrian movement got up by Dr. Gai, with the connivance of the Vienna bureaucracy, was the first result. It soon died a natural death. In 1848 a more general movement began, when the Hungarian Diet showed no signs of repealing the existing laws or of extending those liberties to the Croats which they claimed for themselves. The Slave hordes of the Ban Jellachich were let loose by the Vienna Government, and contributed as much to crushing the Hungarian insurrection as the Russian army itself. Only when it was too late did the Hungarian Diet, in the throes of dissolution, proclaim the principle of the equality of all languages before the law.

The Diet of Agram in 1848 had demanded that all matters, excepting those relating to the army, foreign affairs, and the finances, should belong to their own sphere of responsibility, and that on legislative and commercial measures the Landtag of Agram should have a veto upon the resolutions of that of Pesth, so far as the operation of those measures affected the Slavonic Provinces. The Ban was to be elected by the Diet, and was to have a responsible ministry. The Croatian troops, like the Honveds of Hungary, were not to be sent out of the country. In its hour of necessity the Austrian Government proposed to listen to these demands with a favourable ear. But when the end immediately in view, viz: the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection, had been accomplished, the statesmen of Vienna gave as little attention to the views of the Landtag of Agram as to those of the Diet at Pesth, and according as the Centralist or Federalist parties gained the upper hand, it was proposed to subordinate

both administration and legislation to a body of bureaucrats, or to a Parliament stationed at Vienna.

Meanwhile the most violent attempts at Germanizing the population went on. Not only in all the government offices, but in the schools as well, was the German language introduced, and the City Theatre of Agram, which was in receipt of a government subvention, was handed over to a body of German actors. A reaction could not fail to produce itself. On the 20th of October, 1860, under the inspiration of Count Goluckowski, was issued the celebrated diploma announcing a return to Liberal or constitutional ideas, followed, on the 26th February, 1861, by the promulgation of a constitution, centralising, but Liberal in character. The Austrian eagles were everywhere pulled down, German disappeared from the schools, and the German actors were driven off the stage of the theatre. No great result, however, came of the October diploma and the February patent. Although the government established an independent Croatian Chancellery with the same rights and powers as the Hungarian, and appointed the popular Mazsuranitz to be the head of it, the Croatian Landtag absolutely refused to be represented in the Central Reichsrath. It drew up indeed a memorable Article, which declared that through the events of 1848 every connection between Croatia and Hungary was once and for all severed, and that the former would only enter into negotiations for a union with the latter on the basis of a formal recognition of the above fact; but it declined to exchange the Hungarian for the Austrian yoke, and after two Imperial rescripts had again in vain summoned the members to elect deputies to the Reichsrath, the Assembly was dissolved.

The attempts of the Vienna Government were renewed in 1865. In the Landtag which then met there appeared three well-defined parties, the Unionists, the National party, and the party of the Reichsrath. The first of

these was composed of the representatives of the landed aristocracy, mostly Hungarians in blood, and by those of some of the large towns, such as Warasdin and Eszek, who wished, owing to commercial reasons, for union with Hungary. The name of the second party speaks for itself. The third was chiefly composed of the official class and their following. The National party was the majority of the Assembly, and could outvote the other two even when combined, which they seldom were, as the Hungarian Unionists were naturally as much, if not more, opposed to the Reichsrath party as to the Nationalists. The Vienna Government hereupon had recourse to a remarkable device. They summoned the population of the Military Frontier to elect deputies to the Landtag, who, however, were only to have the right of voting on the question of the representation of the Diet in the Reichsrath. Thereupon there appeared in the Diet an array of soldiers in picturesque uniforms, who all voted "Ay" with one accord. But the device was useless, for the Unionists and the Nationalists combined, and the President had to declare that the "Noes had it." The Austrian Government now had to give up its centralising and federalising efforts.

At the commencement of 1866, and with the consent of the statesmen of Vienna, a deputation of the Croatian Landtag went to Pesth to meet a committee of the Hungarian Diet to discuss the basis of a settlement. Two celebrated men then met each other, Bishop Strossmayer and Deak Ferencz. The discussion was friendly, but agreement was difficult. The Hungarians wished to argue on the basis of the laws they had passed in 1848; the Croatians on that of their own article of 1861. After much discussion it was agreed that Croatia was a *regnum socium*, and not a *pars adnexa*; but when the attempt was made to define what was meant by *regnum socium*, agreement proved difficult. The

Hungarians claimed that the finances, the tariffs, and the public works of the country should be controlled by the Diet at Pesth exclusively; the Croats asked that the Assembly at Agram should have a share in their administration; the Hungarians proposed that there should be a Croatian Secretary of State with a seat in the Diet at Pesth, who should control the Ban, and that the Ban should be appointed by the Emperor on the recommendation of the Hungarian Prime Minister. The Croats wished the Ban to be responsible to the Diet at Agram, and communicate directly with the Emperor. Before an agreement could be arrived at, war broke out with Prussia, and the two deputations returned home.

The result of the war had naturally an immense influence on the future of the questions at issue. It became necessary to the statesmen at Vienna to conciliate Hungary at any price, and the general result of the labours of Count Beust was enormously to strengthen her influence in the affairs of the empire. It was therefore under an immense moral disadvantage that in 1868 the Croatian leaders renewed their negotiations with the leaders at Pesth. The appointment of Freiherr Levin von Rauch, a notorious Unionist, as Ban, instead of the popular F. M. Freiherr von Schoksevit, was a safe index as to which way the tide was running. The Landtag was dissolved in order to get rid of the National majority, a new electoral law was promulgated by the Diet at Pesth, and the Hungarian officials made the most determined efforts to get together a Unionist majority. They were successful all along the line. No more than fifteen Nationalists were elected, who only entered the Landtag to protest against the electoral law as illegal and invalidating the future proceedings. A new deputation was appointed to go to Pesth, where everything of course under the circumstances went perfectly smoothly, and what is known as the Ausgleich of 1868 was agreed upon.

By it Croatia was recognised as belonging to the category of lands subject to the Hungarian crown, and accordingly acknowledged the agreement of 1867 between Hungary and Austria as binding on herself. She was to be represented at Pesth by thirty-one delegates from the Landtag. The territory of Fiume was recognised as belonging to Hungary, and bound to send her deputies direct to Pesth. Nothing was said about Dalmatia or the Military Frontier. The Croatian Chancellery at Vienna was abolished. Local government, justice, and education, were left to the direction of the Landtag at Agram; everything else was to belong to the Hungarian Diet. The taxes were to be collected by Hungarian officials. The Croatian revenue was first charged with seven per cent. of the common expenses of the Austro-Hungarian empire, next with a sum of 2,200,000 florins for the expenses of the local administration mentioned above, and the remainder was then to be paid into the Hungarian exchequer. The Ban, who was always to be a civilian, was to be appointed by the Emperor on the recommendation of the Hungarian Prime Minister. There was to be a Croatian minister, with an office at Pesth, sitting in the Hungarian Cabinet, through whom all matters relating to Croatia were to be laid before the Emperor. Such was the Ausgleich of 1868.

Unfavourable as the result of the negotiations was to the views of the National party, the manner in which the agreement arrived at was carried out made it doubly odious to them. In a few years Baron Rauch had accumulated a load of deserved unpopularity which might alone have been enough to render his resignation probable. Fortunately his connection in a variety of speculations, which he had used his official position to further, brought matters to a crisis. The circumstances which led to his dismissal were as follows. In order to escape the persecution to which the National Press was subjected, the *Zatocnik* newspaper established itself

at Petrinia, on the Military Frontier, and commenced a series of articles professing to show up a scandalous speculation to which Baron Rauch had been a party. At the same time Miletits, the best known among the Nationalist leaders, in his newspaper, the *Zastava*, denounced him as a "Haramia" (scoundrel). Miletits was condemned to a year's imprisonment, but against the writers in the *Zatocnik*, Mrazovitz and Voncesina, Rauch took no steps. The charge brought forward by them was the following. A company consisting of landed proprietors was desirous of obtaining a concession from the government in order to drain the large swamps on the Save, known as the Lonjokopolje, in exchange for a long lease of the reclaimed land. Amongst the shareholders was the Ban's brother. The cost of the engineering operations was estimated by the government officials at an excessive amount, and the concession was accordingly granted on very easy terms to the company. Hardly, however, had the transaction been completed than the company sold their lease to a Dutch company at a far higher price. The profit thereby made by the vendors was enormous. It was asserted that Baron George Rauch was only a man of straw, behind whom stood the Ban himself. A similar affair was that of the Limito salt pans. The corporation of Karlstadt was refused a renewal of a lease of these salt pans, which it had enjoyed on very easy terms for many years, and the lease was given to a Jew from Agram on the same terms. It was asserted that the Jew also was a man of straw put up by Rauch, whose rule began to be accounted as corrupt as that of the Turkish Pashas in Bosnia. Ultimately the outcry became so great that Rauch received orders from Vienna to indict Mrazovitz and Voncesina for libel. Mrazovitz and Voncesina pleaded the truth of what they said, and their "exceptio veritatis" was admitted by the High Court of the Military Fron-

tier, before whom the trial took place. Rauch was thereupon instantaneously dismissed. No successor was for some time appointed, and the duties of the post were temporarily performed by the "Sectionschef" Vakanovitz of Agram. A fresh Landtag was about to meet. The position of the government was highly critical, as it was known the Nationalists were going to make an effort to regain their old predominance. On the 20th September, 1871, they held a public meeting, and protested against all the proceedings of the Diet of 1868 as invalid, owing to the manner in which the Landtag had been elected, again claimed Fiume as an integral portion of the Croatian territory, and demanded the incorporation of the Military Frontier with the country. Thereupon the Landtag was dissolved. In the new elections, which, owing to the agitation, had to be carried out under the old election law, the National party gained an easy majority. Negotiations were thereupon set on foot between the leaders and Count Lonyay, the Hungarian Prime Minister, which pointed to a favourable result; but the intrigues of the Unionist party and of the supporters of Rauch succeeded in preventing any good result arising from them. A report was spread that Miletits and a deputation of the Servian Omladina were coming to Agram to stir up the Landtag and make anti-Hungarian demonstrations. Thereupon the Landtag was immediately dissolved without having met for business. New elections were ordered. During their continuance the negotiations continued, but Count Lonyay asked that in order to restore the balance of parties in the Landtag, the Nationalists should abandon a certain number of seats to the Unionists. The Nationalists refused, but expressed themselves ready to consent to the deputation which might have to go to Pesth to discuss the final settlement, consisting of one half Unionists, one half Nationalists.

The Nationalists again obtained a

decisive majority at the elections of 1872. The Hungarian Government having little confidence in the promises of the Nationalists, now had recourse to another electioneering device. By the old Croatian electoral laws, under which the Landtag had been elected, the great landowners, to whose property a seignoral jurisdiction belonged prior to the year 1848, had an *ex-officio* right to a seat and vote in the Landtag. The great majority of these "Virilists," as they were called, were Hungarian absentee proprietors. At the bidding of the Hungarian Government they all now appeared in a body and claimed their seats. The Unionist party thereby just obtained a majority, and a deputation, on the whole satisfactory to them, was elected, and proceeded to Pesth to meet the Hungarian deputation. The negotiations between them lasted nearly eight months, from the 27th October, 1872, to the 29th June, 1873. More than once they were nearly broken off. The contest raged chiefly around these points, viz., the powers of the Ban, those of the Croatian Minister at Pesth, and the financial relations of the two countries. The Croats demanded that the Emperor should nominate the Ban without waiting for the advice of the Hungarian Prime Minister, and that the Ban should have the right of communicating directly with the Emperor, and should be responsible to the Landtag at Agram. On the financial question they objected to the arrangement under which a lump sum of 2,200,000 florins was allowed out of the taxes to the Landtag for local purposes, and to the 7 per cent contribution to the common expenses of the Empire, as being too high. An agreement was first arrived at on the second question, which was discussed by a special committee of eight members. It was agreed that 45 per cent of the gross revenue of Croatia should be reserved for local purposes, and the remaining 55 per cent paid into the Hungarian Exchequer, and appropriated to Hungarian and Austro-

Hungarian purposes. The advantage to Croatia of this arrangement was that, if, as was anticipated, the 45 per cent of the revenue exceeded the sum of 2,200,000 florins, the difference would be so much gained to the Croats. On the constitutional question, after long discussions, it was agreed that the Croatian Minister should always be obliged to submit the proposals of the Ban to the Emperor, and only express a separate opinion if in his opinion the position of Hungary were likely to be injuriously affected. To the demands of the Croatian deputation, that the direct taxes should be collected by their own civil service, and the railroads and roads be similarly administered, the Hungarians opposed an unyielding resistance. The responsibility of the Ban to the Croatian Landtag was left unmentioned in the new *Ausgleich*, but the principle was admitted, and it was left to be expressed in a law to be passed by the Landtag, to whose sphere it more properly belonged. At the same time the popular Mazsuranitz was appointed Ban. The Croatian demand relating to Fiume was refused, but that regarding the Military Frontier had been accepted even prior to the commencement of the negotiations, and on June 9th, 1872, a Royal Proclamation appeared directing the necessary steps to be taken.

The general result of the agreement was on the whole favourable to Hungary, for the points conceded to Croatia, except that relating to the Military Frontier, were few and unimportant, while Hungary had obtained what to her was of vital importance, the practical recognition of the legality of what passed in 1868.

The new *Ausgleich* passed the Hungarian Diet unanimously, the Croatian Landtag after a division. In the latter, Makaneč and other leaders of the National party inveighed against it with extreme bitterness, as being an abandonment of all the historical claims of their country to equality with Hungary, and of everything

which from their own point of view was contained in the words *regnum socium* as distinct from *pars adnexa*. Their speeches found an echo which has not only not died away, but has been roused again by the struggle going on across the border between Servia and Turkey.

The area of Croatia is indeed small, even since the incorporation of the Military Frontier. It comprises only 16,773 square miles, nor can it be described as rich. The population falls short of 2,000,000. But the National party in Croatia feels that behind it are greater forces, of which it is only one of the representatives.

The political tendencies of the Croatian population are to gravitate towards their Servian brethren. At first sight it might have been supposed that it would have been otherwise, for while the history of the Serbs belongs to the East of Europe, that of the Croatian people is knit in with the fortunes of the West. The Croatians were first converted to Christianity from Rome, the Serbs by the Greek missionaries Cyril and Methodius. The Croatians use the Latin alphabet, the Serbs the Cyrillic letters. Croatia was not included in the great Serb empire of Stephen Douchan in the fourteenth century. But here their differences end, and these do not go deep. "Croatians and Serbs," says Dr. Ficker in his description of the various races inhabiting the Austrian empire, "are so closely allied to one another that while few difficulties exist in determining the frontier between them on the one hand and the Slovene and the non-Slavonic population on the other, it requires a careful inquiry to determine those existing between the two peoples themselves." The necessities of politics have completed what nature had begun. In the Hungarian the Croat of Agram sees an enemy he wishes to get rid of; the Serbs of Belgrade have a like feeling towards the Turks of Constantinople. The old Military Frontier now incorporated with Croatia is mainly inhabited by Serbs, and an

anti-Serb policy would consequently find little or no favour at Agram. It is recollected that in 1848 Jellachich, when appointed Ban, though himself a Catholic, had himself installed by the Serb Patriarch, Ragatschitch.

Two lines of policy may be said to find favour with the National party. That the day is not far off when the Turkish empire will break up is admitted on all hands. Who will then be the heir of the Sublime Porte, so far as Turkish Croatia, the Herzegovina, and Bosnia are concerned — those "Hinterländer Dalmatiens," which are absolutely necessary to her development? Some of the politicians at Agram would reply Croatia, and would see in such an annexation the means of strengthening themselves against the Diet of Pesth, while maintaining the connection if not with Hungary at least with the House of Hapsburg. This solution would have for its chief supporters the Roman Catholic section of the population. Others, believing that the Dualistic system would yet be too strong for them, look forward to the day when there shall be one great Croat-Serb empire, with its centre at Belgrade. And hence it is that some of the leaders of the National party at Agram so frequently spend no inconsiderable portion of the year in prison, and that Austrian statesmen see so many objections to schemes of autonomy for the subject provinces south of the Danube and the Save.

Certain it is that whenever the Eastern Question is finally settled, the wishes and aspirations of the inhabitants of Croatia will have to be taken into account. The issues involved, like every issue which helps to constitute the great riddle now puzzling the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe, are complicated in the extreme. A separation of Croatia and Slavonia from the crown of St. Stephen, to which they have been subject for so many centuries, is a change of such magnitude that it is not likely to take place so long as the Austro-Hungarian empire

exists. It is an open question whether the cause of good government would be really advanced by the formation of a great Croat-Serb kingdom, at least at present. On the other hand, if Bosnia, Turkish Croatia, and the Herzegovina were placed under the dominion of the House of Hapsburg it is difficult to believe that the existing distribution of power in the Austro-Hungarian empire could be preserved, and that some hazardous federalist experiment might not have to be attempted. It is this feeling which, without justifying the foolish attempts of Magyar fanatics to impose their own language on the Croats, makes their determination to subordinate the Landtag at Agram to the Diet at Pesth a matter of easy comprehension, for the question involved is to them almost one of existence. As regards Fiume and the Littoral it must be recollected that the Italians, who form the majority of the population of that district, are strongly opposed to the views of the Slavonic agitators, whom they regard

as barbarians. If any considerable change were likely to take place in the territorial distribution of the neighbouring provinces, and the connection with Hungary were to be finally severed, an immediate movement for annexation to Italy would begin in the Littoral, and in more than one district of Dalmatia. If, however, Fiume and the Littoral were to be annexed to Italy, Trieste could hardly remain Austrian; but Germany, it is generally supposed, will never consent to Trieste becoming Italian. Thus, which ever way the look-out turns, there are breakers ahead, Scylla on one side, Charybdis on the other, and Englishmen, while watching the efforts of Continental statesmen to steer through, do so not merely as spectators of a complicated experiment in which they have no concern, but as feeling that on a successful result attending those efforts may depend the preservation of European peace, and of interests which are their own.

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

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THE LITTLE HOSPITAL BY THE RIVER.

Just beyond the dark red brick tower of quaint old Chelsea Church and the now-a-days grotesque monument to Sir Hans Sloane beside it, is a handsome lamp-post placed in the middle of the wide road, with an inscription announcing that in the month of May, 1874, the Thames Embankment of Chelsea was opened. Doubtless this Embankment has purified the river banks, and has been great in its sanitary influences—but we old dwellers in Chelsea have clinging regretful memories of the old wharves, the picturesque lumbering barges, and the stately trees that once adorned Cheyne Walk, though these last were sacrificed some years before the Embankment was thought of.

At this lamp-post begins a plot of inclosed garden-ground, between the houses and the river, with trees bursting into fresh green leaves which quiver under the bright sunshine of this genial spring day, and behind the slight screen they interpose between us and the river is a quaint group of small houses—quaint and old-fashioned with the age of more than a century upon them. In front of the third house, No. 46, is a black board with “Cheyne Home for Sick Children” painted on it, and this is the little Hospital we have come to see.

A Hospital for incurable children! What a sad, hopeless picture this calls up, so many of the bright butterflies of life pinned to the beds from which they must never rise. “Oh how very sad!” say people we tell about this little Hospital, and we said so too, and we went in with troubled hearts to judge for ourselves.

We went first into the pretty rooms on the ground-floor and had a little talk with the sweet-faced superintendent—“Sister” the children call the kind lady—about her sixteen charges

up stairs. The idea of this Hospital is very beautiful; it only receives patients suffering from chronic or incurable disease, and on that account excluded or discharged from other hospitals. Cases of epilepsy or mental derangement being alone inadmissible. It was first opened in June 1875 with one ward containing eight beds; in September of the same year eight more beds were added.

Twenty-eight children have now been admitted; of these a few have been discharged comparatively well; some have died. There are now sixteen in the Hospital, almost all of whom will never leave their beds again.

We go up the quaint old staircase with its pale green panelled walls, into the first ward. Outside the door we are shown the great ventilating shaft, which goes through the house from basement to roof, and keeps the atmosphere wonderfully pure and fresh; there are also air tubes at the windows.

Two bright, exquisitely-clean rooms lead one out of the other; there are three cots in one room and five in the other; and out of the eight children who occupy these, seven are incurably afflicted either with spine or hip disease, or in the case of the eldest, a very interesting boy of twelve years old, with “paraplegia:” but it is really difficult to believe this doom is on them as we look at the bright smiles on every face. Every child wears a scarlet flannel jacket, and has its cot covered with a richly-coloured striped blanket. The pale green walls are hung with pictures and photographs, and on the little table stretching across every crib is a glass or china flower-pot filled with fresh country primroses.

It is difficult to associate disease and suffering with so bright a scene. The

cots and the stools beside them are heaped with books, toys, drawing implements, and work-boxes; and looking out through the flood of sunshine streaming into the room we see the noble river, which almost seems to be flowing beneath the windows, and one may fancy is bearing the red and black steamers, the long slender yellow boats flashing past like rays of light, the barges, and the smaller craft, up and down, for the amusement of the little invalids, as they lie on their cots in full view of the water.

In two cots set side by side in the first room two little girls were busy with their dolls. Their cots were strewn with playthings and a baby-house. They looked very sweet and happy, like two birds in their nests, and soon lost their shyness and grew interested in talking of their toys and pursuits.

Through the doorway between the rooms we came to five boys of different ages, and were greatly struck by their intelligence and evident contentment. It must indeed be a most blessed change to them, for patients are not taken in at this hospital who can be properly cared for in their own homes. One of the little girls up stairs, with a terrible spinal complaint, never slept in a bed till she came to Cheyne Hospital; another child was accustomed to be left alone suffering all day, her father being a flower-seller in the streets and her mother an orange-woman. It is touching to learn that these poor people bring regularly a shilling a week each towards the support of their child.

But there are sadder cases than these. The baby of the Hospital, a smiling, happy darling of four years, was taken from his wretched drunken mother's arms under the arches of Waterloo Bridge, with incurable disease in both hips, also in the spine. His dear little face is always full of smiles and pleasure at being noticed.

Next the "baby" is a bright intelligent fellow, with an answer for everything you say. He is not much older

than "Friar Tuck," as the little one is called, but he is wonderfully clever, a child who must have been remarkable in some way; he, too, has spinal disease and lies flat in his little bed.

Charlie, the eldest boy already mentioned, lies near the window; he has a taste for drawing, and this is sedulously fostered. One wonders what he thinks of as he lies there watching the river run past with its ever varied freight of steamers and boats. He is evidently a reflecting boy and old for his age. He is also a great reader.

"I like books with plenty of moving in them," he said, "fighting and such like, and about going to sea."

Poor fellow, he smiled and looked bright as he spoke, quite unconscious of the strange, almost grotesque contrast to his state his words made. We lent him *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. "Is it all true?" he eagerly asked; "and did he really carry it about?"

His case is a sad one. He was well two years ago and was at play, when a stone struck him in the back. Probably there was disease in the system, for he became ill at once and is now paralysed to above the waist, but he can move his arms and is wonderfully ingenious and clever in the way he pastes prints and coloured pictures into his scrap-book—we heard no murmur about his powerlessness. He said that at first he grew very weary of lying there. "Now I'm used to it."

One of us said, "And perhaps now you would find it wearisome to get up and move about?"

Charlie looked up with a humorous twinkle in his dark eyes. "I shouldn't mind trying, though!" he answered.

It is really all but impossible to realise how sadly they are afflicted; certainly there is nothing to call up any idea of suffering. Of course their state is variable, and pain must sometimes come. Two of the five boys on this floor are very quaint fellows, very much alike and both blind of one eye. These two have a craving for English history stories, and are delighted to get a fresh

one told them, but they criticise freely and have too good a memory to make it safe to tell the same story twice over. One of these boys said he loved to watch the sunsets on the river.

I do not think one often finds, five well-educated boys, with whom one could spend an hour more pleasantly than with Charlie and his companions in the little Hospital; selfishness and dullness seem entirely absent from the little community.

There is a harmonium in the room, and they told us eagerly that "Sister" played on it. Dick and George, the two quaint boys, had each a toy-snake, one white and the other black, and bursts of merry laughter were excited by the fright my companion affected when these snakes were suddenly darted out at him. That was evidently a rare joke; even the two little quiet girls in their nests in the next room made out what was happening and laughed heartily.

The talk was so lively and the fun so sustained that one needed to look at the weight hanging from a little chain at the foot of each cot—the weight which keeps the wounded limb in position, and so obviates pain when the child moves—to realise that these were sufferers stricken by mortal disease, who would probably never walk again or enjoy any earthly life beyond the Hospital walls. Thrice blessed are they who have stepped in to soothe their pain.

Up stairs we found three little boys in the first room, and in the larger one, overlooking the river, were five girls. One of these, a girl of thirteen, named Sally, had been five years in hospital before she was given up as incurable and removed to Cheyne Walk. She has hip disease in a very severe form, but is as bright and happy as a bird. Her little rapt face listening to a story is worth going miles to see; as her interest grows a delicate flush comes into the white, smiling face; it is extraordinary, and would be a good lesson to many imaginary invalids to see the vitality and energy of this child, whose strength

is literally draining away by disease, and who, we learned, must at last die from exhaustion; she shakes one's hand so heartily that it seems as if she must shake her little fragile body to bits. Poor, bright little Sally, no one could talk of a "happy release" in her case for she evidently enjoys her life; she is a character too, in her way, and made us laugh by her quaint repartees and sense of humour.

One of the great features of this little Hospital is its position. The view from the windows of the room we are now in is lovely. Beyond the old bridge is Battersea reach, with the frosted green church spire of Battersea at the bend of the river, and in the summer the light pleasure-boats and out-riggers, golden in the sunlight, skim past as if they were dragon flies. The back windows, too, command some space, for there are long back gardens to these old houses, which give a plenteous area behind, and make the position a very healthy one.

One of the three little boys on this floor fell through a cellar opening and received injuries which ended in spinal disease; this poor child travelled all the way from the West of England in a sadly suffering state.

Two features strike one forcibly in all the wards. How constant, and skilful, and perfect must be the nursing which can keep these children so free from all appearance of suffering or discomfort, and how wonderful must be the sweetness and gentleness by which all is ordered for them. They seem perfectly at ease and at home, as if the Hospital were their own and all who come their visitors; one hears no complaint, no bickering, and yet there is none of the indifferent supineness of the ordinary invalid. They are as ready to be amused as healthy children are and are very grateful for kindness. Certainly they are powerful witnesses to the loving care and skill of their two kind and experienced nurses and the gentle lady superintendent, nor should their skilful doctor be forgotten.

When one sees this pleasant home, full of peace and brightness, and of every comfort and amusement that children's hearts can wish for, and then hears of the homes and no homes that some of these children knew before they were brought to Cheyne Walk, or to hospital life elsewhere, one wonders why schemes like this one have not been more often set on foot for poor little mortals beyond the reach of probable cure, though not beyond the reach of medical skill and careful nursing in the way of alleviation of suffering; for in several of the most severely afflicted among these children there is a manifest improvement in looks and in spirits; it is very interesting too to see the self-control and refinement that has come over these waifs and strays, and, as some cases have proved, cure has supervened when it had been declared hopeless.

And how was this good work begun? Very simply, without any fuss or publicity, by the simple quiet determination of two people longing to lessen some of the misery they saw and felt to be around them; aided by friends they have done their work well and thoroughly since June 1875, and now they are implored to extend it, and to relieve more little sufferers discharged from other hospitals as incurables, from the miseries that await them in their homes.

But they cannot extend their work as they wish without further external help added to that which some of their friends have given them. They have

already secured the house adjoining "the little Hospital," and if they can get sufficient help to maintain eighteen extra cots they can nurse double their present number of patients with a small addition to their present staff of nurses. The applications for admittance into this happy little refuge are numerous and most urgent, and no wonder, as those who take the trouble to visit 46 Cheyne Walk any week-day afternoon will doubtless testify. It will be a sad pity if the help needed for so good a work should not be found, and that its merciful aid should be limited to so small a number, when one thinks of the hundreds of suffering children stifling in squalid houses, where they are often thrust aside or wearied out of life by the play and strife of their healthy noisy brothers and sisters, even if no worse treatment falls to their lot.

I began this paper by saying we crossed the threshold of "the little Hospital" with troubled hearts. We recrossed it with thankful ones; thankful that there should be so much happiness within it, so much loving-kindness to be found among us, and that such a fountain of love and pity is flowing there for these helpless little children.

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HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IN 1850 Charlotte Brontë paid a visit to Harriet Martineau at Ambleside, and she wrote to her friends various emphatic accounts of her hostess. "Without adopting her theories," Miss Brontë said, "I yet find a worth and greatness in herself, and a consistency, benevolence, perseverance in her practice, such as wins the sincerest esteem and affection. She is not a person to be judged by her writings alone, but rather by her own deeds and life, than which nothing can be more exemplary or noble."

The division which Miss Brontë thus makes between opinions and character, and again between literary production and character, is at the root of any just criticism of the two volumes of autobiography which have just been given to the public. Of the third volume, *The Memorials*, by Mrs. Chapman, it is impossible to say anything serious. Mrs. Chapman fought an admirable fight in the dark times of American history for the abolition of slavery, but unhappily she is without literary gifts; and this third volume is one more illustration of the folly of intrusting the composition of biography to persons who have only the wholly irrelevant claim of intimate friendship, or kinship, or sympathy in public causes. The qualification for a biographer is not in the least that he is a virtuous person, or a second cousin, or a dear friend, or a trusty colleague; but that he knows how to write a book, has tact, style, taste, considerateness, senses of proportion, and a good eye for the beginnings and ends of things. The third volume, then, tells us little about the person to whom they relate. The two volumes of autobiography tell all that we can seek to know, and the reader who judges them in an equitable spirit will be ready to allow that, when all is said that can be said of her

hardness, arbitrariness, and insularity, Harriet Martineau is still a singular and worthy figure among the conspicuous personages of a generation that has now almost vanished. Some will wonder how it was that her literary performances acquired so little of permanent value. Others will be pained by the distinct repudiation of all theology, avowed by her with a simple and courageous directness that can scarcely be counted other than honourable to her. But everybody will admit, as Charlotte Brontë did, that though her books are not of the first nor of the second rank, and though her anti-theological opinions are to many repugnant, yet behind books and opinions was a remarkable personality, a sure eye for social realities, a moral courage that never flinched; a strong judgment, within its limits; a vigorous self-reliance both in opinion and act, which yet did not prevent a habit of the most neutral self-judgment; the commonplace virtues of industry and energy devoted to aims too elevated, and too large and generous, to be commonplace; a splendid sincerity, a magnificent love of truth. And that all these fine qualities, which would mostly be described as manly, should exist not in a man but a woman, and in a woman who discharged admirably such feminine duties as fell to her, fills up the measure of our interest in such a character.

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich in 1802, and she died, as we all remember, in the course of last summer (1876). Few people have lived so long as three-quarters of a century, and undergone so little substantial change of character, amid some very important changes of opinion. Her family was Unitarian, and family life was in her case marked by some of that stiffness,

that severity, that chilly rigour, with which Unitarians are sometimes taxed by religionists of a more ecstatic doctrine. Her childhood was very unhappy; the household seems to have been unamiable, and she was treated with none of that tenderness and sympathy, for which firm and defiant natures are apt to yearn as strongly as others that get the credit of greater sensibility. With that singular impulse to suicide which is frequent among children, though rarer with girls than boys, she went one day into the kitchen for the carving knife, that she might cut her throat; luckily the servants were at dinner, and the child retreated. Deafness, which proved incurable, began to afflict her before she was sixteen. A severe, harsh, and mournful kind of religiosity seized her, and this "abominable spiritual rigidity," as she calls it, confirmed all the gloomy predispositions of her mind. She learned a good deal, mastering Latin, French, and Italian in good time; and reading much in her own tongue, including constant attention to the Bible, with all sorts of commentaries and explanations, such as those of us who were brought up in a certain spiritual atmosphere, have only too good reasons never to forget. This expansion of intellectual interest, however, did not make her less silent, less low in her spirits, less full of vague and anxious presentiment. The reader is glad when these ungracious years of youth are at an end, and the demands of active life stirred Harriet Martineau's energies into vigorous work.

In 1822 her father died, and seven years later his widow and his daughters lost at a single blow nearly all that they had in the world. Before this event, which really proved to be a blessing in the disguise of a catastrophe, Harriet Martineau had written a number of slight pieces. They had been printed, and received a certain amount of recognition. They were of a religious cast, as was natural in one with whom religious literature, and

religious life and observance, had hitherto taken in the whole sphere of her continual experience. *Traditions of Palestine* and *Devotional Exercises* are titles that tell their own tale, and we may be sure that their authoress was still at the antipodean point of the positive philosophy in which she ended her speculative journey. She still clung undoubtingly to what she had been brought up to believe, when she won three prizes for essays intended to present Unitarianism to the notice of Jews, of Catholics, and of Mahometans. Her success in these and similar efforts, turned her mind more decidedly towards literature as a profession.

Miss Martineau is at some pains to assure us on several occasions that it was the need of utterance now and always that drove her to write, and that money, although welcome when it came, was never her motive. This perhaps a little savours of affectation. Nobody would dream of suspecting Miss Martineau of writing anything that she did not believe to be true or useful, merely for the sake of money. But there is plenty of evidence, that the prospect of payment stirred her to true and useful work, as it does many other authors by profession, and as it does the followers of all professions whatever. She puts the case fairly enough in another place (i. 422):—"Every author is in a manner an adventurer; and no one was ever more decidedly so than myself; but the difference between one kind of adventurer and another is, I believe, simply this—that the one has something to say which presses for utterance, and is uttered at length without a view to future fortunes; while the other has a sort of general inclination towards literature, without any specific need of utterance, and a very definite desire for the honours and rewards of the literary career." Even in the latter case, however, honest journeyman's work enough is done in literature by men and women who seek nothing higher than a reputable source

of income. Miss Martineau did, no doubt, seek objects far higher and more generous than income, but she lived on the income which literature brought to her; and there seems a certain failure of her usually admirable common sense in making any ado about so simple a matter. When doctors and counsel refuse their guineas, and the parson declines a stipend, it will be quite soon enough for the author to be especially anxious to show that he has a right to regard money much as the rest of the human race regard it.

Miss Martineau underwent the harsh ordeal which awaits most literary aspirants. She had a scheme in her head for a long series of short tales to illustrate some of the propositions of political economy. She trudged about London day after day, through mud and fog, with weary limbs and anxious heart, as many an author has done before and since. The times were bad; cholera was abroad; people were full of apprehension and concern about the Reform Bill; and the publishers looked coldly on a doubtful venture. Miss Martineau talks none of the conventional nonsense about the cruelty and stupidity of publishers. What she says is this:—"I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-30, and I know that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once." One of the most distinguished editors in London, who had charge of a periodical for many years, told us what comes to the same thing, namely, that in no single case during all these years did a volunteer contributor of real quality, or with any promise of eminence, present himself or herself. So many hundreds think themselves called, so few are chosen. In Miss Martineau's case, however, the trade made a mistake. When at length she found some one to go halves with her in the enterprise, on terms extremely disadvantageous to herself, the first of her tales was published (1832), and instantly had a prodigious

success. The sale ran up to more than ten thousand of each monthly volume. In that singular autobiographical sketch of herself which Miss Martineau prepared for the *Daily News*, to be printed as her obituary notice, she pronounced a judgment upon this work which more disinterested, though not more impartial, critics will confirm. Her own unalterable view, she says, of what the work could and could not effect, "prevented her from expecting too much from it, either in regard to its social operations or its influence on her own fame. The original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society by a series of pictures of selected social action was a fortunate one; and her tales initiated a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy is, and how it concerns everybody living in society. Beyond this there is no merit of a high order in the work. It popularised in a fresh form some doctrines and many truths long before made public by others." James Mill, one of the acutest economists of the day, and one of the most vigorous and original characters of that or any other day, had foretold failure; but when the time came he very handsomely admitted that his prophecy had been rash. In after years, when Miss Martineau had acquired from Comte a conception of the growth and movement of societies as a whole, with their economic conditions controlled and constantly modified by a multitude of other conditions of various kinds, she rated the science of her earlier days very low. Even in those days, however, she says, "I believe I should not have been greatly surprised or displeased to have perceived, even then that the pretended science is no science at all, strictly speaking; and that so many of its parts must undergo essential change, that it may be a question whether future generations will owe much more to it than the benefit (inestimable, to be sure) of establishing the grand truth that social affairs proceed according to general laws, no less than natural phenomena of every kind" (*Autob.* ii. 245).

Harriet Martineau was not of the class of writers, most of them terribly unprofitable, who merely say literary things about social organisation, its institutions, and their improvement. Her feeling about society was less literary than scientific: it was not sentimental, but the business-like quality of a good administrator. She was moved less by pity or by any sense of the pathos and the hardness of the world, than by a sensible and energetic interest in good government and in the rational and convenient ordering of things. Her tales to illustrate the truths of political economy are what might be expected from a writer of this character. They are far from being wanting—many of them—in the genuine interest of good story-telling. They are rapid, definite, and without a trace of either slovenliness or fatigue. We are amazed as we think of the speed and prompt regularity with which they were produced; and the fertile ingenuity with which the pill of political economy is wrapped up in the confectionery of a tale, may stand as a marvel of true cleverness and inventive dexterity. Of course, of imagination or invention in a high sense there is not a trace. Such a quality was not in the gifts of the writer, nor could it in any case have worked within such limitations as those set by the matter and the object of the series.

Literary success was followed in the usual order by social temptation. Miss Martineau removed from Norwich to London, and she had good reasons for making the change. Her work dealt with matters of a political kind, and she could only secure a real knowledge of what was best worth saying by intercourse with those who had a better point of view for a survey of the social state of England than could be found in a provincial town like Norwich. So far as evening parties went, Miss Martineau soon perceived how little "essential difference there is between the extreme case of a cathedral city and that of literary London, or any other place, where dissipation takes

the turn of book-talk instead of dancing or masquerading." She went out to dinner every night except Sundays, and saw all the most interesting people of the London of five-and-forty years ago. While she was free from presumptuousness in her judgments, she was just as free from a foolish willingness to take the reputations of the hour on trust. Her attitude was friendly and sensible, but it was at the same time critical and independent; and that is what every frank, upright, and sterling character naturally becomes in face of an unfamiliar society. Harriet Martineau was too keen-sighted, too aware of the folly and incompetent pretension of half the world, too consciously self-respecting and proud, to take society and its ways with any diffidence or ingenuous simplicity. On the importance of the small *littérateur* who unreasonably thinks himself a great one, on the airs and graces of the gushing blue-stockings who were in vogue in that day, on the detestable vulgarity of literary lionising, she had no mercy. She recounts with caustic relish the story about a certain pedantical lady, of whom Tierney had said that there was not another head in England that could encounter hers on the subject of Cause and Effect. The story was that when in a country house one fine day she took her seat in a window, saying, in a business-like manner (to David Ricardo), "Come, now, let us have a little discussion about Space." We remember a story about a certain Mademoiselle de Launay, afterwards well known to the Paris of the eighteenth century, being introduced at Versailles by a silly great lady who had an infatuation for her. "This," the great lady kept saying, "is the young person whom I have told you about, who is so wonderfully intelligent, who knows so much. Come, Mademoiselle, pray talk. Now, Madame, you will see how she talks. Well, first of all, now, talk a little about religion; then you can tell us about something else."

We cannot wonder that Miss Martineau did not go a second time to the

house where Space might be the unprovoked theme of a casual chat. Pretension in every shape she hated most heartily. Her judgments in most cases were thoroughly just—at this period of her life at any rate—and sometimes even unexpectedly kindly, and the reason is that she looked at society through the medium of a strong and penetrating kind of common sense, which is more often the gift of clever women than of clever men. If she is masculine, she is, like Mrs. Colonel Poyntz, in one of Bulwer's novels, "masculine in a womanly way." There is a real spirit of ethical divination in some of her criticism of character. Take the distinguished man whose name we have just written. "There was Bulwer on a sofa," she says, "sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries—he and they dizenod out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground—only the indifference or hauteur of the lord of the harem being absent." Yet this disagreeable sight does not prevent her from feeling a cordial interest in him, amidst any amount of vexation and pity for his weakness. "He seems to be a woman of genius inclosed by misadventure in a man's form. He has insight, experience, sympathy, letters, power and grace of expression, and an irrepressible impulse to utterance, and industry which should have produced works of the noblest quality; and these have been intercepted by mischiefs which may be called misfortune rather than fault. His friendly temper, his generous heart, his excellent conversation (at his best), and his simple manners (when he forgot himself), have many a time 'left me mourning' that such a being should allow himself to sport with perdition." Those who knew most about Bulwer, and who were most repelled by his terrible faults, will feel in this page of Miss Martineau's the breath of social equity in which charity is not allowed to blur judgment, nor moral disapproval to narrow, starve, and discolour vision into lost

possibilities of character. And we may note in passing how even here, in the mere story of the men and women whom she met in London drawing-rooms, Harriet Martineau does not lose herself in gossip about individuals looked at merely in their individual relations. It is not merely the "blighting of promise nor the forfeiture of a career" that she deplores in the case of a Bulwer or a Brougham; it is "the intercepting of national blessings." If this view of natural gifts as a source of blessing to society, and not merely of power or fame to their privileged possessor, were more common than it is, the impression which such a thought is calculated to make would be the highest available protection against those blighted promises and forfeited careers of which Brougham and Bulwer were only two out of a too vast host of examples.

It is the very fulness with which she is possessed by this large way of conceiving a life in its manifold relations to the service of the world, that is the secret of Harriet Martineau's firm, clear, calm, and almost neutral way of judging both her own work and character and those of others. By calm we do not mean that she was incapable of strong and direct censure. Many of her judgments, both here and in her *Biographic Sketches*, are stern; and some—like that on Macaulay, for instance—may even pass for harsh. But they are never the product of mere anger or heatedness, and it is a great blunder to suppose that reasoned severity is incompatible with perfect composure, or that calm is another name for amiable vapidty.

"Thöricht ist's
In allen Stücken billig sein; es heisst
Sein eigen Selbst zerstören."

Her condemnation of the Whigs, for example, is as stringent and outspoken as condemnation can be; yet it is a deliberate and reasoned judgment, not a mere bitterness or prejudice. The Whigs were at that moment, between 1832 and 1834, at the height of their authority, political,

literary, and social. After a generation of misgovernment they had been borne to power on the tide of national enthusiasm for parliamentary reform, and for all those improvements in our national life to which parliamentary reform was no more than the first step. The harshness and darkness of the past generation were the measure of the hopes of the new time. These hopes, which were at least as strong in Harriet Martineau as in anybody then living, the Whigs were soon felt to have cheated. She cannot forgive them. Speaking of John and Edward Romilly, "they had virtuous projects," she says, "and had every hope of achieving service worthy of their father's fame; but their aspirations were speedily tamed down—as all high aspirations are lowered by Whig influences." A certain peer is described as "agreeable enough in society to those who are not very particular in regard to sincerity; and was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer or anything else, as good a representative as could be found of the flippancy, conceit, and official helplessness and ignorance of the Whig administration." Charles Knight started a new periodical for the people under the patronage of the official Whigs. "But the poverty and perverseness of their ideas, and the insolence of their feelings, were precisely what might be expected by all who really knew that remarkably vulgar class of men. They purposed to lecture the working classes, who were by far the wiser party of the two, in a jejune, coaxing, dull, religious-tract sort of tone, and criticised and deprecated everything like vigour, and a manly and genial tone of address in the new publication, while trying to push in as contributors effete and exhausted writers and friends of their own, who knew about as much of the working classes of England as of those of Turkey." This energetic description, which belongs to the year 1848, gives us an interesting measure of the distance that has been traversed during the last thirty years. The workmen have

acquired direct political power; they have organised themselves into effective groups for industrial purposes; they have produced leaders of ability and sound judgment; and the Whig who seeks their support must stoop or rise to talk a Radicalism that would have amply satisfied even Harriet Martineau herself.

The source of this improvement in the society to which she bade farewell, over that into which she had been born, is set down by Miss Martineau to the most remarkable literary genius with whom, during her residence in London, she was brought into contact. "What Wordsworth did for poetry," she says, "in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality. He may be himself the most curious opposition to himself,—he may be the greatest mannerist of his age while denouncing conventionalism,—the greatest talker while eulogising silence,—the most woeful complainer while glorifying fortitude,—the most uncertain and stormy in mood, while holding forth serenity as the greatest good within the reach of man; but he has nevertheless infused into the mind of the English nation a sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness, and courage which can be appreciated only by those who are old enough to tell what was our morbid state when Byron was the representative of our temper, the Clapham church of our religion, and the rotten-borough system of our political morality." We have no quarrel with this account of the greatest man of letters of our generation. But Carlyle has only been one influence among others. It is a far cry indeed from *Sartor Resartus* to the *Tracts for the Times*, yet they were both of them protests against the same thing, both of them attempted answers to the same problem, and the *Tracts* perhaps did more than *Sartor* to quicken spiritual life, to shatter "the Clapham church," and to substitute a mystic faith and not unlovely hope for the frigid, hard, and mechanical lines of official orthodoxy on the

one hand, and the egotism and sentimental despair of Byronism on the other. There is a third school, too, and Harriet Martineau herself was no insignificant member of it, to which both the temper and the political morality of our time have owed a deep debt; the school of those utilitarian political thinkers who gave light rather than heat, and yet by the intellectual force with which they insisted on the right direction of social reform, also stirred the very impulse which made men desire social reform. The most illustrious of this body was undoubtedly John Mill, because to accurate political science he added a fervid and vibrating social sympathy, and a power of quickening it in the best minds of a scientific turn. It is odd, by the way, that Miss Martineau, while so lavish in deserved panegyric on Carlyle, should be so grudging and disparaging in the case of Mill, with whom her intellectual affinities must have been closer than with any other of her contemporaries. The translator of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* had better reasons than most people for thinking well of the services of the author of the *System of Logic*: it was certainly the latter book which did more than any other to prepare the minds of the English philosophic public for the former.

It is creditable to Miss Martineau's breadth of sympathy that she should have left on record the tribute of her admiration for Carlyle, for nobody has written so harshly as Carlyle on the subject which interested Harriet Martineau more passionately than any other events of her time. In 1834 she had finished her series of illustrations of political economy; her domestic life was fretted by the unreasonable exigences of her mother; London society had perhaps begun to weary her, and she felt the need of a change of scene. The United States, with the old European institutions placed amid new conditions, were then as now a natural object of interest to everybody with a keen feeling for social improvement. So to the Western Republic Miss

Martineau turned her face. She had not been long in the States before she began to feel that the Abolitionists, at that moment a despised and persecuted handful of men and women, were the truly moral and regenerating party in the country. Harriet Martineau no sooner felt this conviction driving out her former prejudice against them as fanatical and impracticable, than she at once bore public testimony, at serious risk of every kind to herself, in favour of the extreme Anti-Slavery agitators. And for thirty years she never slackened her sympathy nor her energetic action on English public opinion, in this most vital matter of her time. She was guided not merely by humanitarian disgust at the cruel and brutal abominations of slavery,—though we know no reason why this alone should not be a sufficient ground for turning Abolitionist,—but also on the more purely political ground of the cowardice, silence, corruption, and hypocrisy that were engendered in the Free States by purchased connivance at the peculiar institution of the Slave States. Nobody has yet traced out the full effect upon the national character of the Americans of all those years of conscious complicity in slavery, after the moral iniquity of slavery had become clear to the inner conscience of the very men who ignobly sanctioned the mobbing of Abolitionists.

In the summer of 1836 Miss Martineau returned to England, having added this great question to the stock of her foremost objects of interest and concern. Such additions, whether literary or social, are the best kind of refreshment that travel supplies. She published two books on America: one of them abstract and quasi-scientific, *Society in America*; the other, *A Retrospect of Western Travel*, of a lighter and more purely descriptive quality. Their success with the public was moderate, and in after years she condemned them in very plain language, the first of them especially as “full of affectations and preachments.” Their only service, and it was not

inconsiderable, was the information which they circulated as to the condition of slavery and of the country under it. We do not suppose that they are worth reading at the present day, except from a historical point of view. But they are really good specimens of a kind of literature which is not abundant, and yet which is of the utmost value—we mean the record of the sociological observation of a country by a competent traveller, who stays long enough in the country, has access to the right persons of all kinds, and will take pains enough to mature his judgments. It was a happy idea of O'Connell's to suggest that she should go over to Ireland, and write such an account of that country as she had written of the United States. And we wish at this very hour that some one as competent as Miss Martineau would do what O'Connell wished her to do. A similar request came to her from Milan: why should she not visit Lombardy, and then tell Europe the true tale of Austrian rule?

But after her American journey Miss Martineau felt a very easily intelligible desire to change the literary field. For many years she had been writing almost entirely about fact: and the constraint of the effort to be always correct, and to bear without solicitude the questioning of her correctness, had become burdensome. She felt the danger of losing nerve and becoming morbidly fearful of criticism on the one hand, and of growing narrow and mechanical about accuracy on the other. "I longed inexpressibly," she says, "for the liberty of fiction, while occasionally doubting whether I had the power to use that freedom as I could have done ten years before." The product of this new mental phase was *Deerbrook*, which was published in the spring of 1839. *Deerbrook* is a story of an English country village, its petty feuds, its gentilities, its chances and changes of fortune. The influence of Jane Austen's stories is seen in every chapter; but Harriet Martineau had none of the easy flow, the pleasant

humour, the light-handed irony of her model, any more than she had the energetic and sustained imaginative power of Charlotte or Emily Brontë. There is playfulness enough in *Deerbrook*, but it is too deliberate to remind us of the crooning involuntary playfulness of *Pride and Prejudice* or *Sense and Sensibility*. *Deerbrook* is not in the least a story with a moral; it is truly and purely a piece of art; yet we are conscious of the serious spirit of the social reformer as haunting the background, and only surrendering the scene for reasons of its own. On the other hand, there is in *Deerbrook* a gravity of moral reflection that Jane Austen, whether wisely or unwisely, seldom or never attempts. In this respect *Deerbrook* is the distant forerunner of some of George Eliot's most characteristic work. Distant, because George Eliot's moralising is constantly suffused by the broad light of a highly poetic imagination, and this was in no degree among Miss Martineau's gifts. Still there is something above the flat touch of the common didactic in such a page as that in which (chapter xix.) she describes the case of "the unamiable—the only order of evil ones who suffer hell without seeing and knowing that it is hell: nay, they are under a heavier curse than even this, they inflict torments second only to their own, with an unconsciousness worthy of spirits of light." However, when all is said, we may agree that this is one of the books that give a rational person pleasure once, but which we hardly look forward to reading again.

Shortly after the publication of her first novel, Miss Martineau was seized by a serious internal malady, from which recovery seemed hopeless. According to her usual practice of taking her life deliberately in her hands, and settling its conditions for herself instead of letting things drift as they might, she insisted on declining the hospitable shelter pressed upon her by a near relative, on the excellent ground that it is wrong for an invalid to impose restraints upon a healthy household. She proceeded to establish her-

self in lodgings at Tynemouth, on the coast of Northumberland. Here she lay on a couch for nearly five years, seeing as few persons as might be, and working at such literary matters as came into her head with steadfast industry and fortitude. The ordeal was hard, but the little book that came of it, *Life in a Sickroom*, remains to show the moods in which the ordeal was borne.

At length Miss Martineau was induced to try mesmerism as a possible cure for her disease, and what is certain is, that after trying mesmeric treatment, the invalid whom the doctors had declared incurable shortly recovered as perfect health as she had ever known. A virulent controversy arose upon the case, for by some curious law, physicians are apt to import into professional disputes a heat and bitterness at least as marked as that of their old enemies, the theologians. It was said that Miss Martineau had begun to improve before she was mesmerised, and what was still more to the point, that she had been taking heavy doses of iodine. "It is beyond all question or dispute," as Voltaire said, "that magic words and ceremonies are quite capable of most effectually destroying a whole flock of sheep, if the words be accompanied by a sufficient quantity of arsenic."

Mesmerism was indirectly the means of bringing Miss Martineau into an intimate acquaintance with a gentleman who soon began to exert a decisive influence upon the most important of her opinions. Mr. Atkinson is still alive, and we need not say much about him. He seems to have been a grave and sincere person, using his mind with courageous independence upon the great speculative problems which were not in 1844, as they are in 1877, the common topics of everyday discourse among educated people. This is not the place for an examination of the philosophy in which Miss Martineau was finally landed by Mr. Atkinson's influence. That philosophy was given to the world in 1851 in a volume called *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and*

Development. The greater part of it was written by Mr. Atkinson in reply to short letters, in which Miss Martineau stated objections and propounded questions. The book points in the direction of that explanation of the facts of the universe which is now so familiar under the name of Evolution. But it points in this way only as the once famous *Vestiges of Creation* pointed towards the scientific hypotheses of Darwin and Wallace; or as Buckle's crude and superficial notions about the history of civilisation pointed towards a true and complete conception of sociology. That is to say, the Atkinson Letters state some of the difficulties in the way of the explanations of life and motion hitherto received as satisfactory; they insist upon approaching the facts exclusively by the positive, Baconian, or inductive method; and then they hurry to an explanation of their own, which may be as plausible as that which they intend it to replace, but which they leave equally without ordered proof and strict verification.

The only point to which we are called upon to refer is that this way of thinking about man and the rest of nature led to repudiation by Miss Martineau of the whole structure of dogmatic theology. For one thing, she ceased to hold the conception of a God with any human attributes whatever; also of any principle or practice of Design; "of an administration of life according to human wishes, or of the affairs of the world by the principles of human morals." All these became to her as mere visions; beliefs necessary in their day, but not philosophically nor permanently true. Miss Martineau was not an Atheist in the philosophic sense; she never denied a First Cause, but only that this Cause is within the sphere of human attributes, or can be defined in their terms.

Then, for another thing, she ceased to believe in the probability of there being a continuance of conscious individual life after the dissolution of the body. With this, of course, fell all expectation of a state of personal

rewards and punishments. "The real and justifiable and honourable subject of interest," she said, "to human beings, living and dying, is the welfare of their fellows surrounding them or surviving them." About that she cared supremely, and about nothing else did she bring herself to care at all.

It is painful to many people even to hear of a person holding such beliefs as these. Yet it would plainly be the worst kind of spiritual valetudinarianism to insist on the omission from even the shortest account of this remarkable woman, of what became the very basis and foundation of her life for those thirty years of it, which she herself always counted the happiest part of the whole.

Although it was Mr. Atkinson who finally provided her with a positive substitute for her older beliefs, yet a journey which Miss Martineau made in the East shortly after her restoration to health (1846) had done much to build up in her mind a historic conception of the origin and order of the great faiths of mankind—the Christian, the Hebrew, the Mahometan, the old Egyptian. We need not say more on this subject. The work in which she published the experiences of the journey which was always so memorable to her deserves a word. There are few more delightful books of travel than *Eastern Life, Past and Present*. The descriptions are admirably graphic, and they have the attraction of making their effect by a few direct strokes, without any of the wordy elaboration of our modern picturesque. The writer shows a true feeling for nature, and she shows a vigorous sense, which is not merely pretty sentiment, like Chateaubriand's, for the vast historic associations of those old lands and dim cradles of the race. All is sterling and real; we are aware that the elevated reflection and the meditative stroke are not due to mere composition, but did actually pass through her mind as the suggestive wonders passed before her eyes. And hence there is no jar as we find a little homily on the advantage of being able

to iron your own linen on a Nile boat, followed by a lofty page on the mighty pair of solemn figures that gaze as from eternity on time amid the sand at Thebes. The whole, one may say again, is sterling and real, both the elevation and the homeliness. The student of the history of opinion may find some interest in comparing Miss Martineau's work with the famous book, *Ruins; or, Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires*, in which Volney, between fifty and sixty years before, had drawn equally dissolvent conclusions with her own, from the same panorama of the dead ages. Perhaps Miss Martineau's history is not much better than Volney's, but her brisk sense is preferable to Volney's high *à priori* declamation and artificial rhetoric.

Before starting for the East, Miss Martineau had settled a new plan of life for herself, and built a little house where she thought she could best carry her plan out. To this little house she returned, and it became her cherished home for the long remainder of her days. London, during the years of her first success, had not been without its usual attractions to the new-comer, but she had always been alive to the essential incompleteness, the dispersion, the want of steadfast self-collection, in a life much passed in London society. And we may believe that the five austere and lonely years at Tyne-mouth, with their evening outlook over the busy waters of the harbour-bar into the stern far off sea, may have slowly bred in her an unwillingness to plunge again into the bustling triviality, the gossip, the distracting lightness of the world of splendid fire-flies. To have discerned the Pale Horse so near and for so long a space awakens new moods, and strangely alters the old perspectives of our life. Yet it would imply a misunderstanding of Harriet Martineau's character to suppose that she turned her back upon London, and built her pretty hermitage at Amble-side, in anything like the temper of Jean Jacques Rousseau. She was far too positive a spirit for that, and far too

full of vivid and concentrated interest in men and their doings. It would be unjust to think of Harriet Martineau as having no ear for the inner voices, yet her whole nature was objective ; it turned to practice and not to reverie. She had her imaginative visions, as we know, and as all truly superior minds have them, even though their main superiority happens to be in the practical order. But her visions were limited as a landscape set in a rigid frame ; they had not the wings that soar and poise in the vague unbounded empyrean. And she was much too sensible to think that these moods were strong, or constant, or absorbing enough in her case to furnish material and companionship for a life from day to day and year to year. Nor again was it for the sake of undisturbed acquisition of knowledge, nor cultivation of her finer faculties that she sought a hermitage. She was not moved by thought of the famous maxim which Goethe puts into the mouth of Leonore—

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.”

Though an intense egotist, in the good and respectable sense of insisting on her own way of doing things, of settling for herself what it was that she was living for, and of treading the path with a firm and self-reliant step, yet Harriet Martineau was as little of an egotist as ever lived, in the poor and stifling sense of thinking of the perfecting of her own culture as in the least degree worthy of ranking among Ends-in themselves. She settled in the Lake district because she thought that there she would be most favourably placed for satisfying the various conditions which she had fixed as necessary to her scheme of life. “My own idea of an innocent and happy life,” she says, “was a house of my own among poor improvable neighbours, with young servants whom I might train and attach to myself, with pure air, a garden, leisure, solitude at command, and freedom to work in peace and quietness.”

“It is the wisest step in her life,” Wordsworth said, when he heard that

she had bought a piece of land and built a pretty house upon it ; and then he added the strangely unpoetic reason—“because the value of the property will be doubled in ten years.” Her poetic neighbour gave her a characteristic piece of advice in the same prudential vein. He warned her that she would find visitors a great expense. “When you have a visitor,” he said, “you must do as we did ; you must say, ‘If you like to have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome ; but if you want any meat, you must pay for your board.’” Miss Martineau declined to carry thrift to this ungracious extremity. She constantly had guests in her house, and, if they were all like Charlotte Brontë, they enjoyed their visits in spite of the arbitrary ways of their energetic hostess.

Her manner of life during these years is pleasant to contemplate ; cheerful, active, thoroughly wholesome. “My habit,” she says, “was to rise at six and to take a walk, returning to my solitary breakfast at half-past seven. My household orders were given for the day, and all affairs settled out of doors and in by a quarter or half-past eight, when I went to work, which I continued without interruption, except from the post, till three o’clock or later, when alone. While my friend was with me we dined at two, and that was of course the limit of my day’s work.” De Tocqueville, if we remember, never saw his guests until after he had finished his morning’s work, of which he had done six hours by eleven o’clock. Schopenhauer was still more sensitive to the jar of external interruption on that finely-tuned instrument, the brain, after a night’s repose, for it was as much as his housekeeper’s place was worth to allow either herself or any one else to appear to the philosopher before mid-day. After the early dinner at the Ambleside cottage came little bits of neighbourly business, exercise, and so forth. “It is with singular alacrity that in winter evenings I light the lamp and unroll my wool-work, and meditate or dream till the arrival of the newspaper tells me that the tea has

stood long enough. After tea, if there was news from the seat of war, I called in my maids, who brought down the great atlas and studied the chances of the campaign with me. Then there was an hour or two for Montaigne, or Bacon, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or some dear old biography."

The only productions of this time worth mentioning are the *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (1849) and the condensed version of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (1853), both of them meritorious and useful pieces of work, and both of them undertaken, as nearly all Miss Martineau's work was, not from merely literary motives, but because she thought that they would be meritorious and useful, and because nothing more useful came into her head or under her hand at the moment. The condensation of Comte is easy and rapid, and it is said by those who have looked very closely into it, to be hardly free from some too hasty renderings. It must, however, on the whole be pronounced a singularly intelligent and able performance. The pace at which Comte was able to compose is a standing marvel to all who have pondered the great and difficult art of composition. It must be admitted that the author of the English version of him was in this respect no unworthy match for her original. Miss Martineau tells us that she despatched the last three volumes, which number over 1,800 pages, in some five months. She thought the rendering of thirty pages of Comte a fair morning's work. If we consider the abstract and difficult nature of the matter, this must be pronounced something of a feat. We have not space to describe her method, but any reader who happens to be interested in the mechanism of literary productions, will find the passage in vol. ii. p. 391. The *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* is no less astonishing an example of rapid industry. From the first opening of the books to study for the history, to the depositing of the MS. of the first volume at press, was exactly six months. The second volume took six months to do, with an

interval of some weeks of holiday and other work!

We think all this worth mentioning, because it is an illustration of what is a highly important maxim; namely, that it is a great mistake to expend more time and labour on a piece of composition than is enough to make it serve the purpose in hand. The immeasurable moment and far-reachingness of the very highest kinds of literature are apt to make men who play at being students forget that there are many other kinds of literature, which are not in the least immeasurably far-reaching, but which, for all that, are extremely useful in their own day and generation. Those highly fastidious and indolent people, who sometimes live at Oxford and Cambridge, with whom indeed for the most part their high fastidiousness is only a fine name for impotence and lack of will, forget that the less immortal kinds of literature are the only kinds within their own reach. Literature is no doubt a fine art—the finest of the arts—but it is also a practical art, and it is deplorable to think how much stout, instructive work might and ought to be done by people who, in dreaming of ideals in prose or verse beyond their attainment, end, like the poor Casaubon of fiction, in a little pamphlet on a particle, or else in mediocre poetry, or else in nothing. By insisting on rearing nothing short of a great monument more durable than brass, they are cutting themselves off from building the useful little mud-hut, or some of the other modest performances, by which only they are capable of serving their age. It is only one volume in a million that is not meant to perish, and to perish soon, as flowers, sunbeams, and all the other brightnesses of the earth are meant to perish. There are some forms of composition in which perfection is not only good but indispensable. But the most are designed for the purpose of a day, and if they have the degree of elaboration, accuracy, grasp, and faithfulness that suffice for the given purpose, then we

may say that it is enough. There is literature proper, for which only two or three men and women in a generation have the true gift. This cannot be too good. But besides this there is a mass of honest and needful work to be done with the pen, to which literary form is only accidental, and in which consummate literary finish or depth is a sheer work of supererogation. If Miss Martineau had given twice as many years as she gave months to the condensation of Comte, the book would not have been a whit more useful in any possible respect—indeed, over-elaboration might easily have made it much less so—and the world would have lost many other excellent, if not dazzling or stupendous services.

"Her original power," she wrote of herself in that manly and outspoken obituary notice to which we have already referred, "was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularise, while she could neither discover nor invent. . . . She could obtain and keep a firm grasp of her own views, and moreover she could make them understood. The function of her life was to do this, and in as far as it was done diligently and honestly, her life was of use." All this is precisely true, and her life was of great use; and that makes what she says not only true, but an example worth much weighing by many of those who meddle with literature.

Miss Martineau was never tired of trying to be useful in directing and improving opinion. She did not disdain the poor neighbours at her gates. She got them to establish a Building Society, she set them an example of thrifty and profitable management by her little farm of two acres, and she gave them interesting and cheerful courses of lectures in the winter evenings. All this time her eye was

vigilant for the great affairs of the world. In 1852 she began to write leading articles for the *Daily News*, and in this department her industry and her aptitude were such that at times she wrote as many as six leading articles in a week. When she died, it was computed that she had written sixteen hundred. They are now all dead enough, as they were meant to die, but they made an impression that is still alive in its consequences upon some of the most important social, political, and economical matters of five and twenty important years. In what was by far the greatest of all the issues of those years, the Civil War in the United States, Harriet Martineau's influence was of the most inestimable value in keeping public opinion right against the strong tide of ignorant Southern sympathies in this country. If she may seem to some to have been less right in her views of the Crimean War, we must admit that the issues were very complex, and that complete assurance on that struggle is not easy even at this distance of time.

To this period belong the Biographic Sketches which she contributed to a London newspaper. They have since been collected in a single volume, now in its fourth edition. They are masterpieces in the style of the vignette. Their conciseness, their clearness in fact, their definiteness in judgment, and above all the rightly-graduated impression of the writer's own personality in the background, make them perfect in their kind. There is no fretting away of the portrait in over-multiplicity of lines and strokes. Here more than anywhere else, Miss Martineau shows the true quality of the writer, the true mark of literature, the sense of proportion, the modulated sentence, the compact and suggestive phrase. There is a happy precision, a pithy brevity, a condensed argumentativeness. And this literary skill is made more telling by the writer's own evident interest and sincerity about the real lives and characters of the various conspicuous people with whom

she deals. It may be said that she has no subtle insight into the complexities of human nature, and that her philosophy of character is rather too little analytical, too downright, too content with averages of motive, and too external. This is so in a general way, but it does not spoil the charm of these sketches, because the personages concerned, though all of them conspicuous, were for the most part commonplace in motive, though more than commonplace in strength of faculty. Subtle analysis is wholly unreasonable in the case of Miss Martineau herself, and she would probably have been unable to use that difficult instrument in criticising characters less downright and objective than her own.

The moment of the Crimean War marked an alarming event in her own life. The doctors warned her that she had a heart disease which would end her days suddenly and soon. Miss Martineau at once set her affairs in order, and sat down to write her *Autobiography*. She had the manuscript put into type, and the sheets finally printed off, just as we now possess them. But the hour was not yet. The doctors had exaggerated the peril, and the strong woman lived for twenty years after she had been given up. She used up the stuff of her life to the very end, and left no dreary remnant nor morbid waste of days. She was like herself to the last—English, practical, positive. Yet she had thoughts and visions which were more than this. We like to think of this faithful woman and veteran worker in good causes, in the stroll which she always took on her terrace before retiring to rest for the night:—

“On my terrace there were two worlds extended bright before me, even when the midnight darkness hid from my bodily eyes all but the outlines of the solemn mountains that surround our valley on three sides, and the clear opening to the lake on the south. In the one of those worlds I saw now the magnificent coast of

Massachusetts in autumn, or the flowery swamps of Louisiana, or the forests of Georgia in spring, or the Illinois prairie in summer; or the blue Nile, or the brown Sinai, or the gorgeous Petra, or the view of Damascus from the Salahieh; or the Grand Canal under a Venetian sunset, or the Black Forest in twilight, or Malta in the glare of noon, or the broad desert stretching away under the stars, or the Red Sea tossing its superb shells on shore in the pale dawn. That is one world, all comprehended within my terrace wall, and coming up into the light at my call. The other and finer scenery is of that world, only beginning to be explored, of Science. . . . It is truly an exquisite pleasure to dream, after the toil of study, on the sublime abstractions of mathematics; the transcendent scenery unrolled by astronomy; the mysterious, invisible forces dimly hinted to us by physics; the new conception of the constitution of matter originated by chemistry; and then, the inestimable glimpses opened to us, in regard to the nature and destiny of man, by the researches into vegetable and animal organisation, which are at length perceived to be the right path of inquiry into the highest subjects of thought. . . . Wondrous beyond the comprehension of any one mind is the mass of glorious facts and the series of mighty conceptions laid open; but the shadow of the surrounding darkness rests upon it all. The unknown always engrosses the greater part of the field of vision, and the awe of infinity sanctifies both the study and the dream.”

It would be a pity if difference of opinion upon subjects of profound difficulty, remoteness, and manifold perplexity, were to prevent any one from recognising in such words and such moods as these what was, in spite of some infirmities, a character of many large thoughts and much generous purpose. And with this feeling we may part from her.

OLD GREEK ATHLETICS.

Now that the old Greeks are beginning again to be properly appreciated, and researches are being made into the secrets of their art, and the lessons of their politics, it may be worth while to turn our attention to a feature in which the modern English strongly resemble them—I mean in the feature of athletics. This word is said to be very new in English, and only to have come into use with the fashion of those prize meetings which are every year rising in importance, and which are already seriously interfering with the *music* of our education, as the Greeks would have called it. From this side it is worth noticing that the term *atheltic* was used by the Greeks for that professional development which they reprehended as the exaggeration of the older *gymnastic*, with its accompaniment of public games (*agonistic*) at which the contests were amateur performances, and which were for centuries the glory and the pride of Greece. Thus *athletic* was rather a low thing among the Greeks, who looked upon “running for the pot” with a highbred contempt which is not so common nowadays. When the wise priests of Delphi determined to establish (Ol. 48) a public competition in imitation of the great Olympic games, they offered money prizes the first year, but (as I believe) as soon as they saw that the thing was to be a success, they abolished their money prizes, and gave a mere crown of laurel. There were indeed ample rewards at home for the victors when they returned, so much so that it was almost a provision for life to have won at Olympia; but direct money prizes were quite beneath the dignity of these games; and when the people of Sybaris attempted to establish opposition games, with golden crowns

for prizes, they failed miserably, and produced no impression on the Greek public; for though all the great contests were *crown* contests (*στεφανίται*), it is to the honour of the Greeks, who were otherwise fond enough of lucre, that the distinction of a parsley, fir, or bay crown should have (in theory at least) been the only reward for long and arduous labour.

The establishment of these games, especially of those at Olympia, was assigned by the poets to mythical ages, and not only is there a book of the *Iliad* devoted to funeral games, but in Pindar's 11th Olympic Ode their establishment is made coeval with the labours of Herakles. Whether this evidence is indeed conclusive may fairly be doubted. The 23rd book of the *Iliad* shows traces of being a later portion of the poem, and the mythical founders enumerated by Pausanias (v. 7) are so various and inconsistent that we can see how obscure the question appeared to Greek archæologists, even did we not find at the end of the enumeration the following significant hint:—“But after Oxylus—for Oxylus, too, established the contest—after his reign it fell out of use till the Olympiad of Iphitus;” that is to say, till the first Ol., which is dated 776 B.C., Oxylus being the companion of the Herakleidæ who obtained Elis for his portion. Pausanias adds that when Iphitus renewed the contest, men had forgotten the old arrangements, and only gradually came to remember them, and whenever they recollected any special competition, they added it to the games. This is the excellent man's theory to account for the gradual addition of long races, of wrestling, discus throwing, boxing, and chariot racing, to the original sprint race of about 125 yards, which was at first the only known competition.

The facts seem to me rather to point to the late growth of games in Greece, which probably first began at Olympia in the eighth century, but which only rose to importance during the reign of the despots throughout Greece, when the aristocrats were prevented from murdering one another, and compelled to adopt more peaceful pursuits.¹ It was in the end of the seventh and opening of the sixth centuries that the Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games show by their successive establishments the rapid spread of the fashion, and a vast number of local contests diffused through every district in Greece the taste and the training for such competitions. These games lasted all through classical Greek history, the Olympian even down to later times, for it was not abolished till nearly 1,200 years (O. 294) had elapsed since the historical foundation. But the day of their real greatness was gone long before. Cicero indignantly repudiates the report that he had gone to see such games, just as Lord Shaftesbury, within our memory, repudiated the report that he had attended the match between Sayers and Heenan. The good generals of earlier centuries, such as Alexander the Great and Philopemen, set their faces against athletics as bad training for soldiers. Nay, even earlier, the Spartans, though they could contend with success in the pentathlon, when they chose, did not countenance the fiercer competitions, as engendering bad feeling between rivals, and, what was worse, compelling a man to declare himself vanquished, and feel disgraced. The Athenians also, as soon as the sophists reformed education, began to rate intellectual wrestling as far superior to any bodily exercise. Thus the supremacy of Athens and Sparta over the other Greek cities in the fifth century marked, in my opinion, the

real turning-point in the Greek estimate of athletics, and the fact that the great odes of Pindar sing the glories of no Spartan, and only twice, very briefly, those of Athenians, seems to indicate that even then men began to think of more serious rivalries, and more exciting spectacles, than the festive meetings at Olympia. In the very next generation the poets had drifted away from them, and Euripides despises rather than admires them. The historians take little note of them.

Two circumstances only tended strongly to keep them up. In the first place musical competitions (which had always been part of the Pythian) and poetical rivalries were added to the sports, which were also made the occasion of mercantile business, of social meetings, and not seldom of political agitation. The wise responses of the Delphic oracle were not a little indebted to the information gathered from all parts of the Hellenic world at the games, some important celebration of which, whether at Nemea, the Isthmus, or the greater meetings, occurred every year.

Secondly, if the art of poetry soon devoted itself to the higher objects of tragedy, and created for itself the conflict which it celebrated, the art of sculpture became so closely connected with athletics, as to give them an æsthetic importance of the highest kind all through Greek history. The ancient habit of setting up ideal statues of victors, which were made special likenesses if the subject was specially distinguished, supplied the Greeks with a series of historical monuments, and a series of physical types not elsewhere to be matched, and thus perhaps the most interesting part of Pausanias' invaluable guide-book to Greece is his collection of notes (lib. vi., 1-20) on various statues set up in this way at Olympia, of which he mentions about two hundred, though he only professes to make a selection, and though several of the finest had already been carried off by Roman emperors.

These things kept alive the athletic

¹ The fact that some of these public meetings are associated with the fall of tyrants does not, I think, disprove what is here advanced.

meetings in Greece, and even preserved for them some celebrity. The sacred truce proclaimed during the national games was of inestimable convenience in the times of long and bitter hostilities, and doubtless enabled friends to meet who had else been separated for life. But the Panathenaic festivals were better exponents of fourth century taste in Greece. There music and the drama predominated. Professional displays became equally admired as a pastime and despised as a profession, and I have no doubt that the athlete who spent his life going about from one contest to another in search of gymnastic triumphs was equally despised by Brasidas and by Cleon, by Xenophon and by Agesilaus.

In the days of Solon things had been very different. He appointed a reward of 500 drachmas, then a very large sum, for victors at Olympia, 100 for those at the Isthmus, and for the others in proportion. Pindar sings as if, to the aristocrats of Ægina, or the tyrants of Sicily, no higher earthly prizes were attainable. But we must not transfer these evidences—the habit or the echo of the sixth century B.C.—to the days of political and educated Greece, when public opinion altered very considerably on the advantage and value of physical competition. This being once understood, I will proceed to the main object of this study, and will attempt to criticise the methods adopted by the old Greeks to obtain the highest physical condition, the nature of the competitions they established, and the results which they appear to have attained.

The Greeks of Europe seem always to have been aware that physical exercise was of the greatest importance for health, and consequently for mental vigour, and the earliest notices we have of education include careful bodily training. Apart from the games of children, which were much the same as ours, there was not only *orchestic* or rhythmical dancing in graceful figures, in which girls took part, and

which corresponded to what are now vulgarly called *callisthenics*, but also gymnastics, in which boys were trained to those exercises which they afterwards practised as men. In addition to the *palastras*, which were kept for the benefit of boys as a matter of private speculation in Athens, and probably in other towns, regular *gymnasias* were established by the civic authorities, and put under strict supervision, as state institutions, to prevent either idleness or immorality.¹ In these *gymnasias*, where young men came in the afternoon, stripped, oiled themselves, and then got a coat of dust or fine sand over the skin, running, wrestling, boxing, jumping, and throwing with the dart were commonly practised.

This sort of physical training I conceive to have grown up with the growth of towns, and with the abandonment of hunting and marauding owing to the increase of culture. Among the aristocrats of epical days, as well as among the Spartans, who lived a village life, surrounded by forest and mountain, I conceive field-sports to have been quite the leading amusement, nor ought competitions in a *gymnasium* to be compared for a moment to this far higher and more varied recreation. The contrast still subsists among us, and our fox-hunting, salmon-fishing, grouse-shooting country gentleman has the same inestimable advantage over the city athlete, whose special training for a particular event has a necessary tendency to lower him into a professional. There is even a danger of some fine exercises, which seemed common ground for both, such as boating and cricket, being vulgarised by the invasion of this professional spirit, which implies such attention to the body as excludes higher pursuits, and reward by special victories and

¹ The very stringent laws quoted in *Æschylus in Timarch*, may possibly be spurious, since we know from other allusions that they were not enforced. But more probably they existed as a dead letter, which could be revived if occasion required.

by public applause, rather than by the intrinsic pleasure of sport for its own sake. Thus the Spartans not only objected to boxing and the pancratium, in which the defeated competitor had to ask for mercy; they even for general purposes preferred field-sports, of which they could command plenty, to any special competitions in the strength of particular muscles. But in such places as Attica, where close cultivation had caused all wild country and all game to disappear, it was necessary to supply the place of country sport by the training of the gymnasium. This sort of exercise necessarily led to contests, so that for our purpose we need not separate gymnastic and agonistic, but may use the details preserved about the latter to tell us how the Greeks practised the former.

There is no doubt that the pursuit of high muscular condition was early associated with that of health, and that hygiene and physical training were soon discovered to be closely allied. Thus Herodicius, a trainer, who was also an invalid, was said to have discovered from his own case the method of treating disease by careful diet and regimen, and to have thus contributed to the advancement of Greek medicine. Pausanias also mentions (vi. 3, 9) the case of a certain Hysmon, an Elean, who, when a boy, had rheumatism in his muscles, and on this account practised for the pentathlon, that he might become a healthy and sound man. His training made him not only sound, but a celebrated victor.

It would be very interesting to know in detail what rules the Greeks prescribed for this purpose. Pausanias tells us (vi. 7, 9) that a certain Dromeus, who won ten victories in long races at various games (about Ol. 74), was the first who thought of eating meat in his training, for that up to that time the diet of athletes had been cheese from wicker baskets (*ἐκ τῶν καλάρων*).¹ It must be

remembered that meat diet was not common among the Greeks, who, like most southern people, lived rather upon fish, fruit, and vegetables, so that the meatdinners of Bœotia were censured as heavy and rather disgusting. However, the discovery of Dromeus was adopted by Greek athletes ever after, and we hear of their compulsory meals of large quantities of meat, and their consequent sleepiness and sluggishness in ordinary life, in such a way as to make us believe that the Greeks had missed the real secret of training, and actually thought that the more strong nutriment a man could absorb the stronger he would become. The quantity eaten by athletes is universally spoken of as far exceeding the quantity eaten by ordinary men, not considering its heavier quality.

Our suspicion that, in consequence, Greek athletic performances were not greater, if even equal, to our own, is however hard to verify, as we are without any information as to the time in which their running feats were performed. They had no watches, or nice measures of short subdivisions of time, and always ran races only to see who would win, not to see in how short a time a given distance could be done. Nevertheless, as the course was over soft sand, and as the vases picture them rushing along in spread-eagle fashion, with their arms like the sails of a windmill—in order to aid the motion of their bodies, as the Germans explain (after Philostratos)—nay, as we even hear of their having started shouting, if we can believe such a thing, their time performances in running must have been decidedly poor. In the Olympic games the running, which had originally been the only competition, always came first. The

cheese for keeping in wicker baskets to the present day, and distinguish it from *χλωρὸς τυρός*, which still means cream-cheese, and which they carry to market in woollen bags. There was a special market for it in Athens in Aristophanes' day. This is one of the innumerable points which can be explained by a knowledge of the present customs in Greece. It was pointed out to me by Mr. Gennadius.

¹ This must mean dry, as opposed to cream-cheese. The modern Greeks make their

short race was once up the course, and seems to have been about 125 yards. About the year 720 B.C. races of double the course, and long races of about 3,000 yards, were added;¹ races in armour were a later addition, and came at the end of the sports. It is remarkable that among all these varieties hurdle races were unknown, though jumping was assigned a special place, and thought very important. We have several remarkable anecdotes of endurance in running long journeys cited throughout Greek history, and even now the modern inhabitants are remarkable for this quality. I have seen a young man keep up with a horse ridden at a good pace across rough country for many miles, and have been told that the Greek postmen are quite wonderful in their speed and endurance. But this is compatible with very poor performances at prize meetings.

There were short races for boys at Olympia of half the length. Eighteen years was beyond the limit of age for competing, as a story in Pausanias implies, and a boy who won at the age of twelve was thought wonderfully young. The same authority tells us of a man who won the short race at four successive meetings, thus keeping up his pace for sixteen years—a remarkable case. There seems to have been no second prize in any of the historical games, a natural consequence of the abolition of material rewards.² There was, of course, a good deal of chance in the course of the contest, and Pausanias evidently knew cases where the winner was not the best man. For example, the races were run in heats of four, and if there was

an odd man over, the owner of the last lot drawn could sit down till the winners of the heats came together, and run against them without any previous fatigue. The limitation of each heat of four competitors arose, I fancy, from their not wearing colours (or even clothes), and so not being easily distinguishable. They were accordingly walked into the arena through an underground passage in the raised side of the stadium, and the name and country of each proclaimed in order by a herald. This practice is accurately copied in the present Olympic games held at Athens every four years.

The next event was the wrestling match, which is out of fashion at our prize meetings, though still a favourite sport in many country districts. There is very ample terminology for the various tricks and devices in this contest, and they have been explained with much absurdity by scholiasts both ancient and modern. It seems that it was not always enough to throw your adversary,¹ but that an important part of the sport was the getting uppermost on the ground, and in no case was a man declared beaten till he was thrown three times, and was actually laid on his back. It is not worth while enumerating the various technical terms, but it may be observed that a good deal of what we should call foul play was tolerated. There was no kicking, such as there was in wrestling matches in Ireland, because there were no boots, but Pausanias mentions (vi. 4, 3) a man who did not know how to wrestle, but defeated his opponents by breaking their fingers. We shall return to this point when speaking of the pankration.

When the wrestling was over there followed the throwing of the discus and the dart, and the long leap, but in what order is uncertain; for I cannot accept as evidence the pentameter line of Simonides, which enumerates the

¹ It is noted as a special wonder that the same man should win the sprint and long races at Olympia, which shows that the latter must have been mainly a test of staying power. The Spartan Ladas died at the winning post, and this was thought rather a wonderful feat, but of course may have resulted from bad training or from heart disease.

² "Know ye not," says St. Paul, "that all run, and one receiveth the crown?" A quite different condition of things from that of the *Iliad*, when every competitor, like the boys at a private school, comes off with a prize.

¹ Possibly this special sort of wrestling has been confused with the pankration, from which it can have differed but little, if it indeed subsisted as a distinct form of wrestling.

games of the pentathlon, seeing that it would be impossible to vary them from the order he gives without great metrical difficulties. Our only safe guide is the date of the establishment of each kind of competition, as it was plainly the habit of the Greeks to place the new event next after those already established. The only exception to this is in the establishing of contests for boys, which seem always to have come immediately before the same competition for men. But we only know that both wrestling and the contest of five events (pentathlon) dated from the 18th Ol., and are not informed in what order each was appointed.¹

The discus throwing was mainly to test distance, but the dart throwing to strike a mark. The discus was either of stone or of metal, and was very heavy. I conclude from the attitude of our copies of Myron's discobolus, that it was thrown without a preliminary run, or rather hurled standing. This contest is to be compared with our hammer throwing, or putting of weights. We are however without any accurate information either as to the average weight of the discus, or the average distance which a good man could throw it. There is indeed one ancient discus extant, which was found at Ægina, and is now preserved among the bronze antiquities at Munich. It is about eight inches in diameter, and something under four pounds in weight. But there seem to have been three sizes of discus, according as they were intended for boys, for grown youths (*ἀγένοιοι*), or for men, and it is not certain to which class this discus belongs. Philostratus mentions 100 cubits as a fine throw, but in such a way as to make it suspicious whether he is not talking at random, and in round numbers. Similarly, we have no details concerning the javelin contest, but I suspect that here, if anywhere, the Greeks could do what we cannot. For the savages of to-day, who use

spears, can throw them with a force and accuracy which is to us quite surprising. It is reported by trustworthy travellers that a Kaffir who comes suddenly on game will put a spear right into an antelope at ten or twelve yards' distance by an underhand chuck, without taking time to raise his arm. This is beyond the ability of an English athlete, however trained.

The question of the long jump is more interesting, as it still forms a part of our contests. It is not certain whether the old Greeks practised the running jump, or the high jump, for we never hear of a preliminary start, or of any difficulty about "breaking trig," as people now call it. Furthermore, an extant epigram on a celebrated athlete, Phayllus of Kroton, asserts that he jumped clean over the prepared ground (which was broken with a spade) on to the hard ground beyond—a distance of fifty feet. We cannot of course credit this feat, if it were a single long jump, and we can find no trace of anything like a hop, step, and jump, so that it seems wonderful that such an absurdity should be gravely repeated in an epigram. But the leap became proverbial, and to leap *ὑπὲρ τὰ σκάμματα* (beyond the digging) was a constantly repeated phrase.

The length of Phayllus' leap would be even more incredible if the competition was in a standing jump, and yet the figures of athletes on vases which I have seen strongly favour this supposition. They are represented not as running, but as standing and swinging the dumb bells or *ἀλτήρες* (jumpers), which were always used by the old Greeks, as assisting them materially in increasing their distance. I can imagine this being the case in a standing jump when a man rose with the forward swing of the weights, but in a running jump the carrying of the weights must surely damage rather than assist him. I know that Irish peasants, who take off very heavy boots to jump, often carry one in each hand and throw them backward violently as they rise from the ground; but this

¹ The single competitions in running and wrestling were distinct from those in the pentathlon, and rewarded by separate crowns.

principle is not admitted, so far as I know, by any scientific authority as of the slightest assistance.

We hear of no vaulting or jumping with a pole, so that in fact the leap seems an isolated contest, and of little interest except as determining one of the events of the pentathlon, in which a man must win three in order to be declared victor. This pentathlon, as comprising gentlemanly exercise and little brutality, was especially patronized by the Spartans. It was attempted for boys, but immediately abandoned, the strain being thought excessive for growing constitutions.

There remain the two severest and most objectionable sports, boxing and the pankration. Boxing came first (Ol. 23), the other test of strength not being admitted till Ol. 33. But one special occasion is mentioned when a competitor, who was contending in both, persuaded the judges to change the order, that he might not contend against a specially famous antagonist when already wounded and bruised with boxing. For boxing was, even from Homeric times, a very dangerous and bloody amusement, in which the vanquished were always severely punished. The Greeks were not content with naked fists, but always used a boxing apparatus, called *ἰμάντες*, which consisted at first of a weight carried in the hand, and fastened by thongs of hide round the hand and wrist. But this ancient cestus came to be called the gentle kind (*μελίχαι*) when a later and more brutal invention introduced "sharp thongs on the wrist," and probably increased the weight of the instrument. The successful boxer in the *Iliad* (Epeius) confesses that he is a bad warrior, though he is the acknowledged champion in his own line; but evidently this sport was not highly esteemed in epic days. In historical times it seems to have been more favoured. There was no doubt a great deal of skill required for it, but I think the body of the evidence goes to prove that the Greeks did not box on sound principles, and that any prominent member

of the P.R. would with his naked fists have easily settled any armed champion of Olympian fame. Here are my reasons:—

The principle of increasing the weight of the fist as much as possible is only to be explained by the habit of dealing swinging or downward strokes, and is incompatible with the true principle of striking straight home quickly, and giving weight to the stroke by sending the whole body with it. In Virgil's description a boxer is even described getting up on tip-toe to strike his adversary on the top of the head—a ridiculous manœuvre, reproduced in one of Canova's boxers in the Vatican, who has his arm so raised aloft as to make his instant ruin certain, if his opponent knew the first elements of the art. That this down stroke was used also appears from the anecdote in Pausanias, where a father saw his son, who was ploughing, drive in the share, which had fallen out, with strokes of his fist, and without a hammer, so he immediately entered him for the boys' boxing match at Olympia. The boy got roughly handled from want of skill, and seemed likely to lose, when the father called out: "Boy! give him the plough stroke!" and so encouraged the lad, that he forthwith knocked his adversary out of time.

It is almost conclusive as to the swinging stroke that throughout antiquity a boxer was not known as a man with his nose broken, but as a man *with his ears crushed*. Virgil even speaks of their receiving blows on the back. Against all this there are only two pieces of evidence—one of them incredible—in favour of the straight home stroke. In the fight between Pollux and Amykos, described by Theokritus (*Idyl* 22), Pollux strikes his man on the left temple, *καὶ ἐπέμπεσεν ὤμῳ*, which may mean, "and follows the stroke up from the shoulder." But this is doubtful. The other is the story of Pausanias (viii. 40, 3), that when Kreugas and Damoxenos boxed till evening, and neither could hit the other, they at last agreed to receive stroke about, and after Kreugas had

dealt Damoxenos one on the head, the latter told him to hold up his hand, and then drove his fingers right into Krengas, beneath the ribs, and pulled out his entrails. Kreugas of course died on the spot, but was crowned as victor, on the ground that Damoxenos had broken his agreement of striking *one* blow in turn, by striking him with five separate fingers! But this curious decision was only one of many in which a boxing competitor was disqualified for having fought with the intention of maiming his antagonist.

Little need be added about the pankration, which combined boxing and wrestling, and permitted every sort of physical violence except biting. In this contest a mere fall did not end the affair, as was usual in wrestling, but the conflict was always carried on on the ground, and often ended in one of the combatants being actually choked, or having his fingers and toes broken. One man, Arrachion, at the last gasp, broke his adversary's toe, and made him give in, at the moment that he was dying of strangulation. Such contests were not to the credit either of the humanity, or of the good taste of the Greeks, and would not be tolerated, even in the lowest of our prize rings.

I propose now to conclude the present sketch by giving some account of the general management of the prize meetings.

There was no want of excitement and of circumstance about them. In the case of the four great ones there was even a public truce proclaimed, and the competitors were guaranteed a safe journey to visit them, and to return to their homes. The umpires at the Olympic games were chosen ten months before at Elis, and seem to have numbered one for each clan, varying through Greek history from two to twelve, but finally fixed at ten. They were called both here and at the other great games *Ἑλλανοδίκαι*, judges of the Hellenes, thus recognising their national character. Three judged the pentathlon, three the horse races, and the rest for the other games. They

had to reside together in a public building, and undergo strict training in all the details of their business, in which they were assisted by heralds, trumpeters, stewards, &c. Their office was looked upon as of much dignity and importance.

When the great day came, they sat in purple robes in the semicircular end of the race-course—a piece of splendour which the modern Greeks imitate by dressing the judges of the new Olympic games in full evening dress and white kid gloves. The effect even now with neatly-clothed candidates is striking enough; what must it have been when a row of judges in purple looked on solemnly at a pair of men dressed in oil and dust,—i.e. in mud—wrestling or rolling upon the ground. The crowd cheered and shouted as it now does. Pausanias mentions a number of cases where they disqualified competitors for unfairness, and in most of them the man's city took up the quarrel, which became quite a public matter; but at the time the decision was final, nor do I remember a case where it was afterwards reversed.¹ They were also obliged to exact beforehand from each candidate an oath that he was of pure Hellenic descent, that he had not taken, or would not take, any unfair advantage, and that he had spent ten months in strict training. This last rule I do not believe. It is absurd in itself, and is contradicted by such anecdotes as that of the sturdy ploughboy quoted above, and still more directly by the remark of Philostratos (*Γυμν.* 38), who ridicules any inquiry into the morals or training of an athlete by the judges. Its only meaning could have been to exclude random candidates, if the number was excessive, and in late

¹ The first case of cheating was said to have taken place in the 98th OI. (388 B.C.), when the Thessalian Eupolos was convicted of bribing the three boxers opposed to him, one of whom had won at the previous meeting. Such crimes were commemorated by bronze figures of Zeus (called *Zāves* at Elis), which were made out of the fines inflicted, and had inscriptions warning all athletes of the dangers and the disgrace of cheating.

days some such regulation may have subsisted, but I do not accept it for the good classical days. There is a case of a boy being rejected for looking too young and weak, and winning in the next Olympiad among the men. But in another case the disqualified competitor (for unfairness) went mad with disappointment. Aristotle notes that it was the rarest possible occurrence for a boy champion to turn out successful among the full-grown athletes, but Pausanias seems to contradict him, a fair number of cases being cited among the selection which he makes.

There is yet one unpleasant feature to be noted, which has disappeared from our sports. Several allusions make it plain that the vanquished, even vanquished boys, were regarded as fit subjects for jibe and ridicule, and that they sneaked home by lanes and back ways. When the most ideal account which we have of the games gives us this information, we cannot hesitate to accept it as probably a prominent feature, which is, moreover, thoroughly consistent with the character of the old Greeks as I conceive it.¹

The general conclusion to which all these details lead us is this, that with all the care and with all the pomp expended on Greek athletic meetings, despite the exaggerated fame attained by victors, and the solid rewards both of money and of privileges accorded them by their grateful country, the results attained physically seem to have been inferior to those of English athletes. There was moreover an element of brutality in them, which is very shocking to modern ideas, and not all the ideal splendour of Pindar's praises, or of Pythagoras' art can raise the Greek pankratiast as an athlete much above the level of a modern prize-fighter. But nevertheless by the aid of their monumental statues, their splendid lyric poetry, and the many literary and musical contests which were combined with gymnastic con-

tests, the Greeks contrived, as usual, to raise very common things to a great national manifestation of culture which we cannot hope to equal.

For common they were, and very human, in the strictest sense. Dryasdust scholars would have us believe that the odes of Pindar give a complete picture of these games, as if all the booths about the course had not been filled with idlers, pleasure-mongers, and the scum of Greek society. Tumbling, thimble-rigging, and fortune-telling, along with love-making and trading, made Olympia a scene not unlike the Derby. When the drinking parties of young men began in the evening, there may even have been a *souper* of Donnybrook Fair about it, but that the committee of management were probably strict in their discipline. From the Isthmian games the successful athletes, with their training over, retired, as most athletes do, to the relaxation afforded by city amusements. One can imagine how amply Corinth provided for the outburst of liberty after the long and arduous subjection of physical training.

But all these things are perhaps justly forgotten, and it is ungrateful to revive them from oblivion. The dust and dross of human conflict, the blood and the gall, the pain and the revenge—all this was laid aside like the athlete's dress, and could not hide the glory of his naked strength and his iron endurance. The idleness and vanity of human admiration have vanished with the motley crowd, and have left us free to study the deeper beauty of human vigour with the sculptor, and the spiritual secrets of its hereditary origin with the poet. Thus Greek gymnastic, with all its defects, perhaps even with its absurdities, has done what has never been even the dream of its modern sister; it stimulated the greatest artists and the highest intellects in society, and through them ennobled and purified public taste and public morals.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

¹ The reader will find some illustrations of it in my *Social Greece*, p. 96.

THE TRANSVAAL.

THE world has seen many republics, as various in their constitutions as in their eras of existence and their situations, but it is to be doubted whether it ever beheld a self-governing community so unique in itself, or so unconventional in its history, as the South African Republic beyond the Vaal River. In order to understand its present position, it is necessary to enter briefly into the causes which have led to that position, and to give some short account of the history of its inhabitants, the Dutch Boers.¹

When, 240 years ago, Dutchmen first took up their abode in the Cape Colony proper, they were remarkable as individuals of a people second to none in spirit, daring, and commercial enterprise. These good qualities can, however, hardly be said to have been fostered during the first 150 years of their sojourn in their adopted home.

The tale of the Dutch rule at the Cape is but a wearisome repetition of repression and extortion on the part of the government, and murmuring and misery on the part of the governed. The purpose for which the Dutch East India Company originally colonised the Cape was purely a selfish one, and gain its sole object. The Cape formed a convenient victualing-place for their Indian vessels, and so long as it answered this purpose, the welfare of the colonists was a matter of the most secondary importance. The condition of these men was indeed wretched. They might not buy except from the government at a fixed high price, nor sell except to the government at a fixed low price; they might not trade till the government had done trading, nor come and go without its express permission. On all sides they were shackled by rules and regulations which made the attainment of wealth

an impossibility, and existence in ease and comfort difficult. It is therefore little to be wondered at that there sprang up in the breasts of these unfortunates an insatiable craving for freedom and a steady hatred of all rule. Generation after generation this feeling grew stronger, till it became an ingrained and radical part of their natures, and, as will be seen, is still one of their leading characteristics.

This strong aversion to control, springing from the circumstances of a dreary past, has been the leading difficulty with which the English Government has had to contend since its capture of the Cape a century ago. This feeling has been the secret source from which has sprung the roving spirit of the Boers, a roving which, were the real truth spoken, has for its object the escape from authority however light, and from restraint however imperceptible. Thus the Dutch hated the rule of the Company because it was tyrannical, and when the English Government became their masters it accorded well with their natures to hate that too, because it was foreign. They gladly, however, availed themselves of the comparative liberty it allowed them to put great tracts of country between themselves and its control, and as the years rolled on, this sturdy race, cut off by the exigencies of its position from communication with the outer world, and left to find within itself all that is brought about by the interchange and intercourse of nations, developed traits that in time became marked characteristics, and showed itself to be foremost among the peculiar peoples of the world. Dotted here and there over the vast extent of the Cape Colony, they formed themselves into small clans, over which the head of the family exercised a species of patriarchal rule. They did

¹ Pronounced very nearly like "boers."

not, however, live together, but stretched themselves over large tracts of country, each member of the family occupying a farm from 6,000 to 20,000 acres in extent. Their farming, like that of the patriarchs of old, was, and still is, almost purely pastoral, the richer among them owning many thousand head of cattle.

But this people afford a striking proof of the theory that the possession of huge extents of land does not induce a corresponding love of the soil, but tends rather to foster a wandering and nomadic spirit. Thus these Dutch Boers would on the slightest pretext, such as a season's drought or the increase of population in their neighbourhood, gather their family and herds together and trek away to regions more congenially wild, preferring to face the ills they knew not of rather than those they knew, however slight. Yet these strange men possessed in many cases minds and qualities far superior to what their shrinking hatred of civilization would lead the observer to suppose.

Take the average Dutch Boer as he stands to welcome you to his house, with his Frau and numerous children grouped around him. You see an awkward-looking man, of large stature, and somewhat heavy, obstinate face, which is lit with a broad and kindly smile of greeting. His home, it is true, is not over clean, nor are his habits over nice, but his hospitality is most hearty, and the best he has is at your disposal. You will find him intensely religious, believing his Bible down to the very pictures, and obeying his "reverend pastor" without scruple; and you will also find him intensely prejudiced against everything modern and civilized. Rising and resting with the sun, a wholesome liver and a small consumer of spirits, his strength is great and his life long. Save an occasional visit to a town to buy ammunition and clothing, he mixes but little with his kind. Nations and powers may rise or fall, he knows it not, and would scarcely deign to give

his attention to anything so far off and so frivolous. The roar of the great world scarcely reaches him in his solitudes, and provided he could still obtain his powder and his coffee, it might, for aught he cares, cease for ever. Thus the Dutch Boer passes a wild and free existence, far removed from the hot life of men, in which the lapse of time is marked by the year when he was called out on such a commando to fight the frontier Kafirs, or by his having trekked to a new district, and finally by the date when, getting old, he applied himself to the manufacture of that coffin you see suspended from the rafters. Such was the South African Boer forty years ago, and in the interval he may have modified, but he has not changed.

It will be easily understood that such a mode of life and of thought has not been conducive to the ready acceptance of and obedience to regulations and laws, which, though framed with good intentions and based on great principles, pressed with some severity on the persons interested.

The English rule, besides being the rule of a conquering race, was of too progressive a nature ever to be very popular with the conservative Cape Boers; still it was tolerated, till a series of untoward events made it so odious to them that many of them decided to risk extinction at the hands of the savage native tribes beyond their borders, rather than remain subjects of the British Government.

The measures which finally induced the Boers to take this step were all connected with the relations which existed between themselves and the various coloured races with whom they had to do. The Boer, though a kindly-hearted man, has never been able to realise the truth of the missionary's motto, "All men are brothers." He considers that the black man ought to work as well as himself, and what is more, he considers that he ought to work for him. Therefore he was unutterably disgusted when persons calling themselves missionaries—some of

whom, it appears, had no right to the name—came and enticed away the Hottentot servants, on whom he mainly depended for labour, and established them in communities over which they ruled as a species of chiefs. The Hottentots were naturally but too willing to enter societies where they could exist with little or no labour, and where the price of admission was nothing more than a harmless form they did not understand, called baptism. Thus in a few years the Boer farmers were almost entirely deprived of Hottentot labour, and the country was spotted with settlements of thieves and vagabonds. Bad as this was, and heavily as it pressed on the Boer population, it was as nothing compared to what was to follow—the sudden liberation of all the slaves on the 1st December, 1838. The liberation took place in the midst of the wheat harvest, which rotted where it stood. By it, very many persons were ruined, for the money compensation awarded was utterly inadequate, amounting, when everything was deducted, to about forty pounds for a slave worth from one to six hundred pounds.

These measures then, together with the violent condemnation of the conduct of the colonists in the Kafir war of 1834 by Lord Glenelg, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, irritated the minds of the Dutch Boers to such an extent, and created an aversion so deep-rooted to the English rule, that many of them determined to quit for ever the land of their birth, and seek an untrammelled home in the vast and barbaric territories that stretched away to the northward unlimited and unclaimed. Upon application being made to Lieutenant-Governor Stockenström, that official was forced to own that he knew of no law to prevent any of his Majesty's subjects from quitting his dominions. This settled the question. Their doubts thus resolved, a party of some 200 souls, with Hendrick Potgieter at their head, trekked across the Orange River, and advanced slowly

along the banks of the Vaal, where they were in time joined by clans yet more numerous, from the Graaf Reinet and Albany divisions, under the leadership of Carl Landman, Jacobus Uys, and others.¹ In this extraordinary exodus the farmers left their homes and the homes of their ancestors, and set forth like blindfolded men to carve new fortunes for themselves, they knew not how or whither. For many years they had, like the children of Israel, to contend with fierce tribes who gave and took no mercy; for many years their hand was to be against every man's, and every man's hand against them. To follow them in all their wanderings would be but to give a sickening repetition of tales of bloodshed, treachery, and slaughter; but in order to explain and account for the feeling, so much wondered at by modern philanthropists, that exists between the Boers and the natives, it will be necessary to touch on some of the events to which it owes its origin.

Shortly after their emigration the Boers elected one Pieter Retief, a man of great energy and decision of character, to the post of Commandant-General. Having formed alliances with most of the powerful chiefs, this restless spirit determined to cross the Suathlamba, or Drakensberg Mountains, and, together with the clans of Uys and Potgieter, to occupy the territory known as Port Natal. Leaving therefore the main body of the farmers, now settled in the territories since known as the Orange Sovereignty and the Transvaal, Retief and his venturesome followers crossed the great mountains, and after an arduous journey arrived at the Bay of Natal, where Durban is now situated, in perfect safety. Here he found a small party of English adventurers, who greeted him and his people with open arms. This little community was under the nomi-

¹ The Vaal is the upper portion of the Gariep or Orange River. The Transvaal territory lies to the north of it, between 22° and 27° S. Lat., and 27° and 31° E. Long.

nal rule of a certain Captain Gardiner, a missionary, who had formerly been an officer of the royal navy, and who was much favoured by Dingaan, the ruling sovereign of the Zulus.

Dingaan had granted to Captain Gardiner, as the chief of the white men in Natal, all the land from the Drakensberg to the sea, a grant far in excess of the wants of the few inhabitants. Pieter Retief, in order to avoid disputes, determined to proceed to Umgungundlhlloo (the place of elephants), Dingaan's chief military kraal, and obtain from him a grant of some portion of this territory. Dingaan received him graciously, and promised to meet his wishes, provided the Dutch would recover certain cattle for him taken by a hostile chief. This Retief and his party did, and returned shortly to Umgungundlhlloo with the cattle, and an escort of some sixty followers. A treaty was drawn up and signed by both parties, according to which Dingaan gave the whole of Natal to the emigrant farmers for ever.¹

Everything had thus far gone smoothly, far too smoothly; and the farmers entered the king's kraal in high spirits to bid him farewell. At his request they left their arms outside, in deference to a law of the country, which makes death the penalty of passing through the king's fence armed. Here they found two or three favourite regiments drawn up in their war dress, but with nothing but short sticks in their hands. The stirrup-cup had been drunk, and the farmers were preparing to depart, when Dingaan, rising from his seat, called aloud, "Bulala matagati," "Slay the wizards." In a moment, raising their fearful war-cry, some four thousand Zulu warriors precipitated themselves on the little knot of white men. During half an hour the hideous struggle lasted. The Dutch, armed only with clasp knives, fought as strong men driven to despair do fight; but one by one they were beaten down,

and dragged out to a spot called "Aceldama," or the hill of death. Then Dingaan sent out ten regiments to complete the work he had begun. They fell on the helpless women and children who were waiting in the neighbourhood of the Blue Kraus River for the return of their relatives, and massacred them with relentless fury, so that within the week of Retief's murder, 600 more victims went down beneath the Zulu assegai. All that portion of Natal has ever since been known by the name of "Weenen," or "the place of weeping."

An impartial judge must admit from this and many similar instances that the Boers have grand cause for dislike and distrust of the native races: seeing that they are associated in their minds with bloodshed and murder in their most fearful forms, and there are but few Boer families who cannot count several of its members dead by their fierce hands. It is natural that minds thus prejudiced should be little inclined to admit the justice of any claims advanced by the natives, or the necessity of their treating them with that candour and truth with which they would approach dealings with white men. But looking at the matter from a judicial point of view, it must also be admitted that if the Boer has a strong case against the native, the native has a still stronger one against the Boer. The only thing that can excuse the annexation of lands, belonging by nature and by right to savage races, is the introduction of a just and merciful policy towards the original owners, the prevention of unnecessary bloodshed, and the assurance, in return for their birthright, of safety from foreign aggression, and of peace and security at home. The warmest defender of the Boers cannot assert that they have even approached the fulfilment of these conditions. They have not pursued a merciful policy, they have shed unnecessary blood; and not only have they not shielded others from aggression, but they have themselves pursued a most aggressive course. This feeling

¹ This treaty was afterwards found in a leathern bag attached to Retief's skeleton.

of mutual contempt, hatred, and defiance does therefore exist, and has, in the minds of either party, excellent reasons for existence.

After the Weenen massacre, the Boers engaged in a long and retributive war with the Zulus, and finally succeeded in breaking that nation's power, forcing the despot Dingaan to flee, and establishing his brother Umpanda, a man of more peaceful temperament, as king in his stead. During the continuance of this war, Sir G. Napier, the Governor of the Cape, had sent a detachment of Highlanders to occupy Port Natal, in order to "put an end to the unwarranted occupation of ports of the territories belonging to natives, by certain emigrants from the Cape Colony, being subjects of her Majesty."

Captain Jarvis, of the 72nd Regiment, who was left in command of the expedition, received very vague and ill-defined instructions as to the seizure of arms and ammunition, a proceeding which, if carried out to the letter, would probably have excited an outbreak of hostilities, but which his good sense taught him to avoid. This detachment appears to have remained in the country for more than a year, and then to have been recalled. On the occasion of his departure Captain Jarvis directed a farewell letter to Landdroot Boos at Durban, in which he wishes him and the community generally "every happiness, sincerely hoping, that aware of your strength, peace may be the object of your councils; justice, prudence, and moderation be the law of your actions; that your proceedings may be actuated by motives worthy of you as men and Christians, that hereafter your arrival may be hailed as a benefit; having enlightened ignorance, dispelled superstition, and caused crime, bloodshed, and oppression to cease, and that you may cultivate these beautiful regions in quiet and prosperity, ever regardful of the rights of the inhabitants, whose country you have adopted, and whose home you have made your own!"

It is melancholy to read this eloquent advice, and to think in what a very opposite manner it has been carried out. After such an address from the officer commanding her Majesty's troops on the occasion of their withdrawal, and judging from the general tenor and bearing of other communications and events, as well as from the well-known aversion of the British Government to take upon itself any fresh responsibilities in South Africa, the emigrant Boers naturally supposed that they would be left to follow their own way of life, and to form their own government, undisturbed by any British interference. They accordingly elected a species of representative legislative assembly, called the Volksraad, in which was vested all powers—legislative, executive, and judicial; and appointed magistrates or field-cornets in the various districts; and in the beginning of 1840 they addressed a letter to Sir George Napier, in which they asked to be formally recognised as an independent state by her Majesty's Government. To this letter a temporising answer was returned.

There existed, doubtless, at this time very considerable vacillation in the minds of the members of her Majesty's Government, both at home and at the Cape, as to the course to be pursued with reference to Natal. The Colonial authorities, for the most part, foresaw the evil results of leaving it in the hands of the emigrants, and represented the desirability of its annexation to the Colonial office. But the Home Government looked at the matter in a different light. South Africa had, in their opinion, already cost quite as much money as it was worth, in the way of expensive and unproductive Kafir wars. Besides, there was at that time a strong feeling in England against further additions being made to our new Colonial dominions. Under these circumstances, it is very possible that the Boers might have been left for some considerable time to the enjoyment or to the mis-

fortune of their own government, had it not been that a Commando, sent towards the end of the year against the Amaballa tribe, under the leadership of Pretorius, did its work with great barbarity, killing many men and women, and taking children into captivity. When this story reached the Cape, the result was a burst of public indignation; in compliance with which Sir George Napier issued, on 2nd December, 1841, a proclamation announcing his intention, in the name of the British Government, "of resuming military occupation of Port Natal, by sending thither without delay a detachment of her Majesty's forces."

In accordance with this proclamation Captain Smith arrived at Port Natal six months later in command of a force of two hundred men and two guns. So small a body of men was speedily repulsed with heavy loss by the Boers, and closely blockaded. The English residents were taken prisoners, and marched sixty miles in chains to Maritzburg, the newly-founded capital of the country. But reinforcements arriving, the Boers were forced to submit, and hostilities came to an end. In May, 1843, Commissioner Cloete was sent by the Cape Government to arrange matters, which task he performed so well, that in August of the same year Natal was declared a British colony, with the Drakensberg Mountains for a border line. Many of the more turbulent and dissatisfied Boers who bore, however, too deep-rooted an aversion to the English rule to consent to live under its wing, treked away to join their friends and relations across the Vaal River and in the Orange River district, there to live in untutored freedom.

Soon, however, the complaints of misrule, anarchy, and oppression from the Orange River country became so loud and so frequent, that the Home authorities determined on making it "into a separate and distinct government," under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty. This was not till

the year 1851, or three or four years before its final abandonment, whereas a sort of undefined authority had been exercised over this territory, under 6 and 7 William IV., cap. 57, ever since about 1830. On the 2nd February, 1848, Sir H. Smith issued a proclamation, declaring all this country subject to her Majesty, and the result was that the Dutch again attempted to match themselves against the English, and, under the command of A. W. J. Pretorius, fought the battle of Boom Plaats, in which they were signally defeated.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the emigrant farmers from the time of their first exodus to that of the annexation of the Orange River district, an outline which, if not very interesting, is necessary in order to explain the existence of the Transvaal Republic.

In 1851 Major Hogge and Mr. Owen were appointed a commission to inquire into and report upon all matters connected with the sovereignty, and the result of their inquiry was a recommendation that the Boers should be allowed to establish a separate and independent government to the north of the Vaal River, a recommendation which accorded well with the wishes of the Home Government, and, seemed to be an easy solution of a troublesome question. Accordingly, early in 1852, a convention was concluded between the commissioners and the farmers, by which full liberty of self-government was granted to the latter, and from that time to this the history of the Republic has been nothing but an oft-told tale of disputed boundaries and petty aggressions. It seems curious at the first sight that a few thousand people, occupying a territory which must equal France in size, should desire to add to their possessions, but the fact is that these aggressions spring from several perfectly explicable causes. The first of these is the old nomadic spirit of the people, which seems to have as strong a mastery over them now as ever. As

civilization draws near, they retire, and occupy new tracts, which of course belong to some one or other of the native tribes. This land they in time claim as their own, and, it is reported, establish a right to it in the following convenient if peculiar manner. The Boer sees a fine tract of country belonging to some native tribe, and his heart yearns towards it to possess it. He accordingly cultivates the friendly acquaintance of the nearest headman of the tribe, and requests permission to graze a few cattle on it, as it is a pity it should lie so useless. The unsuspecting headman gives his assent, and all goes smoothly for a year or two, till he finds the Boer has settled himself there to watch his cattle graze. He remonstrates without effect, and, afraid of reporting the matter to his chief lest he should get himself into trouble, lets things go on for a year or two longer, till at length it comes to the ears of the chief, who appoints a day to have the question explained to him. The Boer then collects a few of his fellow Boers, including a representative of the government, in the shape of a landdrost, or a deputy-landdrost, or a deputy-deputy-landdrost, and proceeds to the kraal of the chief, with a few head of cattle, and a deed in his pocket making the land over to him and his heirs for ever. The point in dispute is amicably discussed, and the chief decides that the Boer has no right whatsoever to the land, and civilly but firmly requests him to evacuate it, and hints that it is desirable some rent should be paid for the pasturage his cattle have already had. The Boer acquiesces in so just a decision, presents him with ten or twenty head of cattle, in acknowledgment of which he requests him to put his mark to this bit of paper. This he does, and soon discovers that in return for a few oxen he has signed away many square miles of his territory. He remonstrates, he storms, but, individually, he is not strong enough to resist, and the thing is done in a perfectly ortho-

dox manner. This method is at once simple and effective.

Another reason for this continual stretching of boundary lines is that the government, though ruling over vast extents of country, has few reserves, and is constantly in want of land to sell, or pledge, or grant to new comers, and finds it in many ways more convenient to take it than to buy it. The limits of the Republic never having been accurately defined, it can do this with comparative impunity, and it is curious in each successive map that is published to observe the rapid and vigorous growth of the infant state.

It is from these peculiar territorial relations towards the native chiefs that the present war with Secocoeni has arisen. Secocoeni is, after Cetywayo, the king of the Zulus, perhaps the most powerful chief on the eastern border of the Transvaal Republic, and is able, it is said, to place 20,000 fighting men in the field. The real rights of the border question between the two contending parties are most complicated and difficult to arrive at. One thing is however certain, that the claim of the Transvaal government is enveloped in mystery, whereas Secocoeni has held this land since his accession, and his father Sekwati before him, and his fathers before him for 200 years; and it is not likely that either of them would have willingly and knowingly ceded it to the Boers.

The war arose, however, more immediately from the refusal of a brother of Secocoeni, named Johannes, to quit a stronghold he occupied within the Transvaal Republic, near to the borders of Secocoeni's territory. What political connection existed between them is not at all clear, or why the Republic in declaring war against Johannes included Secocoeni; but the fact remains, that about the month of June, 1876, a Commando was called out which proceeded to attack both these chieftains. Now if one of the South African communities engage in a contest with the native tribes, it is a matter of much greater concern to all the

others than would be at first supposed. The native mind is so peculiarly constituted that the news of war with the white man sensibly and perniciously agitates it, and as it happens they have a special and additional interest in this contest. About forty miles from Secocoeni's city is situated the town of Pilgrim's Rest, the inhabitants of which are nearly all Englishmen, amounting in number to some 400 souls. These poor people have found themselves in a most unfortunate position between the hammer in the shape of the Republic, and the anvil in the shape of Secocoeni. It is true that President Burgers has expressed his willingness to protect them, but the old antipathy to anything and anybody British has revived to such an alarming extent, that if the truth were known the Boers would much rather expel or destroy English residents than protect them. Unable to quit the country, since such a proceeding would involve the loss of their means of sustenance, these unfortunate people, subjected to heavy taxation and all the losses of a war with which they had no connection, have formed a Defence Committee, through which they have transmitted numerous and piteous applications for protection to the governments of the Cape and Natal. Secocoeni has also found means to assure them that he is their friend, and has no wish to make war on the English, whom he loves. But unfortunately he is not able to restrain the passions of his young men, and their bloodthirsty spirit once aroused, the Kafir Impis or regiments are not very discriminating as to the nation of the white man they attack. Already several Englishmen have been barbarously murdered, though in fairness to the chief it must be owned, contrary to his strict orders.

When the war, the first regular war the Republic has been engaged in, broke out, the old Commando system was brought to bear, and some five or six hundred men raised to prosecute it. The war being a popular one,—any

aggression on the natives is popular in the Transvaal,—the men were easily raised, and an alliance having been made with the Amaswazis, the expedition set out under the command of President Burgers—to conquer or to die. But the Dutch farmers have now to deal with a very different enemy to that they fought and conquered thirty years ago. Then the natives were at the outset half dispirited by their superstitious dread of the white man and his terrible weapons. Now familiarity has bred contempt, and fire-arms are the common property of both parties. The Boers find that they can no longer sally forth, sure of slaying thousands of their antagonists, whilst they, on their swift horses and with their far-reaching guns, remain in almost absolute safety; such a discovery has naturally affected their willingness to engage, for no man sets a higher value on his personal safety than a Boer. In fact, white man and native now meet on more equal grounds, and consequently the latter, with the advantages of fire-arms and knowledge added to his own reckless bravery and numerical superiority, stands a far better chance of success.

The conduct of the main Commando in their attack on Secocoeni's city on the 7th August amply fulfilled the promise of their fellows. They proved themselves to be arrant cowards. As usual, the native allies, were allowed to advance; but the greater part of the Boers refused to stir, except in a retrogressive fashion. Finally the whole Commando was seized with a panic and took to its heels as fast as their slow waggons would let them, leaving Secocoeni master of the situation. Since this signal defeat the affairs of the Transvaal country have gone from bad to worse. The state itself is completely bankrupt, and is even unable to pay the salaries of its officials or the interest of the borrowed money. Dissatisfaction is rampant, and it is only the old antipathy of the Dutch to the English rule that prevents the

whole population from entreating British intervention. They know it is their only resource, and what they must come to sooner or later; for though they might ultimately conquer their native antagonists, provided the Zulus did not step in, yet they would be so utterly crippled financially, that there would not be the slightest chance of their recovering themselves unaided. Yet, knowing this, they prefer to stand aloof in sulky apathy rather than meet the inevitable end with a good grace. The Dutch have nothing to complain of; they have had their chance, they have been allowed to play at governing themselves and they have failed, and failed miserably. But if their failure affected themselves only perhaps we should have no right to a voice in the matter, but it does not. It affects us in our position with the natives, and endangers our peace and security; and it also affects us in our feelings as Christians and Englishmen. We can hardly be expected to stand by and see our highest principles as regards the treatment of subject races set utterly at naught. We cannot give the reins to a people who rejoice in slavery and brutality of every kind, and who consider the enlightenment of a "black creature" as something little short of a crime."

It is true that we granted independence to this state, but then one of the principal conditions on which we did so—the condition of the abolition of slavery—has been totally disregarded. Besides, we Englishmen came to this land, as Sir H. Bulwer said in opening the Legislative Council of Natal in 1875, with "a high mission of truth and civilization," and surely that mission should take precedence of any scruples as to the original cession. A mistake has admittedly been committed, but that is no reason why it should not be rectified. Our obligations to the native whom we have ousted are great, and we must fulfil them: it is a duty that we owe to them, to ourselves, and to the misguided Boers. It is not pleasant to be obliged to a certain

extent to recede from our word, but it must be done. In some ways it will be far from an advantage to us to take over this country, since with it must be taken many disputes, a troublesome population, and heavy liabilities. Still there will be abundant advantages resulting from the annexation to both parties concerned. Her Majesty will add a jewel to her crown which, though it be unpolished, is still a jewel of price. The Transvaal is a magnificent corn-producing country, with great mineral resources which only require development. Left in the hands of the Boers these resources will never be developed, but once in the hands of the English they may repay the enterprise of thousands. Nor will the advantages be on our side only. The Transvaal will have, what it never has had or would have, a strong government, peace, justice, and security, without which things the fairest land is of little account. To the unfortunate natives also our rule would be an inestimable boon. It is useless to deny that the Boers, partly from causes touched on in the beginning of this paper and partly for the sake of convenience, treat these conquered races in a most cruel and savage manner. If left to continue this course of action, the result would probably be that as the tribes became better armed and better informed they would combine to crush the Boers, and then make a grand attempt to sweep the white men back into the black water out of which, according to their legend, he rises. We alone of all the nations in the world appear to be able to control coloured races without the exercise of cruelty, a statement which the success of our rule in South Africa, whatever some may say to the contrary, goes far to prove. Secocoeni has openly declared his intention, in the event of his being worsted, of giving up all his land to the English rather than, as he puts it, "let those cowardly Boers have an inch of it." It is our mission to conquer and hold in subjection, not from thirst of conquest,

but for the sake of law, justice, and order.

And who shall say, that, with Lord Carnarvon's grand scheme of Confederation thus assisted, South Africa does not hold in her hands a future as great as that of any of our possessions? She has vast natural wealth, wide lands that want but population; her position is perhaps the best in the world for general trade, and she only needs the harbour of Delagoa Bay, which must soon lapse from the hands of the effete and incompetent

Portuguese, to tap an inexhaustible interior trade. To all these ends the annexation of this new and rich country will materially tend. Decidedly, the day when the British flag—a flag that has always brought blessings in its train—is first unfurled there should be a glad day for the Transvaal, Republic no more—for the South African colonies, who will welcome a new and beautiful sister, and for England, who will add another lusty child to her splendid progeny.

H. R. H.

THE OERA LINDA BOOK.

A POSTSCRIPT.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—After you had kindly sent to press my paper on "The Oera Linda Book," I saw that, from later tidings from Holland, it had been found to be a sheer forgery. I had known, as I wrote, that many men had so thought it, and I showed tokens, or rather proofs, that, as to Greece and India, and some other matters, its history could not be true in kind, or could not be so for the very early times to which it reached back, but I thought that it might have been compiled from some legendary lore (as I still think it was), in which I felt there were many points of interesting truth, and did not readily believe that the writer penned it with the guile of low-cunning.

But now postulating that it is a fore-meant forgery, I soon come to a *reductio*—I will not say *ad absurdum*, but it is to me—*ad valde mirandum*. The forger, Gerrit Over de Linde, was a Dutch workman in a dockyard, and was unlearned, and understood no Frisian, old or new, and so being, he forged a book in Frisian, and in such Frisian as a learned Frisian, Dr.

Otteman, read and held as his own old mother tongue.

This—to bring such a case nearer home—is as if an unlearned English workman of a dockyard, knowing no Welsh, new or old, should forge a book in such Welsh that the learned Canon Williams of St. Asaph, who has lately brought through the press the old Welsh Greal, should take it for fair old *Cymraeg-Mïror*!

Again, after the death of the forger, men went into a room of his house which he had kept carefully shut against any feet but his own, and in it they found a store of books in sundry tongues, and some of them of deep lore, from which he drew the matter of his forgery, and as they were kept from all other men's eyes, he could not have had any scholar to help him in the reading of them, as he could not have had the help of any Frisian in the writing of his hidden Frisian book, which he seems, therefore, as an unlearned workman, to have written in a speech which he did not understand, from the matter of books which it is

hard to believe that he could read. Then this man, who was himself in the dark, blundered, as I feel, into some most clear shinings of light, though it may not be to say very much for them to tell you that I had long groped for them, and been very glad to find them.

I have, however, read some Friesic of sundry oldnesses, being so lucky as to have one of the 250 copies of the Gospel of St. Matthew in New Land-Friesic, printed for H.H. Prince Lucien Buonaparte, for whom it was written by the learned J. H. Halbertsma, and the first share (all yet printed) of his great work, the *Lexicon Frisicum*, kindly given to me by his son, Mr. Tialling Halbertsma, and I have some Friesic laws and poetry, and wordbooks of Friesic old and new, but I could not write a book in Friesic and cheat Mr. Tialling Halbertsma to take it for a fair shape of his mother *tål*. As to the *jól* (*yól*), our yule, Outzen, in his *Glossarium der Friesischen Sprache*, gives four pages, large square size, to the word in its sundry Teutonic forms, and gives sundry foregiven opinions that it was the sun, or a year-sweep of the earth round the sun, or the so-seeming year-course of the sun or other revolution, or ring of time, and says that in *Saterland* Friesic the word is used for a *wheel*, and if *Saterland* was so called from the god *Sater*, *Seater* (Time), as the land where he was honoured, as *Frea* was honoured in *Freastland*, it is mark-worthy, since the Saxon figure of *Seater* holds the *yól* as a wheel in his hand. The forger, if he could read German, might have read Outzen, but he gives the *yól* as a wheel without any wavering. The older form of *yól* was however *geol*.

Did the forger invent or find in a book the *yule* alphabet in which he writes his book? He seems to have written it so long that it had become to him a ready handwriting, but no pen, cut in the shape of the Eastern or European pens, would give its strokes. The paper of his books has been said to be of cotton, and then to have been

made by a now-standing firm in Maestricht, and latterly to have been no such thing, but Chinese paper. Did he write with a Chinese writing-pencil? As to *Therp*, *Thorp*, most of us know that Nelson was born at *Burnham Thorp*, but far fewer may know what a *thorp* at first was. In Dutch and German the word, as *Dorp* or *Dorf*, means simply a village, and yet the unlearned forger clearly understood its first meaning, and how it differed from a knoll.

The English version is from a Dutch one, and shunts the word *Therp*. The Friesic makes *Trâst* to say to a man, as to his house,

"Did it not stand then on a Knoll or *Therp*?" "Uppen, Nol jefthâ *Therp*." The English is, "Did it not stand on a knoll?"

Then the man says afterwards, "I could not alone make there a *Therp*" (not a *Nol*); but the English says a *Hillock*, by which it must mean a *Knoll*—a natural *Hillock*—the only thing it had named.

As to *Frea*, the lamps are most fitting for her worship if she is *Light*, but while he gives marks that befit her as *Light*, he does not know, or does not say that she is *Light*, and so far seems to be uncrafty. He also falls in with our Saxon Chronicle, in the taking of Woden, forefather of the Saxon kings, as a hero other than the god Woden. He seems to me to give us the true first meaning of a *gossip*, in "Thju, *gâ-moder*." The *gâ*-mother, the village mother, by whom he means the village midwife. The *Gâ*, or *Gau*, or *Gae*, being the Friesic and Saxon community, answering more or less to our parish, and thence we see that a *gossip* was a *gâsib*, a parish kinswoman or acquaintance. I have seen some things from other such little sparks of light, and should wish that it could be shown from the forger's old books what legends or histories afforded him his matter, and what other grains of gold might be found in their heaps of sand.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1877.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Squire had made use of that discretion which is the better part of valour. When Randolph for the second time insisted upon coming to an understanding on family affairs, which meant deciding what was to be done on the Squire's death, Mr. Musgrave, not knowing how else to foil his son, got up and came away. "You can settle these matters with Mary," he said, quietly enough. It would not have been dignified to treat the suggestion in any other way. But he went out with a slight acceleration of his pulses, caused half by anger and half by the natural human thrill of feeling with which a man has his own death brought home to him. The Squire knew that there was nothing unnatural in this anticipation of his own end. He was aware that it required to be done and the emergency prepared for; but yet it was not agreeable to him. He thought they might have awaited the event, although in another point of view it would have been imprudent to await the event. He felt that there was something undesirable, unlovely in the idea of your children consulting over you for their own comfort afterwards. But then his children were no longer children, whose doings affected his affections much—they were middle-aged people,

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as old as he was—and in fact it *was* important that they should come to an arrangement and settle everything. Only he could not—and this being so, would not—do it; and he said to himself that the cause of his refusal was no reluctance on his own part to consider the inevitable certainty of his own death, but only the intolerableness of the inquiry in other respects. He walked out in a little strain and excitement of feeling, though outwardly his calm was intense. He steadied himself mind and body by an effort, putting a smile upon his lip and walking with a deliberate slow movement. He would have scorned himself had he showed any excitement; he strolled out with a leisurely slow step and a smile. They would talk the matter out, the two whom he had left; even though Mary's heart would be more with him than with her brother, still she would be bound to follow Randolph's lead. They would talk of his health, of how he was looking feeble, his age beginning to tell upon him, and how it would be very expedient to know what the conditions of his will were, and whether he had made any provision for the peculiar circumstances, or arrangement for the holding of the estate. "I ought to be the first person considered," he thought he heard Randolph saying. Randolph had always thought himself the first person to be considered. At

this penetration of his own the Squire smiled again, and walked away very steadily, very slowly, humming a bar of an old-fashioned air.

He went thus into the broken woodland towards the east, and strolled in the chase like a man taking a walk for pleasure. The birds sang overhead, little rabbits popped out from the great tree trunks, and a squirrel ran up one of them and across a long branch, where it sat peering at him. All was familiar, certain, well known; he had seen the same sights and heard the same sounds for the last seventy years; and the sunshine shone with the same calm assurance of shining as at other times, and all this rustling, breathing life went on as it had always gone on. There was scarcely a leaf, scarcely a moss-covered stone that did not hide or shelter something living. The air was full of life; sounds of all kinds, twitter and hum and rustle, his own step among other movements, his own shadow moving across the sunshine. And he felt well enough, not running over with health and vigour as he had sometimes felt long ago, not disposed to vault over walls and gates in that unlicensed exuberance which belongs to youth only, but well enough, quite well in short, steady afoot, his breathing easy, his head clear, everything about him comfortable. Notwithstanding which his children were discussing, as in reference to a quite near and probable event what was to be done when he should die! The Squire smiled at the thought, but it was a smile which got fixed and painful on his lip and was not spontaneous or agreeable. The amusement to be got from such an idea is not of a genial kind. He was over seventy, and he knew, who better? that three-score and ten has been set down as the limit of mortal life. No doubt he must die—every man must die. It was a thing before him not to be eluded; the darkness, indeed, was very near according to all ordinary law; but the Squire did not feel it, was not in his soul convinced of it. He

believed it of course; all other men of his age die, and in their case the precautions of the family were prudent and natural; in his own case it is true he did not feel the necessity; but yet no doubt it must be so. He kept smiling to himself; so living as he was, and everything round, it was an odd sort of discord to think of dying. He felt a kind of blank before him, a sense of being shut in. So one feels when one walks along a bit of road surrounded with walls, a *cul de sac* from which there is no outlet. A sense of imprisonment is in it, of discouragement, too little air to breathe, too little space to move in—certainly a disagreeable, stifling, choking sensation. Involuntarily a sigh came from his breast; and yet he smiled persistently, feeling in himself a kind of defiance to all the world, a determination to be amused at it all, notwithstanding the sentence they were passing against him.

While the Squire continued his walk, amid the twitter of the birds and the warble and the crackle and rustle and hum in the woods, and all the sounds of living, now and then another sound struck in—a sound not necessarily near, for in that still summer air sounds travel easily—an echo of voice, now one soft cry or laugh, now a momentary babble. It struck the old man as if an independent soul had been put into the scene. He knew very well what it meant—very well—no one better. By very dint of his opposition to them he recognised the sound of the children wherever they were. They were there now, the little things whose presence had moved Randolph to this assault upon his father. They were altogether antagonistic to Randolph, or rather he to them; this gave them a curious perverse interest in their grandfather's eyes. They offered him an outlet from his *cul de sac*; the pressure seemed suddenly removed which had bowed him down; in a moment he felt relieved, delivered from that sense of confinement. A new idea was like the opening of a door to the old man; he was no longer

compelled to contemplate the certainty before him, but was let softly down into the pleasant region of uncertainty—the world of happy chances. The very character of the smile upon his face changed. It became more natural, more easy, although he did not know the children nor had any intention of noticing them. But they were there, and Randolph might scheme as he liked; here was one who must bring his schemes to confusion. A vague lightening came into the Squire's thoughts. He was reprieved, if not from the inevitable conclusion at least from the necessity of contemplating it; and he continued his walk with a lighter heart. By and by, after a somewhat long round, and making sundry observations to himself about the state of the timber, which would bear cutting, and about the birds which, without any keeper to care for them, were multiplying at their own will and might give some sport in September, Mr. Musgrave found himself by the lake again with that fascination towards the water which is so universal. The lake gleamed through the branches, prolonging the blue of the sky, and calling him with soft plashing upon the beach, the oldest of his friends, accompaniment of so many thoughts, and of all the vicissitudes of his life. He went towards it now in the commotion of feeling which was subsiding into calm, a calm which had something of fatigue in it; for reluctant as he was to enter into the question of age and the nearly approaching conclusion, the fact of age made him easily tired with everything, and with nothing more than excitement. He was fatigued with the strain he had been put to, and had fallen into a languid state which was not unpleasant; the condition in which we are specially disposed to be easily amused if any passive amusement comes in our way.

So it happened that as he walked along the margin of the lake, with the water softly foaming over the pebbles at his feet, Mr. Musgrave's ear was caught by a series of sharp little

repetitions of sound, like a succession of small reports, one, two, three. He listened in the mild, easily-roused, and not very active curiosity of such a moment, and recognised with a smile the sound of pebbles skipping across the water, and presently saw the little missiles gleaming along from ripple to ripple, flung by a skilful but not very strong hand. The Squire did not even ask himself who it was, but went on quietly, doubting nothing. Suddenly turning round a corner upon the edge of a small bay, he saw a little figure between him and the shining water, making ducks and drakes with varying success. The Squire's step was inaudible on the turf, and he paused in sympathy with the play. He himself had made ducks and drakes in the Penninghame water as long as he could recollect. He had taught his little boys to do it; he could not tell how it was that this suddenly came to his mind just now—though how it should do so with Randolph, a middle-aged, calculating parson, talking about family arrangements—Pah! but even this recollection did not affect him now as it did before. Never mind Randolph. This little fellow chose the stones with judgment, and really for such a small creature launched them well. The squire felt half disposed to step forward and try his skill too. When one shot failed he was half-sorry, half-inclined to chuckle as over an antagonist; and when there came a great success, a succession of six or seven reports one after another as the flat pebble skimmed over fold after fold of the water, he could not help saying "Bravo!" in generous applause; generous, for somehow or other he felt as if he were playing on the other side. This sensation aroused him; he had not been so self-forgetting for many a day. "Bravo!" he cried with something like glee in his voice.

The little boy turned round hastily. What a strange meeting! Oddly enough it had never occurred to the Squire to think who it was. Strangers were rife enough in these regions, and

people would now and then come to Penninghame with their families—who would stray into the chase, taking it for public property. But for the ducks and drakes which interested him, he would probably have collared this little fellow and demanded to know what right he had to be here. He was therefore quite unprepared for the encounter, and looked with the strangest emotions of wonder and half-terror into the face which was so familiar to him, but so strange, the face of his grandson and heir. When once he had seen the child no further doubt was possible. He stared at him as if he had been a little ghost. He had not presence of mind to turn on his heel and go away at once, which would have been the only way of keeping up his former tactics; he was speechless and overpowered; and there was nobody by to spy upon him, no grown-up spectators—not even the other child to observe what he did, or listen to what he said. In this case the Squire did not feel the need to be vigilant, which in other circumstances would have given him self-command. Thus the shock and surprise, and the perfect freedom of his position unwatched and unseen, alike broke down all his defences. After the first start he stood still and gazed at the child, as the little boy, more frankly and with much less emotion, gazed at him.

"Who are you, sir?" the grandfather said with a tone that was meant to be very peremptory. The jar in it was incomprehensible to Nello: but yet it gave him greater courage.

"I am Ne—that is to say," the little fellow answered with a sudden flush and change of countenance, "my name, it is John."

"John what? Speak up, sir. Do you know you are a little trespasser, and have no business to be here?"

"Oh yes, I have a business to be here," said Nello. "I don't know what it is to be a trespasser. I live at the Castle, me. I can come when I please, and nobody has any business to send me away."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Squire, bending his brows. Nello looked at him curiously, half amused, though he was half frightened. He had never been so near, or looked his grandfather in the face before.

"I *know*, but I may not tell," said Nello. He shook his head, and though he was not very quick-witted, some latent sense of fun brought a mischievous look to his face. "We know very well, but we are never to tell," he added, shaking his head once more, looking up with watchful eyes as children have a way of doing to take his cue from the expression of the elder face, and there was something very strange in that gleam of fun in Nello's eyes. "We know, but we are never, never to tell."

"Who told you so?"

"It was Martuccia," said the boy, with precocious discretion. His look grew more and more inquisitive and investigating. Now that he had the opportunity, he determined to examine the old man well, and to make out the kind of person he was.

Mr. Musgrave did not answer. He on his side was investigating too, with less keenness and more feeling than the child showed. He would have been unmoved by the beauty of Liliass, though it was much greater than that of Nello. The little girl would have irritated him; but with the boy he felt himself safe, he could not tell how; he was more a child, less a stranger. Mr. Musgrave himself could not have explained it, but so it was. A desire to get nearer to his descendant came into the old man's mind; old recollections crept upon him, and stole away all his strength. "You know who I am; do you know who you are, little fellow?" he asked, with a strange break in his voice.

"I told you; you are—the old gentleman—at home," said Nello. "I know all about it. And me? I am John. There is no wonder about that. It is just—me. We were not always here. We are two children who have come a long way. But now I

know English quite well, and I have lessons every day."

"Who gives you lessons, my little boy?" The Squire drew a step nearer. He had himself had a little brother sixty years ago, who was like Nello. So it seemed to him now. He would not think he had likewise had a son thirty years ago, whom Nello was like. He crept a little nearer the child, shuffling his foot along the turf, concealing the approach from himself. Had he been asked why he changed his position, he would have said it was a little damp, boggy, not quite sure footing, just there.

"Mr. Pen gives us lessons," said Nello. "I have a book all to myself. It is Latin, it is more easy than English. But it takes a great deal of time; it does not leave so much for play."

"How long have you been at your lessons, my little man?"

The Squire's eyes began to soften, a smile came into them. His heart was melting. He gave a furtive glance round, and there was nobody near to make him afraid, not even the little girl.

"Oh, a long, long time," said Nello. "One whole hour, it was as much as that, or perhaps six hours. I did not think anything could be so long."

"One whole hour!" the Squire said in a voice of awe; and his eyes melted altogether into smiling, and his voice into a mellow softness which it had not known for years. Ah! this was the kind of son for an old man to have, not such as Randolph. Randolph was a hard, disagreeable equal, superior in so much as he had, or thought he had, so many more years before him; but this child was delightful. He did the Squire good. "Or perhaps six hours! And when did this long spell of study happen? Is it long ago?"

"There was no spell," said Nello. "And it was to-day. I readed in my book, and so did Lily; but as she is a girl it was different from mine. Girls are not clever, Martuccia

says. She can't make the stones skim. That was a good one when you said 'Bravo!' Where did you find out to say bravo? They don't talk like that here."

"It was a very good one," said the Squire; "suppose we were to try again."

"Oh! can *you* do it?" said Nello, with round eyes of wonder. "Can you do it as well as me?"

"When I was a child," said the Squire, quite overcome, "I had a little brother just like you. We used to come out here, to this very place, and play ducks and drakes. He would make them go half across the water. You should have seen them skimming. As far out as that boat. Do you see that boat——"

"When he was no bigger than me? And what did you do? were *you* little too? did you play against him? did he beat you? I wish I had a brother," said Nello. "But you can't have quite forgotten, though you are an old gentleman. Try now! There are capital stones here. I wish I could send one out as far as that boat. Come, come! won't you come and try?"

The Squire gave another searching look round. He had a sort of shame-faced smile on his face. He was a little shy of himself in this new development. But there was no one near, not so much as a squirrel or a rabbit, which could watch and tell. The birds were singing high up in the tree-tops, quite absorbed in their own business: nothing was taking any notice. And the child had come close to him, quite confiding and fearless, with eager little eyes, waiting for his decision. He was the very image of that little brother so long lost. The Squire seemed to lose himself for a moment in a vague haze of personal uncertainty whether all this harsh, hard life had not been a delusion, and himself still a child.

"Come and try," cried Nello, more and more emboldened, and catching at his coat. When the old man felt the touch, it was all he could do to suppress a cry. It was strange to

him beyond measure, a touch not like any other—his own flesh and blood.

"You must begin then," he said in a strange falter, half-laughing, half-crying. That is one sign of age that it is so much nearer to the springs of emotion than anything else, except youth. Indeed are not these two the fitting partners, not that middle state, that insolent strength which stands between? The Squire permitted himself to be dragged to the margin of his own water, which lay all smiling in soft ripples before him as it had done when he was a child. Nello was as grave as a judge in the importance of the occasion, breathless with excitement and interest. He sought out his little store of stones with all the solemnity of a connoisseur, his little brows puckered, his red lips drawn in; but the Squire was shy and tremulous, half-laughing, half-crying, ashamed of his own weakness, and more near being what you might call happy (a word so long out of use for him!) than he had been, he could not remember when.

Nello was vexed with his first throw. "When one wants to do very good, one never can," he said discomfited as his shot failed. "Now you try, now you try; it is your turn." How the Squire laughed, tremulous, the broken red in his old cheeks flushing with pleasure and shame! He failed too, which encouraged Nello, who for his part made a splendid shot the second time. "Two, three, four, *five, six, seven!*" cried the child in delight. "Don't be afraid, you will do better next time. Me too, I could not make a shot at all at first. Now come, now come, it is your turn again."

What a thing it is to have a real long summer afternoon! It was afternoon when the Squire's calm was broken by his son Randolph; and it was afternoon still, dropping into evening, but with a sun still bright and not yet low in the sky when Mr. Musgrave warmed to his work, and encouraged by Nello, made such

ducks and drakes as astonished himself. He got quite excited as they skimmed and danced across the water. "Two, three, four, five, *six, seven, eight!*" Nello cried, with a shriek of delight. How clever the old gentleman was—how much nicer than *girls*. He had not enjoyed his play so much for—never before Nello thought. "Come back to-morrow—will you come back to-morrow?" he said at every interval. He had got a playmate now after his own heart—better than Mr. Pen's Johnnie, who was small and timid—better than any one he had ever seen here.

The two players did not in the growing excitement of their game think any more of the chance of spectators; and did not see a second little figure which came running across the grass through the maze of the trees, and stopped wondering in the middle of the brushwood, holding back the branches with her hands to gaze at the strange scene. Liliás was never quite clear of the idea that this wood was fairy-land: so she was not surprised at anything she saw. Yet at this, for the first moment, she was tempted to be surprised. The old gentleman! playing at ducks and drakes with Nello! He who pretended never to see them, who looked over their heads whenever they appeared, for whom they always had to run out of the way, who never took any notice! Liliás stood for two or three whole minutes, holding the branches open, peeping through with a rapt gaze of wonder; yet not surprised. She applied her little faculties at once, on the instant, to solve the mystery; and what so natural as that the old gentleman had been "only pretending" all the time? Half the pleasure which Liliás herself had in her life came from "pretending." Pretending to be Queen Elizabeth, pretending to be a fairy and change Nello into a lion or a mouse, both of which things Nello "pretended" to be with equal success; pretending to be Mr. Pen preaching a sermon, pretending to be Mary,

pretending even now and then to be "the old gentleman" himself sitting up in a chair with a big book, just like him. She stood and peeped through the branches, and made up her mind to this in a way that took away all her surprise. No doubt he was "only pretending" when he would not let it be seen that he saw them. Motives are not necessary to investigators of twelve; there was nothing strange in it; for was not pretending the chief occupation, the chief recreation of life? She stood and made this out to her own satisfaction, and then with self-denial and with a sigh went back to Martuccia. It was very tempting to see the pebbles skimming across the water, and so easy it seemed! "Me too, me too," Liliás could scarcely help calling out. But then it came into her head that perhaps it was herself whom the old gentleman disliked. Perhaps he would not go on playing if she claimed a share, perhaps he would begin "pretending" not to see her. So Liliás sighed, and with self-denial gave up this new pleasure. It was very nice for Nello to have some one to play with—some one *new*. He was always the lucky one; but then he was the youngest, such a little fellow. She went back and told Martuccia he was playing, he was coming soon, he was not in any mischief—which was what the careful elder sister and mild, indulgent nurse most feared.

When Liliás let the branches go, however, with self-denial which was impulsive though so true, the sweep with which they came together again made more sound than could have been made by rabbit or squirrel, and startled the Squire who was quite hot and excited in his new sport. He came to himself with a start, and with the idea of having been seen, felt a pang of shame and half-anger. He looked round him and could see nobody; but the branches still vibrated as if some one had been there; and his very forehead, weather-beaten as it was, flushed red with the idea of having been seen, perhaps by Randolph him-

self. This gave him a kind of offence and resentment and self-assertion which mended matters. Why should he care for Randolph? What had Randolph to do with it? Was he to put himself under tutelage, and conform to the tastes of a fellow like that, a parson, an interloper? But all the same this possibility stopped the Squire. "There, my little man," he said with some confusion, dropping his stone, "there! I think it is time to stop now——"

"Oh!—was it some one come for you?" said Nello, following the direction of the old gentleman's eyes. "Stay a little longer, just a little longer. Can't you do just what you please—not like me?"——

"Can you not do what you please, my little boy?" The Squire was a little tremulous with the unusual exertion. Perhaps it was time to stop. He stooped down to lave his hand in the water where it came shallow among the rocks, and that act took away his breath still more, and made him glad to pause a moment before he went away.

"It is a shame," said Nello, "there is Lily, and there is Martuccia, and there is Mary,—they think I am too little to take care of myself; but I am not too little—I can do a great many things that they can't do. But come to-morrow, won't you *try* to come to-morrow?" said the child, coming close up to his grandfather and taking hold of the skirt of his coat. "Oh please, please *try* to come! I never have anyone to play with, and it has been such fun. Say you will come! Don't you think you could come if you were to *try*?"

The Squire burst out into a broken laugh. It would have been more easy to cry, but that does not do for a man. He put his soft old tremulous hand upon the boy's head. "Little Johnny," he said, "little Johnny!—that was my little brother's name, long, long ago."

"Did he play with you? I wish I had a little brother. I have nothing but girls," said Nello. "But say you will come to-morrow—do say you will try!"

The Squire gave another look round him. Nobody was there, not a mouse or a bird. He took the child's head between his trembling hands, and stooped down and gave him a hasty kiss upon his soft round forehead—"God bless you, little man!" he said, and then turned round defiant, and faced the world—the world of tremulous branches and fluttering leaves, for there was nothing else to spy upon the involuntary blessing and caress. Then he plunged through the very passage in the brushwood where the branches had shaken so strangely—feeling that if it was Randolph he could defy him. What right had Randolph to control his actions? If he chose to acknowledge this child who belonged to him, who was the image of the little Johnny of sixty years ago, what was that to any one? What had Randolph,—*Randolph*, of all men in the world, to do with it? He would tell him so to his face if he were there.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE same day on which these incidents occurred the Stanton family were in full conclave at Elfdale. It was the birthday of Laura, and there were various merrymakings on hand, an afternoon party, designed to include all her "young friends," besides a more select company in the evening. As Laura was the one whom the family intended to be Lady Stanton, her affairs, with the willing consent, and indeed by the active energy of her sister were generally pushed into the foreground. And Geoff and his mother were the chief of the guests specially invited, the only visitors who were staying in the house.

To say that the family intended Laura to be Lady Stanton is perhaps too wild a statement, though this settlement of conflicting claims had been tacitly decided upon when they were children. It was chiefly Lydia who actively intended it now, moved and backed up by some of the absent brothers, who thought it "hard luck" that the young

unnecessary Geoff should have interfered between their father and the title, and vowed by Jove that the only fit thing to do in the circumstances was to marry him to one of the girls. Lydia, however, was the most active mind in the establishment at Elfdale, and carried things her own way, so that though Sir Henry disliked fuss, and disliked Geoff's mother, who had done him so much wrong, yet there were two different sets of people invited, and Maria, Lady Stanton, was established in the house.

"It can't last long, papa," Lydia said, "but we can't have Geoff without her."

"What do you want with Geoff?" growled Sir Henry.

"Papa! in the first place he is our cousin; and Laura likes him; and you know we girls must marry somebody. You can't get commissions and nominations for us, more's the pity, so we must marry. And Laura may as well have Stanton as any one else, don't you think? and of course in that case she ought to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and people expect us—"

"Oh, that will do," said Sir Henry, "ask whom you like, only free me from all this clatter. But keep that woman off me with her sanctified airs, confound her," said the baronet. He had forgiven Geoff for being born, but he could not forgive Geoff's mother for bringing him so unnecessarily into the world.

And thus it was that Geoff and his mother were at Elfdale. Maria Lady Stanton was no more disposed to go than Sir Henry was to ask her. How often are visits of this kind paid and received—the inviters unwilling to ask, the invited indisposed to go; and with such cordial results as might be anticipated. "I care for nobody in that house except Cousin Mary," Lady Stanton said, "and even she perhaps—though it is wrong to say so, Geoff, my dear boy, for of course everybody means for the best." With these mutual objections the party had met all the same. The elder Lady Stanton was very mild and very religious. She could not restrain

herself from having an occasional opinion—that is to say, as she explained it herself, for “not caring for” one person more than another, but that was because she had not seen enough of the others perhaps; had not quite understood them. “Yes, Geoff, I do not doubt, my dear, that the girls are very nice. So many things are changed since my time. Manners are different. And we are all such prejudiced, unjust creatures, we constantly take the outside for our standard as if that was everything. There is but One that sees fully, and what a blessing, Geoff, that it is Him whom we have most to deal with!” said his mother. For it was one of her troubles in life that she had uneasy instincts about the people she met with, and likings and dislikings such as she felt—the latter at least—a true Christian ought not to indulge in. There was a constant conflict of duty in her against such rebellious feelings. As for Cousin Mary, Sir Henry Stanton’s wife, she was one of those whom Geoff’s mother had no difficulty in liking, but a cold doubt had been breathed into her mind as to the “influence” which this lady might exercise over her boy. She could not quite get it out of her thoughts. Mary could mean no harm that was certain, but—and then Lady Stanton would upbraid herself for the evil imagination that could thus believe in evil. So that altogether she was not happy to go to Elfdale. When she was there, however, the family paid her a sort of court, though the girls frankly considered her a hypocrite. What did that matter? “All the people one meets with are humbugs more or less,” Lydia said with superior philosophy. Lydia was the one who saw through everybody, and was always unmasking false pretensions. Laura only acquiesced in the discoveries her sister made, and generally followed her in whatever was going on.

The morning of the birthday dawned brightly and promised to be all that could be desired, and the presents were pretty enough to please any

debutante. Laura was only eighteen, but so far as the county gaieties went she had been already “out” for nearly a year. Any more splendid introduction into society had been denied to the girls. They had entertained dreams of London, and had practised curtsies for a problematical drawing-room during one whole year, but it had come to nothing, Sir Henry being economical and Lady Stanton shy. It was to their stepmother’s account that Laura and Lydia set down this wrong, feeling convinced that if she had been their *real* mother she would have managed it somehow. “You’ll see she’ll find some way of doing it when these little things grow up,” the elder sisters said to each other, and they bore her a grudge in consequence, and looked at her with glances of reproaches whenever the Court was spoken of, though that she was not their real mother could not be held to be poor Mary’s fault. However, all this was forgotten on the merry morning, when with the delights of the garden party and a dance before them they came to breakfast and found Laura’s place at table blocked up with presents. Many of them it is true were not of very much value, but there was a pretty bracelet from Geoff and a locket from his mother, which amply rewarded the young ladies for their determination to have their cousin and his mother invited. The opening of the presents made a little pleasant commotion. The donors were all moved by an agreeable curiosity to see how their gifts were received, and as Laura was lavish in her expressions of delight and Lydia in generous admiration, and the little girls hovered behind in fluttering awe, curiosity, and excitement, a general air of family concord, sympathy, and happiness was diffused over the scene. There was not very much love perhaps in the ill-compacted household. But Sir Henry could not help sharing the infection of the half-real amiability of the moment, and his wife could not but brighten under under any semblance of kindness. They sat down quite happily to

breakfast and began to chatter about the amusements of the afternoon. Even little Fanny and Annie were allowed to have their say. To them was allotted a share in the croquet, even in the delightful responsibility of arranging the players. All the old fogies, the old-fashioned people, the curate and his sister, the doctor and his niece, the humbler neighbours, were reserved for that pastime which is out of fashion—the girls kept the gayer circle, and the more novel amusements for Geoff and their own set. And moved by the general good-nature of the moment Sir Henry made apologies to his guests for the occupations which would occupy his morning. He was an active magistrate, and found in this version of public duty a relief from the idleness of his retired life.

"I have that scamp Bampfylde in hand again," he said; "he is never out of mischief. Have you ever seen that fellow, Geoff? Wild Bampfylde they call him. He was out of the country for a long time and a blessed riddance; but now he's back again. I think the keepers have a sneaking kindness for him. There is no poaching trick he is not up to. I must have had him or his name fifty times before me the little time he has been back."

"What did you say was his name?" said Geoff's mother.

The other Lady Stanton had looked up too with a little start, which attracted Geoff's attention. He stopped short in the middle of an animated discussion on the respective merits of lawn tennis and Badminton to hear what was being said.

"Ah! to be sure—Bampfylde; for the moment I had forgotten," Sir Henry said. "Yes—that family of course, and a handsome fellow; as fine a man as you could see in the north country. Certainly they are a good-looking race."

"I suppose it is gipsy blood," said the elder Lady Stanton, with a sigh. "Poor people! Yes, I say poor people, Sir Henry, for there is no one to care

what evil ways they take. So far out of the way among the hills, no teaching, no clergyman; oh, I make every excuse for them! They will not be judged as we are with our advantages."

"I don't know about our advantages," said Sir Henry, somewhat grimly; "but I sha'n't make excuses for them. A pest to the country; not to speak of the tragedy they were involved in——"

"Oh, don't let us speak of that," said Mary, under her breath.

Sir Henry gave her a look which irritated young Geoff. The young man felt himself his beautiful cousin's champion, and he would have liked to call even her husband to account for such a glance under frowning eyebrows at so gentle a creature. Sir Henry for his part did not like his wife to show any signs of recollecting her own past history. He did not do very much to make her forget it, and was a cold and indifferent husband, but still he was affronted that she should be able to remember that she had not always been his wife.

"I wish it did not hurt you, cousin Mary," said Geoff, interposing, "for I should like to speak of it, to have it all gone into. I am sure there is wrong somewhere. You said yourself about that young Musgrave——"

"Oh hush, hush, Geoff!" she said under her breath.

"He cannot be young now," said the elder lady. "I am very sorry for him too, my dear. It is not given to us to see into men's hearts, but I never believed that John Musgrave——. I beg your pardon, Mary, for naming him before you, of course it must be painful. And to me too. But it is such a long time ago, and I think if it were all to do over again——"

"It would have been done over again and the whole case sifted if John Musgrave had not behaved like a fool, or a guilty man," said Sir Henry. "It is not a pleasant subject for discussion, is it? I was an idiot to bring up the fellow's name. I forgot what good memories you ladies have," he said,

getting up and breaking up the party. And there was still a frown upon his face as he looked at his wife.

"What is the matter with papa?" cried the girls in a breath. "You have been upsetting him. You have worried him somehow!" exclaimed Lydia, turning upon her stepmother. "And everything was going so well, and he was in such a good humour. But it is always the way just when we want a little peace and comfort. I never saw such a house as ours! And he is not very unreasonable, not when you know how to manage him—papa."

As for Mary she broke down and cried, but smiled again trying to keep up appearances. "It is nothing," she said; "your father is not angry. It will all be right in a moment. I suppose I am very silly. Run, little ones, and bring me some eau-de-cologne, quick! You must not think Sir Henry was really annoyed," she said, turning to Lady Stanton. "He is just a little impatient; you know he has all his old Indian ways; and I am so silly."

"I don't think you are silly," said Lady Stanton, who herself was flushed and excited. "It was natural you should be disturbed, and I too. Sir Henry need not have been so impatient; but we don't know his motives," she added hastily with the habitual apology she made for everybody who was or seemed in the wrong.

"Oh, how tiresome it all is," cried Lydia, stamping her foot, "when people will make scenes! Come along, Geoff; come with us and let us see what is to be done. Everything has to be done still. I meant to ask papa to give the orders; but when he is put out, it is all over. Do come; there are the nets to put up, and everything to do. Laura, never mind your tiresome presents. Come along! or the people will be here, and nothing will be done."

"That is how they always go on," said Laura, following her sister with her lap full of her treasures. "Come, Geoff. It is so easy to put papa out;

and when he is put out he is no good for anything. Do come. I do not think this time, Lydia, it was *her* fault."

"Oh, it is always her fault," said the harsher sister; "and sending these two tiresome children for the eau-de-cologne! She always sends them for the eau-de-cologne. As if that could do any good; like putting out a fire with rose-water. There, now, Laura, put your rubbish away, and I will begin settling everything with Geoff."

The young man obeyed the call unwillingly; but he went with his cousins, having no excuse to stay, and did their work obediently, though his mind was full of very different things. He had put aside the Musgrave business since his visit to Penninghame, not knowing how to act, and he had not spoken of it to his mother; but now it returned upon him with greater interest than ever. Bampfylde he knew was the name of the girl whom John Musgrave had married, whom his brother Walter had loved, and whom the quarrel was about, and who with her mother had been accused of helping young Musgrave's escape. All the story seemed to reopen even upon him with the name; and how much more upon those two ladies who were so much more deeply interested. The two girls and their games had but a slight hold of Geoff's mind in comparison with this deeper question. He did what they wanted him, but he was *distract* and preoccupied; and as soon as he was free went anxiously in search of his mother, who, he hoped, would tell him more about it. He knew all about it, but not as people must do who had been involved in the circumstances, and helped to enact that sad drama of real life. He found his mother very thoughtful and preoccupied too, seated alone in a little sitting-room up stairs, which was Lady Stanton's special sanctum. The elder Lady Stanton was very serious. She welcomed her son with a momentary smile and no more. "I have been thinking over that dreadful story," she

said ; " it has all come back upon me, Geoff. Sometimes a name is enough to bring back years of one's life. I was then as Mary is now. No, no, my dear, your good father was very different from Sir Henry ; but a step-mother is often not very happy. It used to be the other way, the story-books say. Oh, Geoff, young people don't mean it, they don't think ; but they can make a poor woman's life very wretched. It has brought everything back to me. That—and the name of this man."

" You have never told me much about it, mother."

" What was the use, my dear ? You were too young to do anything ; and then what was there to do ? Poor Mr. Musgrave fled, you know. Everybody said that was such a pity. It would have been brought in only manslaughter if he had not escaped and gone away."

" Then it was madness and cowardice," said Geoff.

" It was the girl," said his mother. " No, I am not blaming her ; perhaps she knew no better. And his father and all his family were so opposed. Perhaps they thought to fly away out of everybody's reach, the two together, was the best way out of it. When young people are so much attached to each other," said the anxious mother, faltering, half-afraid even to speak of such mysteries to her son, " they are tempted to think that being together is everything. But it is not everything, Geoff. Many others, as well as John Musgrave, have lost themselves for such a delusion as that."

" Is it a delusion ?" Geoff asked, making his mother tremble. Of whom could the boy be thinking ? He was thinking of nobody till it suddenly occurred to him how the eyes of that little girl at Penninghame might look if they were older ; and that most likely it was the same eyes which had made up to John Musgrave for the loss of everything. After all, perhaps this unfortunate one, whom everybody pitied, might have had some compensa-

tion. As he was thinking thus, and his mother was watching him, very anxious to know what he was thinking, Lady Stanton came in suddenly by a private door, which opened from her own room. She had a little additional colour on her cheeks, and was breathless with haste.

" Oh, where is Geoff, I wonder ?" she said ; then seeing him ran up to him. " Geoff, there is some one downstairs you will like to see. If you are really so interested in all that sad story—really so anxious to help poor John——"

" Yes, who is it ? tell me who it is and I will go."

" Elizabeth Bampfylde is down stairs," she said, breathless, putting her hand to her heart. " The mother of the man Sir Henry was speaking of—the mother of—the girl. There is no one knows so much as that woman. She is sitting there all alone, and there is nobody in the way."

" Mary !" cried the elder lady, " is it right to plunge my boy into it ? We have suffered enough already. Is it right to make Geoff a victim ? Geoff who knows nothing about it. Oh, my dear, I know you mean it for the best !"

Mary fell back abashed and troubled.

" I did not mean to harm him, Lady Stanton. I did not think it would harm him. Never mind ; never mind, if your mother does not approve. After all, perhaps, she knows no more than we do," she said with an attempt at a smile. " The sight of her made me forget myself."

" Where is she ?" said the young man.

" Ah ! that is just what overcame me," said Mary with a sob, and a strange smile at the irony of fate—" down stairs in my husband's room—I have seen her in the road and in the village—but here, in my house ! Never mind, Geoff ; it was she that helped him to get out of prison. They were bold, they had no fear of anything ; not like us, who are ladies, who cannot stir a step without being watched. Never

mind, never mind! it is not really of any consequence. She is sitting there in—in *my* husband's room!" Mary said, with a sob and a little hysterical laugh. It was not strange to the others, but simple enough and natural. She alone knew how strange it was. "But stop, stop—oh, don't pay any attention. Don't go now, Geoff!"

"Geoff! my dear, Geoff!" cried his mother running to the door after him, but for once Geoff paid no attention. He hurried down stairs, clearing them four or five steps at a time. The ladies could not have followed him if they would. The door of Sir Henry's business room stood open, and he could see an old woman seated like a statue, in perfect stillness, on a bench against the wall. She wore a large gray cloak with a hood falling back upon her shoulders, and a white cap, and sat with her hands crossed in her lap, waiting. She raised her eyes quickly when he came in with a look of anxiety and expectation, but when she found it was not the person she expected, bowed her fine head resignedly and relapsed into quiet. The delay which is always so irksome did not seem to affect her. There was something in the pose of the figure which showed that to be seated there, quite still and undisturbed, was not disagreeable to her. She was not impatient. She was an old woman and glad to rest; she could wait.

"You are waiting for Sir Henry?" Geoff said, in his eagerness. "Have you seen him? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir. I hope you'll forgive me rising. I have walked far and I'm tired. Time is not of so much consequence now as it used to be. I can bide." She gave him a faint smile as she spoke, and looked at him with eyes undimmed, eyes that reminded him of the child at Penninghame. Her voice was fine too, large and melodious, and there was nothing fretful or fidgety about her. Except for one line in her forehead everything about her was calm. She could bide.

And this is a power which gives its

possessor unbounded superiority over the impatient and restless. Geoff was all curiosity, excitement, and eagerness. "I don't think Sir Henry will have any time for you to-day," he said; "tell me what it is. I will do all I can for you. I should like to be of use to you. Sir Henry is going to his luncheon presently. I don't think you will see him to-day."

Just at this moment a servant came in with the same information, but it was given in a somewhat different tone. "Look here, old lady," said the man, "you'll have to clear out of this. There's a party this afternoon, and Sir Henry he hasn't got any time for the likes of you. So march is the word. I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons. I didn't see as your lordship was there."

"You had better learn to be civil to every one," said Geoff, indignantly; "beg *her* pardon not mine. You are—Mrs. Bampfylde, I think? May I speak to you since Sir Henry cannot see you? I have very urgent business——"

She rose slowly, paying no attention to the man—looking only at Geoff. "And you are my young lord?" she said with an intent look. There was a certain dignity about her movements, though she seemed to set herself in motion with difficulty, stiffly, as if the exertion cost her something. "I've had a long walk," she added, with a faint smile and half apology for the effort, "there's where age tells. And all my trouble for nothing!"

"If I can be of any use to you I will," said Geoff. Then he paused and added, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is this that old 'Lizabeth Bampfylde could do for a fine young gentleman? Your fortune? ay, I'll give you your fortune easy; a kind tongue and a bright eye carries that all over the world. And you look as if you had a kind heart."

"It is not my fortune," he said with an involuntary smile.

"You're no believer in the like of that? May be you have never met

with one that had the power. It runs in families; it runs in the blood. There was one of your house, my young lord, that I could have warned of what was coming. I saw it in his face. And oh, that I had done it! But he would not have been warned. Oh! what that would have saved me and mine, as well as you and yours!"

"You think of my brother then when you see me?" he said, eager at once to follow out this beginning. She looked at him again with a scrutinizing gaze.

"What had I to do with your brother, young gentleman? He never asked me for his fortune any more than you, he did not believe in the likes of me. It is only the silly folk and the simple folk that believe in us. I wish they would be guided by us that are our own flesh and blood—and then they would never get into trouble like my boy."

"What has he done?" asked Geoff, thinking to conciliate. He had followed her out of the house, and was walking by her side through the shrubberies by the back way.

"What has he done? Something, nothing. He's taken a fish in the river, or a wild beast in the snare. They're God's creatures, not yours, or Sir Henry's. But the rich and the great that have every dainty they can set their face to, make it a crime for a poor lad when he does that."

Geoff did not make any answer, for he had a respect for game and would not commit himself; but he said, "I will do anything I can for your son, if you will help me. Yes, you can help me, and I think you know you can, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"I am called 'Lizabeth,'" said the old woman with dignity, as if she had said I am called Princess. Her tone had so much effect upon Geoff that he cried, "I beg your pardon," instinctively, and faltered and coloured as he went on.

"I want to know about what happened when I was a child—about my brother's death—about—the man who

caused it. They tell me you know more than any one else. I am not asking for idle curiosity. You know a great deal, or so I have heard, about John Musgrave."

"Hus—sh!" she cried, "it is not safe to say names—you never know who may hear."

"But all the world may hear," said Geoff. "I am not afraid. I want him to come home. I want him to be cleared. If you know anything that can help him tell me. I will never rest now till I have got that sentence changed and he is cleared."

The old woman looked at him, growing pale, with a sort of alarmed admiration. "You're a bold boy," she said, "very bold! It's because you're so young—how should you know? When a man has enemies we should be careful how we name him. It might bring ill-luck or more harm."

"I don't believe much in ill-luck, and I don't believe in enemies at all," said Geoff, with the confidence of his years.

"Oh!" she cried, with a long moan, wringing her hands. "Oh, God help you, innocent boy!"

"No," Geoff repeated more boldly still, "neither in enemies nor in ill-luck, if the man himself is innocent. But I believe in friends. I am one; and if you are one—if you are his friend, his true friend, why, there is nothing we may not do for him," the young man cried, stopping to secure her attention. She paused too for a moment, gazing at him, with a low cry now and then of wonder and distress; her mind was travelling over regions to which young Geoff had no clue, but his courage and confidence had compelled her attention at least. She listened while he went on repeating his appeal; only to tell him what she knew, what she remembered—to tell him everything. It seemed all so simple to Geoff; he went on with his pleadings, following through the winding walk. It was all he could do to keep up with her large and steady stride as she went on,

quicken her pace. The stiffness had disappeared, and she walked like one accustomed to long tramping over moor and hill.

"My young lord," she exclaimed abruptly, stopping him in the midst of a sentence, "you've talked long enough; I know all you can say now; and here's the bargain I'll make. If my boy gets free, I'll take his advice—and if he consents, and you have a mind to come up to the fells and see me where I bide——"

"Certainly I will come," cried Geoff, feeling a delightful gleam of adventure suddenly light up his more serious purpose. "Certainly I will come; only tell me where I shall find you——"

"You're going too fast, my young gentleman. I said if my boy gets free. Till I have talked to him I'll tell you nothing. And my bit of a place is a lonely place where few folk ever come near."

"I can find it," said Geoff. "I do not mind how lonely it is. I will come—to-morrow, whenever you please."

"Not till my lad comes to fetch you," said 'Lizabeth, with a gleam of shrewd humour crossing her face for a moment. "I must see my lad first, and hear what he says, and then I'll send him to show you the way."

"It would be better not to make it dependent on that chance," said Geoff, prudently. "He might not care to come; I don't know your son; why should he take so much trouble for me? He may decline to do it, or he may dislike my interference, or——"

"Or he may not get free," said 'Lizabeth, stopping short, and dismissing her young attendant almost imperiously. "Here you and me part paths, my young lord. It will be soon enough to say more when my lad is free."

Geoff was left standing at the outer gate, startled by the abruptness of his dismissal, but incapable he felt of resisting. He gazed after her as she sped along the road with long swift steps, half-appalled, greatly excited,

and with a touch of amusement too. "I am to cheat justice for her and elude the law," he said to himself as he watched her disappearing along the dusty road.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE result of this interview was that Geoff, as was natural, threw himself body and soul into the cause of Wild Bampfylde. When he had once made up his mind to this, a certain comic element in the matter delighted him and gave him double fervour. The idea of defeating justice was delightful to the young man, not much older than a schoolboy. He talked to all the people he met about the case of this wild man of the woods, this innocent savage, to whom all the sylvan sins came by nature; and he engaged the best lawyer who could be had to defend him, and if possible get the wild fellow free. Where was the harm? Wild Bampfylde had never been guilty of violence to any human creature, he ascertained. It was only the creatures of the woods he waged war against, not even the gamekeepers. And when Sir Henry, coming home from Quarter Sessions, informed the party that Wild Bampfylde had managed to get off by some quibble, the magistrates being fairly tired of convicting him, everybody was delighted to hear of the safety of Geoff's *protégé*, except the two elder ladies, who showed no satisfaction. Neither of them were glad, notwithstanding that Geoff was so much interested; Lady Stanton from a vague concern for her son, and Mary because of the prejudice in her which all her gentleness could not eradicate. She looked at Geoff with tears in her eyes. "You will have nothing to do with them," she said; "him nor any of them? Oh, Geoff, promise!" which was inconsistent, as it was she herself who had put the old mother in his way. But Geoff only laughed, and asked what he could have to do with them? and made no promise. This episode had not interfered with the business of life, with the

afternoon party or the dinner, the Badminton or the croquet. All had "gone off" as well as possible. Laura and Lydia had "enjoyed themselves" to their hearts' content. They had been admired and praised and fêted, and every one had said it was a delightful party. What more could any young lady of eighteen desire? Geoff was very good-natured, and did everything that was asked of him. And Laura wore his bracelet, which was much admired by her friends, and gave rise to many pleasant suggestions. "He is just the very person for you," Lydia said reflectively, as she examined it. "Now I should have liked emeralds or diamonds, or grown-up jewels; but the turquoises are the very thing for you. He sees your taste. If he were not Lord Stanton, just for simple suitability you should marry Geoff—he is the very person for you."

"I do not see why I should be made to marry any one for simple suitability, as if I were a baby," was Laura's protestation; but she liked the turquoises, and she did not dislike the hints and smiling gossip. And when young Lord Stanton and his mother went away, the house regretted them from the highest to the lowest. The little girls stood behind backs, crying, when the carriage drove away. "I should like to know what they have to cry about," Lydia said; "what is Geoff to them? It is such nonsense; but they always are encouraged in everything. You two little things stop that, and be off with you. You are always in some one's way."

"He is as much our cousin as yours," said Fanny, who was always known to be saucy; but they skimmed away in a panic when Lydia turned round upon them, not knowing what she might do. "Oh, how nice it would be to have nothing but a mamma!" they said to each other as they alighted in her room, where it was always quiet, and smoothed down their ruffled plumes. Poor little doves! it was not for Geoff alone they were crying, for Geoff's mother had been very good to them.

They had hung about her for hours, and had stories told to them, and the world seemed an empty sort of place when these two visitors went away.

The mother and son drove home to their own house, he a little sorry, she a little glad. It was wrong perhaps to be glad, implying a kind of tacit censure on the people she had left; but there was no harm in being happy to get home. Stanton Hall was not an immemorial place like Penninghame, nor a cosy unpretending country house like Elfdale, but a great mansion intended to be grand and splendid, and overawe the country. The splendour had fallen into a little disuse during Geoff's long minority, but as he had lived chiefly at home with his mother, it had proportionately gained in comfort, and the home aspect which only being lived in can give to a house. They lived chiefly in one wing, leaving the state part of the mansion almost unoccupied. Geoff had not been brought up as most youths of his age are brought up. His mother had been too timorous, both physically and spiritually, to trust her child amid all the appalling dangers and indulgences of a public school. And he had not even, more wonderful still, gone to any university. She was his sole guardian, no one sharing her powers, for it never had been supposed that little Geoff would be anybody in particular, or that it was of the least importance how his mother brought him up. His education had therefore been chiefly conducted at home by a tutor, chosen rather for his goodness than his learning. Did it matter very much? Geoff was not very clever, and it does not require much learning, as Mrs. Hardcastle concluded in the case of her son Tony Lumpkin, to spend fifteen thousand a year. Geoff had learned a great many things which university men do not much meddle with, and he had forgotten as successfully as any university man could do. He had a great deal less Greek, but a good deal more French than most of those heroes; and he was

a good, honest, simple-hearted boy as, Heaven be praised, in spite of their many advantages, a great many of those same university men manage to be. And, in short, he was very much like his contemporaries, though brought up so very differently—a fact which would have wounded his mother's feelings more than anything else you could have said; for if the result is just about the same as it would have been by the other process, what is the good of taking such pains to show a difference? Mr. Tritton, the tutor, had been all alone at Stanton during this visit to Elfdale. He was a very good man. He had been as kind as a father to Geoff from the moment he took charge of him, and had watched over him with unflinching care—indeed he was like a second mother as well—perhaps more like that than the other—very anxious not to “overtire” his pupil, or to put any strain on his faculties. They were the most peaceful household that could be conceived, and Geoff, according to all rule, ought to have grown up a very feminine youth. But by good luck he had not done so. In that demure household he got to be a lively, energetic, out-door sort of person, and loved adventure, and loved life perhaps all the better in consequence of the meek atmosphere of quietness which surrounded him. To tell the truth it was he who, for a long time, had held the helm of the house in his hand, and had everything his own way.

Mr. Tritton was upon the steps to welcome them, and the servants who were glad to see them back after the week of quiet. Who does not know the kind of servants Lady Stanton would have? men and women who had seen the boy grow up, and thought or seemed to think there was nobody in the world like Geoff: a house-keeper to whom her mistress was very obsequious and conciliatory; but whom Geoff treated with a familiarity which sometimes froze the very blood in his mother's veins, who would not for the world have taken such liber-

ties; and a butler, who felt himself an independent country gentleman, and went and came very much at his own pleasure, and governed his inferiors *en bon prince*, but with a lively sense of his own importance. These all received the travellers with cordiality at the door, and brought them tea and were very kind to them. It was quite touching and gratifying to Lady Stanton that they should always be so kind. Harris, the butler, took her little travelling-bag, and carried it into the drawing-room with his own hand; and Mrs. Benson herself came to pour out her cup of tea. “And I hope your ladyship is not too much tired with your long drive,” Mrs. Benson said; and Harris kindly lingered to hear her reply, and to assure her that all had been going on well at Stanton while she was away.

Geoff did not pay so much attention to the kindness of the servants. He went off to the stables to give some orders, leaving Mr. Tritton with his mother. Geoff called his tutor old Tritton as easily as if he had mixed in the world of men at Eton or Oxford, and went off about his own business unconcerned. But when he had turned the corner of the house to the stables Geoff's whistle stopped suddenly. He found a man standing there with his back against the wall, whose appearance startled him. A poacher is a thing that is obnoxious to every country gentleman, however easy his principles may be on the question of game; and a tramp is a thing that nobody with a house worth robbing can away with. The figure that presented itself thus suddenly before Lord Stanton's eyes was the quintessence of both; a tall, loose-limbed man, with strong black locks and an olive skin, in coarse velveteen and gaiters, and a coat with multitudinous pockets, with a red handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a soft felt hat crushed into all manner of shapes, and a big stick in his hand. He stood in a careless attitude, at his ease, leaning against the wall. What had such a man to do there?

and yet there he was for a purpose, as any one could see, lying in wait; was it to rob or to kill? Geoff's heart gave a little leap at the sight of the intruder. He had not had much experience of this kind.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply, the instincts of property and authority springing up in disapproval and resistance. What had such a fellow to do here?

"I am doing nothing," said the man, not changing his attitude or even taking off his hat or showing the smallest mark of respect. He continued even to lounge against the wall with rude indifference. "I am here on your business, not on mine," he said carelessly.

"On my business! Yes, I know," said Geoff, suddenly bethinking himself; "you're Bampfylde. I am glad you've got off—and you come to me from——"

"Old 'Lizabeth; that is about it. She's a funny woman: whatever silly thing she wants she always gets her way. She wants you now, and I've come to fetch you. I suppose you'll come since she says it. And you'd better make up your mind soon, for it does not suit me to stay here."

"I suppose not," said Geoff, scarcely noticing what he said.

"Why should you suppose not?" said the man, rousing himself with an air of offence. He was taller than Geoff, a lanky but muscular figure. "I have eyes and feelings as well as you. I like a fine place. Why shouldn't I take my pleasure looking at it? You have a deal more and yet you're not content."

"We were not discussing our feelings," said Geoff, half-contemptuous, half-sympathetic. "You have brought me a message perhaps from your mother?"

"I've come from old 'Lizabeth. She says if you like to start to-night along with me we'll talk your business over, and if she can satisfy you she will. Look you here, my young lord, your lordship's a deal of consequence to some, but it's

nothing to her and me. Come, if you like to come; it's your business, not ours. If there's danger it's your own risk, if there's any good it's you that will have it, not us——"

"Danger!" said Geoff; "the danger of a walk up the fells! and good—to me? Yes, you can say it is to me if you like, but you ought to be more interested than I am. However, words don't matter. Yes, let us say the good is mine, and the danger, if any, is mine——"

"Have it your own way," said Bampfylde. "I'll come back again since you've made up your mind, at ten to-night and show you the way."

"But why at night?" said Geoff; "to-morrow would be better. It is not too far to go in a day."

"There's the difference between you and us. Night is our time, you see. It must be by night or not at all. Would you like to walk with me across country, my lord? I don't think you would, nor I wouldn't like. We shouldn't look natural together. But at night all's one. I'll be here at ten; there's a moon, and a two hours' walk, or say three at the most, it's nothing to a young fellow like you."

This was a very startling proposition, and Geoff did not know what to make of it. It grew more and more like a mysterious adventure and pleased him on that side, but he was a modern young man, with a keen perception of absurdity, and everything melodramatic was alarming to him. Why should he walk mysteriously in the middle of the night to a cottage about which there need be no mystery on a perfectly innocent and honest errand? He stared at his strange visitor with a perplexity beyond words.

"What possible object could be gained," he said at last, "by going in the night?"

"Oh, if you're afraid!" said this strange emissary, "don't go—that's all about it: neither me nor her are forcing you to hear what we may happen to know."

"I am not afraid," said Geoff,

colouring. It was an accusation which was very hard to bear. "But there is reason in all things. I don't want to be ridiculous—" The man shrugged his shoulders—he laughed—nothing could have been more galling. Geoff standing, looking at him, felt the blood boiling in his veins.

"Quite right too," said Bampfylde. "What can we know that's worth the trouble? You'll take a drive up some day in your coach and four, and oblige us. That is just what I would do myself."

"In Heaven's name, what am I expected to do?" cried Geoff; "make a melodramatic ass of myself, and go in the middle of the night?"

"I'm no scholar: long words are not my sort. Do or don't, that's the thing. I understand; and it is easy to settle. If you're not coming, say No, and I'll go. If you are coming, let me know, and I'll be here. There's nothing to make such a wonder about."

Geoff was in great doubt what was best to do. The adventure pleased him; but the idea of ridicule held him back. "It is not pleasant to be thought a fool," he said. Then, nettled by the jeer in the face of this strange fellow who kept his eyes—great, dark, and brilliant as they were—fixed upon him, the young man cut the knot, hurriedly. "Never mind the absurdity; be here at ten, as you say, and wait if I am not ready. I don't want everybody to know what a fool I am," he said.

"You are coming then," said the man, with a laugh. "That's plucky, whatever happens. You're not afraid?"

"Pooh!" cried Geoff, turning away. He was too indignant and annoyed to speak. He went on impatiently to the stables, leaving the stranger where he stood. He was not afraid; but his young frame thrilled in every fibre with excitement. Had not adventures of this kind sounded somewhat ridiculous to the ideas of to-day, the mysterious expedition would have been delightful to him. But that uneasy sense of the ridiculous

kept down his anticipations. What could old 'Lizabeth have to tell that could justify such precautions? But if she chose to be fantastic about her secret, whatever it was, he must humour her. When he went in again, there was no sign of his visitor, except the half-effaced mark of a footstep on the soft gravel. The man had ground the heel of his boot into it while he stood talking, and there it was, his mark to show the place where he had been.

The evening passed very strangely to young Lord Stanton. He heard his mother and Mr. Tritton talking calmly of to-morrow. To-morrow the old family lawyer was expected, and some of the arrangements attendant on his coming of age, which was approaching, were to be discussed; and he was asked, What he would like?—in one or two respects. Should this be done, or that, when his birthday came? Geoff could not tell what curious trick of imagination affected him. He caught himself asking, Would he ever come of age? Would to-morrow be just as the other days, no more and no less? How absurd the question was! What could possibly happen to him in a long mountain walk, even though it might be through the darkness? There is nothing in that homely innocent country to make midnight dangerous. Wild Bampfylde might be an exciting sort of companion; but what more? As for enemies Geoff remembered what he had said so short a time before. He did not believe in them; why should he? he himself, he felt convinced, possessed no such thing in all the world.

But it was astonishing how difficult it was that evening to get free. Lady Stanton, who generally was fatigued with the shortest journey, was cheerful and talkative to-night, and overflowing with plans; and even Mr. Tritton was entertaining. It was only by saying that he had letters to write that Geoff at last managed to get away. He disliked writing letters so much that the plea was admitted with smiles.

"We must not balk such a virtuous intention," the tutor said. He went into the library with a beating heart. This room had a large window which opened upon the old-fashioned bowling green. Geoff changed his dress with great speed and quiet, putting on a rough shooting suit. The night was dark, but soft, with stars faintly lighting up a hazy sky. He stepped out from the big window and closed it after him. The air was very fresh, a little chilly, as even a midsummer night generally is in the North Country. He gave a little nervous shiver as he came out into the darkness and chillness. "There's some one walking over your grave," said a voice at his elbow. Geoff started, to his own intense shame and annoyance, as if he had received a shot. "Very likely," he said, commanding himself; "over all our graves perhaps. That harms nobody. You are

there, Bampfylde? That's well; don't talk, but go on."

"You're a good bold one after all," said the voice by his side. Geoff's heart beat uneasily at the sound, and yet the commendation gave him a certain pleasure. He was more at his ease when they emerged from the shadow of the house, and he could see the outline of his companion's figure, and realise him as something more than a voice. He gave a somewhat longing look back at the scattered lights in the windows as he set out thus through the silence and darkness. Would any one find out that he was gone? But his spirit rose as they went on, at a steady pace, swinging along under the deep hedgerows, and across the frequent bridges where so many streamlets kept crossing the road, adding an unseen tinkle to the sounds of the summer night.

To be continued.

MORDECAI: A PROTEST AGAINST THE CRITICS.

BY A JEW.

Sephardo.

"Wise books

For half the truths they hold are honoured tombs."

Spanish Gypsy, p. 205.

THE critics have had their say: the recording angels of literature, more sorrowful than angry, have written down *Daniel Deronda* a failure. And there seems to be at least this much of truth in their judgment that one of the parts of which the book is composed has failed to interest or even to reach its audience. For the least observant reader must have noticed that *Daniel Deronda* is made up of two almost unconnected parts, either of which can be read without the other. Every "book" after the first is divided into two parts, whose only claim to be included under the same covers is the common action or inaction of the eponymous hero. One set of characters and interests centres round the fate and fortunes of Gwendolen Harleth, and of this part of the book we can surely say that it has excited as much interest and bitten as deeply into men's minds as any of the author's previous studies of female character. Indeed, we would submit that George Eliot's last portrait of female egoism is in many ways her best: her hand has become more tender, and, because more tender, more true than when she drew such narrow types as Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, so unnaturally consistent in their selfishness. The story of Gwendolen Harleth's purification from egoism is, then, one might say, even a greater success than the former pictures of girlish struggles, and displays the author's distinguishing excellences in undiminished brilliancy. But there is another part of the book with which the English-speaking public and its literary "tasters" have failed to

sympathise, and which they have mostly been tempted to omit on reperusal. The tragedy of Mordecai Cohen's missionary labours, on which the author has spent immense labour of invention and research, must be pronounced to have completely failed in reaching and exciting the interest and sympathy of the ordinary reader. Mr. Bagehot has told us that the greatest pain man can feel is the pain of a new idea, and the readers of *Daniel Deronda* have refused painfully to assimilate the new idea of the Mordecai part of the book. This idea we take to be that Judaism stands on the same level as Christianity, perhaps even on a higher level, in point of rationality and capacity to satisfy the wants of the religious consciousness, "the hitherto neglected reality," to use the author's own words (ii. 292), "that Judaism is something still throbbing in human lives, still making for them the only conceivable vesture of the world." The difficulty of accepting this new idea comes out most prominently in the jar most readers must have felt in the omission of any explanation of the easy transition of Deronda from the Christianity in which he was bred to the Judaism in which he had been born.

The present notice proposes to discuss the failure of this unsuccessful part, from the standpoint of one for whom this initial difficulty does not exist, and who has from his childhood seen the world habited in those Hebrew Old Clothes of which Mr. Carlyle and others have spoken so slightly. And the first thing that it is natural

for a Jew to say about *Daniel Deronda* is some expression of gratitude for the wonderful completeness and accuracy with which George Eliot has portrayed the Jewish nature. Hitherto the Jew in English fiction has fared unhappily: being always represented as a monstrosity, most frequently on the side of malevolence and greed, as in Marlowe's Barabbas and Dickens's Fagin, or sometimes, as in Dickens's Riah, still more exasperatingly on the side of impossible benevolence. What we want is truth, not exaggeration, and truth George Eliot has given us with the large justice of the great artist. The gallery of Jewish portraits contained in *Daniel Deronda* gives in a marvellously full and accurate way all the many sides of our complex national character. The artistic element, with the proper omission of painting and sculpture, in which Jews, though eminent, have not been pre-eminent, is well represented by Klesmer, Mirah and the Alcharisi. Ezra Cohen is a type of the commonplace Jew, the familiar figure of prosperous mercantile dealing, the best known trait of Jews to Englishmen; while little Jacob exhibits in a very humorous form the well-known precocity of Jewish children. The affectionate relations of Ezra Cohen and his mother and the tender respect of Mordecai and Mirah for the memory of theirs, point to the exceptional influence of the Mother and the Home in the inner life of Jews. Then in Kalonyne, whom we feel tempted to call the Wandering Jew, we get the nomadic spirit which has worked in Israel from times long previous to the Dispersion, while all must join in the scorn the author evidently feels for Pash, the Jew who is no Jew. Yet he is the representative of what might be called the Heine side of Jewry—the wit and cynicism that reached their greatest intensity in the poet of Young Germany. The more temperate Gideon represents, it is to be feared, a large proportion of English Jews, one not ashamed of his race, yet

not proud of it, and willing to see the racial and religious distinctions we have fought for so valiantly die out and perish utterly among men. Perhaps the most successful of the minor portraits is that of the black sheep Lapidoth, the Jew with no redeeming love for family, race, or country to preserve him from that sordid egoism (the new name for wickedness) into which he has sunk. His utter unconsciousness of good and evil is powerfully depicted in the masterly analysis of his state of mind before purloining Deronda's ring. To some extent the weird figure of the Alcharisi serves as a sort of companion-picture of female renunciation of racial claims, but the struggle between her rebellious will and what old-fashioned folk call the Will of God (Professor Clifford would perhaps name it the Tribal Will) raises her to a tragic height which makes Deronda's mother perhaps the most imposing figure in the book. Deronda himself, by the circumstance of his education, is prevented from typifying any of the social distinctions of a Jew, yet it is not unlikely that his gravity of manner and many-sided sympathy were meant by the author to be taken as hereditary traits.

These, with Ram the bookseller, the English Jew of the pre-emancipation era, and some minor characters, give to the reader a most complete picture of Jews and Jewesses in their habits as they live, of Jews and Jewesses as members of a peculiar people in relation to the Gentile world. To point the moral of human fallibility, besides some minor slips in ceremonial details on which it were ungrateful to dwell,¹ we cannot but think (a critic is

¹ *e.g.* Taliths or fringed mantles are not worn on Friday nights (ii. 292—300), the Kaddish, or prayer in honour of the dead, is only said for eleven months, not eleven years (iv. 92), and then only by a son. Mirah seems to be under the same delusion (ii. 306). Before breaking the bread (ii. 356), Cohen should have "made Kiddush," *i.e.* pronounced a blessing over some sacramental wine. It is doubtful whether Cohen would have paid money and written a pawn-ticket on Sabbath eve, but this may be intentional.

nothing if not critical) that the author has failed to give in Mirah an adequate type of Jewish girlhood. Mirah is undoubtedly tame; and tameness, for those who know them, is the last infirmity of Jewish girls. Still even here the sad experience of Mirah's youth may be held to have somewhat palliated any want of brightness, and the extra vivacity of Mrs. Cohen junior perhaps supplies the deficiency.

So much for the outer life of Judaism. The English reader will find here no idea so startlingly novel as to raise opposition to its admission, or to disturb his complacent feeling of superiority over Jews in all but a certain practical sagacity (he calls it sharpness or cunning), which must be postulated to explain the "differentia of success" characterising the Jewish species of commercial dealings. One new fact he may indeed profitably learn: from the large group of Jewish characters in *Daniel Deronda* he may perhaps gather that there are Jews and Jews, that they are not all Lapidoths, nor even all Ezra Cohens, as he has been accustomed to think.

But the new idea of which we have spoken is embodied in the person of Mordecai Cohen, the Jew *par excellence* of the book, the embodiment of the inner life of Judaism. The very fact of this recognition of an inner life, not to speak of the grand personality in which she has typified it, entitles George Eliot to the heart-deep gratitude of all Jews; the more so inasmuch as she has hazarded and at least temporarily lost success for her most elaborated production by endeavouring to battle with the commonplace and conventional ideas about Judaism. The present article aims at striking another blow to convince the English world of the existence in the present day and for all past time of a spiritual life in Judaism. And we can conceive of no better point of defence for the position than the historic probability of the character of Mordecai, which critics have found so mystic, vague, and impossible.

Those who know anything of the great leaders of spiritual Judaism will recognise in Mordecai all the traits that have characterised them. Saul of Tarsus, Ibn Gebirol (Avicbron), Jehuda Halevi, Ibn Ezra, Maimonides Spinoza, Mendelssohn, not to mention other still more unfamiliar names, were all men like Mordecai: rich in inward wealth, yet content to earn a scanty livelihood by some handicraft; ardently spiritual, yet keenly alive to the claims of home affection; widely erudite, yet profoundly acquainted with human nature; mystics, yet with much method in their mysticism. The author seems even to have a bolder application of the historic continuity of the Hebraic spirit in view: she evidently wishes Mordecai to be regarded as a "survival" of the prophetic spirit, a kind of Isaiah redivivus. Hence a somewhat unreal effect is produced by his use of a diction similar to what might be expected from a "greater prophet" stepping out of the pages of the Authorised Version. Still it is to be remembered that we almost always see Mordecai in states of intense excitement, when his thought would naturally clothe itself in the forms in which all his literary efforts had been written. He speaks in a sufficiently prosaic and unbiblical style when the subject is prosaic, as to Daniel Deronda at their first meeting (ii. 336): "What are you disposed to give for it?" "I believe Mr. Ram will be satisfied with half-a-crown, sir," remarks sufficiently on the level of nineteenth century conversation to give Mordecai some community with ordinary folk.

There is yet another quality which Mordecai shares with the sages and prophets of the past: he is a layman. The natural thing for a writer describing "a spiritual destiny embraced eagerly in youth," a representative of the religious life of a nation, would be to describe some young priest ardently striving for the spiritual enlightenment of his flock, some Mr. Tryan, some Savonarola; and it would have

been right for all other religions. But in Judaism the inner development of the Spirit has been carried on entirely by laymen: the Jewish *Summa Theologiæ*, the *Guide to the Perplexed* (Morê Nebouchîm) of Maimonides, was written by a physician. We shall be using more familiar illustrations when we remind the reader that Moses and Ezra, and, above all, the prophets were men from the lay community, not members of an organised priesthood. This may account for that spirit of Compromise (writers of the New English call it "adaptation to environment") which is as marked a characteristic of the religious history of Jews as of the political history of Englishmen. Other religions have had churches, bureaucracies: Judaism has had a synagogue, a representative assembly.

Mordecai shares yet another gift of his predecessors: he is a poet. The fragment in chapter xxxviii. commencing—

"Away from me the garment of forgetfulness,
Withering the heart,"

might well be a translation from a *Piut* of Ibn Gebirol or a *Selicha* of Jehuda Halevi, and makes him a fit *dramatis persona* of that "national tragedy in which the actors have been also the heroes and the poets."

We do not then speak without knowledge of the history of Jews, post-biblical as well as biblical, when we say that Mordecai Cohen is a lineal successor of those great leaders of spiritual Judaism who have fought in the van in that moral warfare which Judaism has waged and won against the whole world; a fitting companion of that valiant band which has guarded through the ages the ark of the Lord intrusted to Israel's keeping four thousand years ago; a noble representative of that spirit of resistance that has repulsed the most powerful disintegrating forces ever brought against a nation or a creed. A "nation of shopkeepers" has produced a Milton, a Shelley, a Newman; a "nation of pawnbrokers,"

if you will, has given birth to a Jehuda Halevi, a Spinoza, a Mordecai.

To believers in the principle of Heredity this would be enough to give to Mordecai that possibility which is sufficient for artistic existence. English critics, however, seem not to believe in hereditary influences: they have unanimously pronounced him an impossibility. They require, it would appear, some more tangible proof of the existence among modern Jews of a character like Mordecai's than the *à priori* probability afforded by the consideration of the historic continuity of national character. Even this want could be supplied. The present writer was fortunate enough to discover¹ traces of a Jew who, allowing for the idealisation which is the privilege of the artist, might well stand for the prototype of Mordecai. In the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1, 1866, Mr. George Henry Lewes prefaces an article on Spinoza with an account of a philosopher's club where he first made acquaintance with the doctrines of the Hebrew thinker, and which resembles in every particular the club at the "Hand and Banner" in the sixth book of *Daniel Deronda*. The locality, Red Lion Square, near Holborn, is the same; the free and easy method of discussion is the same; the vocations of the frequenters are the same,—a freethinking second hand bookseller (Miller), a journeyman watchmaker (Pash), a bootmaker (Croop), one who "penned a stanza when he should engross" (Lilly), and so on. But above all, the leading spirit of Mr. Lewes' club was a German Jew named Cohn or Kohn, whom he describes in words which might be applied almost without alteration to Mordecai. Mr. Lewes says of Cohn:—

"We all admired him as a man of astonishing subtlety and logical force, no less than of sweet personal worth. He remains in my memory as a type of philosophic dignity. A calm, medita-

¹ The discovery was communicated to the *Academy* of July 29, 1876, by my friend, Mr. McAlister, to whom I had shown it.

tive, amiable man, by trade a journeyman watchmaker, very poor, with weak eyes and chest, grave and gentle in demeanour, incorruptible even by the seductions of vanity; I habitually think of him in connection with Spinoza almost as much on account of his personal worth as because to him I owe my first acquaintance with the Hebrew thinker. My admiration of him was of that enthusiastic temper which in youth we feel for our intellectual leaders. I loved his weak eyes and low voice; I venerated his intellect. He was the only man I did not contradict in the impatience of argument. An immense pity and a fervid indignation filled me as I came away from his attics in one of the Holborn courts, where I had seen him in the pinching poverty of his home, with his German wife and two little black-eyed children; indignantly I railed against society which could allow so great an intellect to withdraw itself from nobler work and waste the precious hours in mending watches. But he was wise in his resignation, thought I in my young indignation. Life was hard to him, as to all of us; but he was content to earn a miserable pittance by handicraft, and kept his soul serene. I learnt to understand him better when I learnt the story of Spinoza's life.

"Cohn, as may be supposed, early established his supremacy in our club. A magisterial intellect always makes itself felt. Even those who differed from him most widely paid voluntary homage to his power."

Aut Mordecai aut diabolus. Just as Walter Scott merely idealised Rebecca Gratz, the beloved of Washington Irving, into his Rebecca of York, so George Eliot, by the force of her genius, has transformed Kohn into a prophet of the New Exile. Even the omission of the wife and two children (in whose stead we get Mrs. Cohen junior, with Jacob and Adelaide Rebecca) only serves to heighten the isolation which makes the pathos of Mordecai's lot.

But surely the critics had no occa-

sion to doubt the possibility of a Jew like Mordecai at a time when we are still mourning the loss of one who laid down his life for the regeneration of our views of Israel's past as Mordecai sacrificed his for the elevation of our hopes of Israel's future. "I have certain words in my possession," wrote Emanuel Deutsch,¹ "which have been given me that they might be said to others, few or many. . . . I know also that I shall not find peace or rest until I have said my whole say. And yet I cannot do it. And I yearn for things which I see and which might have been mine and would have been blessing and sunshine and the cooling dew to the small germs within me—and yet! and yet!—"

Would that Mr. Deutsch had lived to convince the world in his own burning words that Mordecai is no inert scarecrow of abstractions, but a warm living reality!

We have laid so much stress upon the artistic truth of Mordecai's character because, if this be granted, it is inexplicable that the central incident of the Jewish part of *Daniel Deronda*, the meeting on the bridge between him and Deronda, should have failed to strike readers as perhaps the most remarkable incident in English fiction. If Mordecai has artistic reality we contend that the meeting on the bridge in chapter xl. reaches a tragic intensity which almost transcends the power of the novel, and would perhaps require the manifold emotive inlets of the Wagnerian drama to do it justice: eye, ear, brain, and heart should all be responsive. We boldly deny greater tragic intensity to any incident in Shakespeare. Nor are there wanting signs that the author herself, no contemptible critic of her own productions, sets an equal value on the incident. In the motto prefixed to chapter xxxviii., describing Mordecai's yearnings, she tells us in Brownesque English—

"There be who hold that the deeper

¹ *The Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch* (Murray, 1874), p. xii.

tragedy were a Prometheus bound, not *after*, but *before*, he had well got the celestial fire into the *ράβηξ*, whereby it might be conveyed to mortals. Thrust by the Kratos and Bia of instituted methods into a solitude of despised ideas, fastened in throbbing helplessness by the fatal pressure of poverty and disease—a solitude where many pass by, but none regard."

In other words, George Eliot considers the circumstances of Mordecai's fate to surpass in tragic pathos the most colossal monument of Greek dramatic art. Notice, too, the care with which she leads up to the incident. In chapter xxxvii. we have Deronda coming to the Meyricks at Chelsea to announce to Mirah the forthcoming visit of Klesmer, and the chapter finishes as he is leaving Chelsea. The next chapter (xxxviii.) is filled with a description of Mordecai's yearning for a spiritual successor, and gives us *en passant* a fine picture of the scene of the meeting (iii. 137). We get here in short all we need to understand and sympathise with the final episode of the "book;" but lest we should come upon the fulfilment of the prophecy with too vivid a memory of the author's sublimation of the idea of prophecy, we have interposed, like a comic scene in an Elizabethan tragedy, the magnificent account of Klesmer's visit to the Meyricks in chap. xxxix., which clearly occurred *after* the events described in chapter xl., which takes up the stream of narrative from chapter xxxvii.

It seems to us clear that all this seemingly inartistic transposition of events is intended to make the incident of chapter xl. stand out more sharply into relief. We have the miracle explained away, it is true—the modern analytic spirit requires it—but the author wishes us to forget the explanation, or at least to relegate the intellectual element of chapter xxxviii. to the unconscious background, where it may be ready to assist, though not present to obstruct, emotion. All this care appears to show

the importance attached by the author to the last chapter of book v.

And in itself, apart from what the author may think of it, what a soul-moving incident is there contained! A representative of an ancient world-important people, whose royalty of wrongs makes the aristocracies of Europe appear petty, finds himself clutched by the griping hands of want and death before he can move the world to that vision of the Phoenix-rise of Israel which the prophetic instincts of his race have brought up clear before him. Careless of his own comfort, careless of coming death, he desires only to live anew—as the quasi-Positivist doctrine of the Cabala bids him live—in "minds made nobler by his presence." His prophetic vision pictures to him the very lineaments of his spiritual *alter ego*, whom he pathetically thinks of as differing from himself in all externals, and, as death draws nigh, the very scene of their meeting. And in this nineteenth century, in prosaic London, this inward vision of the poor consumptive Jew is fulfilled to the letter.

Would it be too bold a suggestion if we suspected the author of having typified in the meeting of Deronda and Mordecai that

"One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,"

the meeting of Israel and its Redeemer? In personal characteristics, in majestic gravity (we cannot imagine Deronda laughing), in width of sympathy and depth of tenderness, even in outward appearance, Daniel resembles the great Galilean Pharisee¹ whom all Christendom has accepted as in very truth the Messiah that will restore Judæa to the Holy People. To say the least, the author suggests the audacity in her comparison of the two to the figures of Jesus and the Pharisee in Titian's "Tribute Money."

¹ A friend informs me that Pharisee is derived from פָּרַשׁ, to extend (the law), not from פָּרַשׁ to separate and define it.

We do not remember a single criticism¹ which has referred to this magnificent scene, where to our mind George Eliot's power of representing soul speaking to soul has reached its greatest height. We do not remember a single critic who seemed to think that Mordecai's fate was in any way more pitiful than that of any other consumptive workman with mystic and impossible ideas. What reasons can be given for this defect of sympathy? In addition to the before-mentioned assumption that Mordecai does not possess artistic reality, there has been the emotional obstruction to sympathy with a Jew, and the intellectual element of want of knowledge about modern Judaism. If Mordecai had been an English workman laying down his life for the foundation of some English International with Deronda for its Messiah Lassalle, he would have received more attention from the critics. But a Jew with views involving issues changing the future history of Humanity—"impossible, vague, mystic." Let us not be misunderstood: the past generation of Englishmen has been so generous to Jews that we should be ungrateful if we accused cultured Englishmen of the present day of being *consciously* repelled by the idea of a poor Jew being worthy of admiration. But fifteen centuries of hatred are not to be wiped out by any legislative enactment. No one can say that the fact of a man's being a Jew makes no more difference in other men's minds than if he were (say) a Wesleyan. There yet remains a deep unconscious undercurrent of prejudice against the Jew which conscientious Englishmen have often to fight against as part of that lower nature, a survival of the less perfect development of our ancestors, which impedes the Ascent of Man.

Along with this unconscious Judæo-

phobia there has gone the intellectual element of a tacit assumption that modern Judaism is a lifeless code of ritual instead of a living body of religious truth. Of course the pathos and tragedy of Mordecai's fate depend in large measure on the value of the ideas for which he laid down his life. If he were a crazy believer that the English nation is descended from the lost Ten Tribes, his fate would only deserve a smile of contemptuous pity. Hence the artistic necessity of the philosophic discussion in chapter xlii., where his ideas are explained and defended. Here again we have to complain of the want of sympathy shown by the critics, but perhaps still more of their want of knowledge. Our author devotes the forty-first chapter to a piece of special pleading (really addressed to the reader, though supposed to be a philosophic musing of Deronda's), the outcome of which is that if we want to tell whether an enthusiast is justified in his faith, our only test is knowledge of the subject-matter. And the moral naturally is: study the history of the Jews. Hegel says somewhere—"The heritage a great man leaves the world is to force it to explain him," and we may say the same of a great work of art. But the critics of *Daniel Deronda* have refused to pay the heavy probate duty of wading through the ten volumes or so of Grätz's *Geschichte der Juden* to see whether Mordecai's ideas have anything in them or no: the easier plan was to denounce them as "vague and mystical." If it be contended that the subject is too unfamiliar for ordinary readers, and therefore unsuited for a novel, we may answer that similar reasoning would exalt an Offenbach over a Beethoven. George Eliot has endeavoured to raise the novel to heights where it may treat of subjects hitherto reserved for the Drama or the Epic, but instead of encouragement from English critics she meets with their neglect.

Apart, however, from the intrinsic value of Mordecai's ideas, the discussion

¹ Professor Dowden's article in the *Contemporary Review* for February, which appeared after the above was written, forms an exception with respect to this as to all the other deficiencies of the critics against which we here protest.

would deserve our admiration as a literary *tour de force*. It was the high praise of the Greek philosopher that if the gods spoke Greek they would talk as Plato wrote: may we not say that if Isaiah had spoken English he would have prophesied as George Eliot makes Mordecai speak? We trace in this the influence which the Authorised Version, —with all its inaccuracies, the most living reproduction of the Hebrew Scriptures—has had on our principal writers, notably in the case of so un-biblical a writer as Mr. Swinburne.

And what of the ideas which Mordecai clothes with words as of one whose lips have been touched with coals of burning fire? What vagueness or mystery is there in the grand and simple lines of Jewish policy laid down by Mordecai? Two ideas dominate Mordecai's arguments throughout the discussion. The resumption of the soil of Palestine by the Jews (which has often been proposed by Gentile writers as a solution of the much vexed Eastern Question), and as a consequence the third and final promulgation of the Jewish religion to the world, are sufficiently definite ideas, however large and grand they may be. Even if one disagree with Mordecai's views one may at any rate pay him the respect due to an energetic leader of opposition, and recognise in him the leader of those who refuse to believe that Israel's part in history is played out, and that her future policy should be to amalgamate with the nations as soon as possible, letting her glorious past sink into an antiquarian study instead of living as a perennial spring of political action. Mordecai is not of those who hold that the millennium will come when men shall have arrived at that nicely balanced mediocrity, that the "pale abstract" man shall know his brother from other cosmopolitan beings only by some official badge necessary for distinction. He rather holds that in the world-organism of the nations each nationality will have its special function, Israel, as the Jewish poet-philosopher said, being

the nations' heart.¹ The now-prevailing doctrine of Heredity and the political enthusiasm for Panslavism, Panteutonism, Pan-whatnotism, will have nought to urge against these Panjudaic views. And to our minds Mordecai's is the profounder philosophy of history when he further thinks that the great quarry of religious truth, whence two world-religions have been hewn and shaped, but only into torsos, has yet where-withal to completely fashion the religion of the future. The one theologic dogma of Judaism, the unity of the Godhead (involving, as Mordecai remarks, the unity of mankind), can meet with no harsh reception from the philosophies of the day, imbued as they all are with the monism of the "God-intoxicated Jew." The rationalism of Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, which has undermined mediæval Christianity, now tottering from the attack, merely represents the outcome of a long line of Jewish thought on prophecy, miracles, and the like, and is, in large measure, derived from our *summa theologiæ*, the *Moreh Nebuchim* of Maimonides. Again, reverence for law, as marked a trait of the Jewish spirit as of Roman pride (the Talmud is but a *Corpus Juris*), is another characteristic which Judaism shares with the *Zukunft's Religion*. The divorce between man and the world, which is the disintegrating factor in Christianity, nowhere finds a place in Judaism. Further, the teleologic tendency of the evolution doctrine must find a reason for the miraculous tenacity with which Judaism has clung to life. If, as biologists tell us, life consists in the adaptation of internal forces to the relations of the environment, Judaism, of all religions, has most truly lived, and George Eliot has with due knowledge connected the utterances of Mordecai on Judaism with the problem of the hour, "What

¹ Cusari, ii. 36. Mordecai attributes the saying to Jehuda Halevi; Sephardo in the *Spanish Gypsy*, p. 210, to the *Book of Light*, the Cabalistic book Sohar. It occurs in both. *Vide* Cassel's note *in loco*.

is progress?" In this connection it were interesting to contrast the history of the two religions of civilisation in the ages previous to the Reformation. While Father after Father was crystallising the freethought of Jesus into stony dogma; while Doctor after Doctor was riveting still closer the fetters of reason; Rabbi after Rabbi was adapting tradition to the reason of the time, each, when his task was done, dying with the *shemah*¹ on his lips. Our author has put into the mouth of a Jew one of her noblest passages, describing this progress in Judaism. Sephardo, in the *Spanish Gypsy* (p. 215), speaks thus of the principles of order and progress in the Jewish religion—

"I abide

By that wise spirit of listening reverence
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.
For truth to us is like a living child,
Born of two parents: if the parents part
And will divide the child, how shall it live?
Or I will rather say: Two angels guide
The paths of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
Some Tradition; and her voice is sweet
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which
streams

A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps: memory yields
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our Angel Reason holds. We had not walked,
But for tradition: we walk evermore,
To higher paths by brightening Reason's
lamp."

The pages of that history of rationalism that shall treat of the progress of Jewish theosophy, culminating in the epoch-making thought of Spinoza, will fully bear out the historic truth of the above description. And surely that represents the spirit with which we may expect the religion of the future to be informed.

But the new birth of Judaism and its revelation to the world are, in Mordecai's opinion, indissolubly connected with the new birth of the Jewish race as a nation. "The effect

¹ The assertion of the Divine Unity, *Deut.* vi. 4.

of our separateness," he says, "will not be completed and have its highest transformation unless our race takes on again the character of a nationality." And here again history confirms his views. For the life of Judaism has been connected with the history of Jews in a way such as has been the fate of no other religion. The very name of the religion displays this intimate connection; of all religions Judaism alone has been named after the race of its believers. And it is to this that we may perhaps attribute the peculiar interest that George Eliot has felt for Jews, which we can trace at least as far back as 1864, when the first draft of the *Spanish Gypsy* was written. The two chief interests of the translator of Strauss and the friend of Mr. Herbert Spencer have been the religious consciousness, which she was the first to use for the artistic purposes of the novel, and the influence of hereditary forces, which she first raised into an ethical creed. And Jews are interesting in both connections, exhibiting in the greatest known degree what is to her the highest virtue, fidelity to claims of race. At the same time this relation of believers and creed has been the source of much misconception. No distinction is made in the popular mind between the theological and ethical doctrines of Judaism and the national customs of Jews. It is true that in the biblical times and afterwards the social and religious sanctions were not differentiated, but their *raison d'être* nowadays, apart from the sanitary sanction of many of the customs, is merely the same as that which preserves many family customs among the aristocracies of Europe. It is our national boast to have been the first to proclaim the true God, and the "Swiss Guards of Deism," as Heine wittily calls us, have clothed themselves with such customs as with a uniform. These rites and ceremonies are not essential to the Judaism we have the mission to preach to the world: for Jews are a missionary though not a proselytising people; how-

ever our voices may have hitherto been stifled, we have lived our mission if we have not been permitted to preach it. Those who become Jews in religion need not adopt the Mosaic rites unless they wish to be naturalised as Jews in race. Still the religious trust that has kept the national life throbbing through the centuries has been the conviction that the Messiah who shall spread Judaism to the four corners of the world will be a Jew by race as well as in creed. And Mordecai's views of the resumption of the soil of the Holy Land by the holy people are the only logical position of a Jew who desires that the long travail of the ages shall not end in the total disappearance of the race. For from the times of the Judges periods of prosperity, such as the one upon which the present generation has entered, have been the most perilous for our national life: it is the struggle for national existence that has resulted, we are vain enough to think, in the survival of the fittest missionaries of the true religion. The Sages say, "Israel is like the olive, the more it is pressed, the more copious the oil;" and it is to be feared that the removal of the pressure will result in the cessation of the noble needs that are typified by the oil. Unless some such project as Mordecai has in view be carried out in the next three generations, it is much to be feared that both the national life of Jews and the religious life of Judaism will perish utterly from the face of the earth. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," the scoffers may say; but not surely those in whose veins runs the blood of Israelites, and who have the proud heritage of God's truth to hand down to their children.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that Mordecai's views about the future of Judaism and of Jews have all history and much reason on their side and display those powers of intellectual intuition of the future which the psychological system of Maimonides assigns to the Prophet. And we have perhaps contributed somewhat to an explanation of Deronda's acceptance of his

spiritual inheritance. Like Mordecai, Deronda protests against the "blasphemy of the time," that men should stand by as spectators of life instead of living. But before he meets with Mordecai what noble work in life has this young and cultured Englishman with his thousands a year? This age of unfaith gives no outlet for his deep, spiritual yearnings (nor for those of thousands like him). The old beliefs are gone: the world is godless, and Deronda cannot, for all the critics have said, offer to Gwendolen Grandcourt any consolation in a higher order of things instead of the vague platitudes which alone remain to be offered. Yet there comes to this young ardent soul an angel of the Lord (albeit in the shape of a poor Jew watch-mender) with a burning message, giving a mission in life as grand as the most far-reaching ideal he could have formed. Is it strange that his thirsty soul should have swallowed up the soul of Mordecai, in the Cabalistic way which the latter often refers to? Is it strange that Deronda should not have refused the heritage of his race when offered by the hands of Mirah's brother? But is it not strange that the literary leaders of England should have failed to see aught but unsatisfactory vagueness in all the parts of *Daniel Deronda* which treat of the relations of the hero with Mordecai Cohen? Is it possible that they have failed to see the grandeur and beauty of these incidents because of the lack of that force of imagination necessary to pierce to the pathos of a contemporary tragedy, however powerful their capacity might be to see the romance of a Rebecca of York or the pathos of a Baruch Spinoza?

One possible source of misconception for English readers may be mentioned. Since the time of Moses Mendelssohn the home of spiritual Judaism has been in Germany, and George Eliot, whose pages are informed with the writings of German Jews like Zunz, Geiger, and Grätz, has, with true historic insight attributed Mordecai's spiritual birth to

the teachings of his German uncle. English Judaism is without signs of life: the only working of the spirit, the abortive reform agitation, was due to a similar movement in Germany. And English Jews have themselves much to blame for the neglect that English criticism has shown for Mordecai.

What we have attempted to show has been that the adverse criticism on the Mordecai part of *Daniel Deronda* has been due to lack of sympathy and want of knowledge on the part of the critics, and hence its failure is not (if we must use the word) objective. If a young lady refuses to see any pathos in Othello's fate because she dislikes dark complexions, we blame the young lady, not Shakspeare: and if the critics have refused to see the pathos of Mordecai's fate because he is a Jew of the present day—so much the worse for the critics!

We have not attempted to criticise *Daniel Deronda* as a whole. Whether it errs in the juxtapositions of two parts appealing to such widely diverse interests, or in the position of the hero—which seems to partake of that unstable equilibrium which the proverb assigns to him that sitteth on two stools—or in the frequent introduction

of physiological psychology couched in Spenserian phraseology, we have not cared to inquire. We have only spoken because we have some of the knowledge and all of the sympathy which alone, we contend, are needed to make the Mordecai part of *Daniel Deronda* as great a success as all must acknowledge to have attended the part relating to Gwendolen Harleth. If this be so, the lovers of English literature will have the gratification of knowing that the hand of one of our greatest artists has not lost its cunning in these last days. Indeed, if a higher subject argue higher faculties, the successful treatment of a great world-problem would seem to be an advance on her previous studies of village life.

One word more of explanation. I have spoken throughout the above remarks in the plural, as feeling that most of what I have said would be shared by all Jews who have the knowledge and the sympathy which enable them to recognise in Mordecai Cohen not only the finest representative of their religion and race in all literature, but also the most impressive personality in English fiction.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE opening of Sir Coutts Lindsay's magnificent Gallery in New Bond Street implies something more than a mere addition to the formidable list of annual picture exhibitions. That a picture-gallery on such a scale, and so sumptuously fitted, should be erected by private enterprise, is in itself a fact to be noted: and though some of the decorative detail is rather rich than refined in style; though we may be puzzled by the architectural anomaly of a grand entrance and staircase which seem to lead to nothing; yet having once found our way into the principal room, we cannot but feel that there is something in the impression produced by the pictures, as grouped on these spacious and richly-hung walls, quite alien from that sense of confusion and weariness which the eye experiences in ranging over the closely-packed walls of an average exhibition room. The distribution of the pictures, both on the walls and in the catalogue under artists' names, is something more than a mere matter of arrangement; it indicates that view of the art of painting, not unfamiliar in France (and accepted by ourselves in our estimate of old pictures), which regards a painting in reference to the individuality of the artist rather than to the mere facts of the subject; and this not only in regard to qualities of manipulation, but taking into account also the mental attitude of the artist towards his subject. If only the possibility of this view of painting, as a form of expression of the relation of individual intellect to life and nature, could be thus suggested to some small proportion of our holiday picture-gazers, the Grosvenor Gallery would have had a *raison d'être*. The avowed position of its owner, however, is that his gallery is to represent the best and

most intellectual art of the day; that he invites the contribution only of works of the highest standard, and in such limited number as to avoid all crowding of the walls, and give the gallery the air of a picture saloon in a private palace, rather than of an exhibition filled from the public drag-net.

Certainly this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the attainment of which would seem to be perfectly compatible with that entire absence either of opposition or of devotion to any special school of painting which is earnestly professed at the Grosvenor Gallery. As a matter of fact, however, this first exhibition is to some extent a demonstration in favour of certain modes or fashions of painting (not bound together in such coherency as to constitute a "school") which have not so far found favour in the public eye. Some of those who are recognised in another place, by the initiated and the laity alike, as among our most gifted artists, are here represented only by works painted some time since, for other occasions, and now lent by their present owners. On the other hand, artists who have long since indignantly flicked from their boots the dust of Burlington House (not perhaps without some preliminary invitation so to do) are found here in high state—

"Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats."

Others who may complain of having been fairly (or unfairly) turned out of doors by the recognised institution for promoting Art, are here had in dignity and estimation. Without concluding that the Grosvenor Gallery is intended to be either a nursery of neo-Italian painting, or a casual ward for the

reception of homeless artists, it is impossible to ignore the tendencies illustrated in its opening exhibition.

These are most pointedly displayed, perhaps, in the dedication of one end of the room entirely to the works of Mr. Burne Jones. Since this artist declined public demonstration of his powers, there can be no question that he has achieved a far higher *technique*; as little question, perhaps, that his possible path in art has been more sharply restricted and defined. The painter of *Love Disguised as Reason*, one of the last works of his that was seen at the old Water-Colour Society, might, so far as one could then judge, have taken one of two very different paths; might have developed an art combining latter-day passion or *Sehn-sucht* with something of the intellectual *naïveté* of which Chaucer is the type;¹ or he might, from the point of departure of some other drawings of that period, have developed what might be called the mystical-decorative style. To the latter his scale has inclined; for the *Days of Creation*, mystical in subject, is emphatically decorative painting. An exquisite finish of execution, a richness and harmony of colour, scarcely to be over-rated, we do doubtless see in this painting. But if we attempt to carry our inquiry beyond the external aspect to the thought of the painting, we are brought up at once. In these graceful and melancholy winged figures which stand dreamily holding the symbols of their several offices, there is positively not a thought or a meaning deeper than might furnish matter for a child's Sunday picture-book. There is no attempt at distinctive character or expression in the various figures; their faces have the same gentle vacuity of sentiment; they stand in a row, looking certainly, as is said of the days in Genesis, "very good," and only by the contents of the crystal globes they hold, the last of which exhibits a little

Adam and Eve, do we find out what they are severally intended to symbolise. Putting out of question the light in which the Mosaic account of creation is now regarded by most educated persons, it seems incredible that in the present day a grown man should paint, for grown men and women to look at, anything so infantile in sentiment as this; should bestow all this beauty of colour and manipulation upon such a piece of child's scenery. Were these panels a "predella" to some great ideal painting, we might accept them as embodying that degree of symbolism which would afford a suitable decorative adjunct to the principal work; we might even conclude that this alone is their intention, but for comparison with the painting beside them, *Venus' Mirror*. But here, in a painting of quite a different scope, intended to represent no angels or genii, but terrestrial women, we find the same type of face as in the angels of the *Days*; the same dreamy vacuity of expression, the same type of mouth which is the peculiar delight of certain painters and their critics, who will describe it for you as "moulded by passive potentialities of passion," or "full-blown with illimitable desire." Quitting however, these inexplicable females who, in front of a landscape mapped out with conventional regularity, gaze with such unaccountable agony of solemnity on the reflection of their own faces in the pond, we gladly recognise in some of the larger symbolical figures a more masculine and healthy feeling. *Fides* is a noble design, though in a somewhat conventional style; and in the unfinished *Sibyl* there is a freedom of action and expression, and a largeness of manner which seem to promise that the artist, if he can shake himself free from the affected sentimentalism which has beset his genius, may yet rise above decorative painting.

A word in reply to that lifting of the eyebrows which will be the comment on the last remark, on the part of those who do continually affirm that

¹As, to a certain limited extent, Mr. Morris has succeeded in combining them in poetry.

all painting is decorative, and that only under such a character does the art achieve its highest aims and capabilities. Such an axiom, reduced to its plain meaning, probably intends to infer that a majority of the productions of the great age of Italian painting, omitting the Venetian school (a pretty considerable exception), were painted on walls and ceilings, and as part of the decoration of buildings, and not as things complete in themselves; and the moral drawn is—if we would produce equal results, let us go and do likewise. Something no doubt may be said for the idea of bringing this art more home to the people at large by making it more a part of the decoration of our public buildings; though even here it would be rash to count on thus awakening the same kind of naïve and unaffected interest in such an art, as was natural when the middle and lower class mind was so much more shut out from literary and other intellectual interests than is now the case. As to the further corollary which seems to be implied, that we have no great art now because we paint on canvas—let us paint on wet plaster instead, and we shall be sure to have a great style; of people who reason thus we can only conclude, as Canning did of those who professed to like dry champagne, that “they would say anything.” The idea of greater dignity supposed to belong to what is called decorative painting is a fallacy. That is, for all intellectual purposes, the greatest painting which has in itself the most complete individuality and intensity of poetic expression, independent of its surroundings. To say that it cannot exercise its highest influence on us, unless forming a portion of a scheme of mural decoration, is as rational as to say that Tennyson or Browning cannot come home to our minds with their full meaning unless we have their words engraved on the walls instead of being bound up in volumes.

Flanking the wall devoted to the works of Mr. Burne Jones, we find

some singular productions which seem to be the ghosts of the early Renaissance revived. One painter gives us a modern Pinturicchio. Another imparts a certain colour of his own to figures in the draperies and the manner of Botticelli, and in looking at his painting of *Love and the Maiden*, we at least share the wonder of the latter at the sight of the remarkable youth before her, who, from the perspective relation of his legs to the tree trunks on either side of him, must be straddling his limbs in a manner which would make his front view still more remarkable. Next to this we find a starved, bloodless, nude figure, with oakum hair, which we are invited to accept as the mother of the human race. Such an art as this reminds one of the dead crew who rose again to work the ship of the Ancient Mariner. That the figures here are more naïve, more at variance with the ideal of the subject represented, than in many productions of fifteenth-century art which are justly admired, need not be implied; but what was “childlike” in the earlier days of art becomes only “childish” when revived in the face of our present culture; and between the two epithets there lies a whole world of meaning.

Turning to the portion of the walls occupied by Mr. Whistler, while still among the singularities of the exhibition, we are in a more healthy atmosphere. Mr. Whistler’s art is at least no echo of anything else; it expresses his own artistic idiosyncrasy. If we fail to find sufficient motive for painting, on a scale of life size, what may be called phantoms of figures, we at least feel that these are genuine as far as they go; and that the idea of painting the general impression of a figure rather than its accidental details of costume is logically comprehensible. The figure of the girl in white is full of character and feeling; and the slightly-painted dress is no mere bundle of drapery; it is filled with the figure, in a manner testifying to that power of draughtsmanship to

which the artist's life-studies and other drawings bear witness more fully. His *Nocturnes* are again in the debateable land; they can hardly be called nature; they are rather accidents of effect to which everything else is sacrificed. This, though reasonable enough within limits, brings us to a region hardly convenient to dwell in; the air is too thin. As Samuel Johnson said of certain literary vagaries—"Nothing odd will do for long;" a dictum which must apply to this phase of the art of Mr. Whistler; who has, however, other props already for his artistic fame, and a long career, let us hope, in which to embody the suggestions of his genius in less fleeting and insubstantial forms. That he can do so is amply proved by his admirable painting of Mr. Carlyle which hangs in the vestibule, and which may be called one of the most strongly characteristic of contemporary portraits.

The works of Mr. Holman Hunt in the gallery are not among his most important, but they are sufficiently characteristic of his practice to suggest certain reflections. If in Mr. Whistler's works we seem to have the soul of painting with but little of the body, in the works of Mr. Hunt we have the body without the soul. That he is a remarkable phenomenon in contemporary English art no one with any sense or perception in regard to painting would think of questioning. Such a production as his *Afterglow* is a triumph of realistic force such as only the rarest insight into the relation of pigments to light, and the most intense and concentrated assiduity, could attain to. But his art seems to stop at the outsides of things. The body is there, brilliant, forcible, glowing; but where is the informing soul? It is worth while to contrast his smaller painting of *An Italian Girl* with the half-length of a girl by Mr. Leslie, under the title *Palm Blossom*, which hangs nearly opposite. In Mr. Hunt's painting the outside of the girl is there unquestionably, down even to the minute wrinkles on her lips; and the

dress is a beautiful harmony of low tones. But of the expression, the character of the child, there is nothing: she turns up to us mechanically a dull, carefully-painted face, with every wrinkle of the skin studied, and that is all; while Mr. Leslie's little girl, though a painting, let it be admitted, of far less force and individuality in a certain sense (for execution and colour such as Mr. Hunt's are hard facts that claim their full value), has a real life and character looking through her features. Of humour Mr. Hunt does not seem to have a shred, in his painting at least; witness *The Lantern-maker's Courtship*, in which the mechanical clockwork action of the figure contrasts with the intended humour of the incident in a manner almost painful in its incongruity. It is of no use—despite of such unremitting zeal, of specially-arranged exhibitions, and the support of a large portion of the press, Mr. Hunt and his not too discreet or reticent admirers will not persuade the world that this is the highest kind of thing to be looked for from painting, unless we are to regard the art as consisting in mere imitative realism; a theory which, in the eyes of some persons, would apparently be considered as involving no sacrifice of any kind. Indeed, those who have taken note of the kind of temper in which the claims of this artist to unquestioning veneration are upheld, the restricted mental culture and the bigotry of assertion which go hand-in-hand in this worship, may be excused if they hardly find themselves attracted to the shrine of the painter by the nature of the incense burned before him.

Of the paintings which represent the names of Poynter, Millais, and Tadmara, there is less call to speak, their respective standing and position in contemporary art being little questioned or open to question, while the works exhibited here under their names scarcely illustrate their highest or most characteristic powers: the small pictures by Mr. Poynter contain, indeed, some of his most beautiful

work ; but these, like nearly all the works of these three painters in the gallery, are of earlier date, and lent by the present owners. But Mr. Watts contributes a recent painting of great power, and which alone, perhaps, of all the works exhibited here, can merit the title of a great picture. A greatness of style is perceptible, as was observed, in two of the larger figures of Mr. Burne Jones ; but in Mr. Watts's *Love and Death* there is a grand and impressive idea, appealing to our imaginative faculty as well as to our sense of form and colour, shadowing forth one of the profoundest enigmas of life, and embodied with a sombre grandeur worthy of the subject. There is something that sends a chill through us in the sight of this heavily-draped, slow-moving, portentous figure, which advances irresistibly towards the entrance, as we may say, of the House of Life, its back to the spectator, the terror of its countenance only to be guessed from the reflected agony of protest and repulse in the action of the rosy winged boy who is ready to sink under his doom. The figures are in one sense supernatural, but it is noticeable how Mr. Watts's supernatural differs from that of his "opposite" at the further extremity of the room. Mr. Burne Jones's angels are supernatural in virtue of the elimination of every characteristic of human feeling or passion ; Mr. Watts's figures represent moods of human feeling in its most intense and concentrated ideal expression. Before a picture like this we feel that painting can still do something for us intellectually ; can quicken our deepest sympathies, and stir our profoundest emotions, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."¹

Mr. Richmond's *Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon* is also a work of high and imaginative aim, but one in regard to which we cannot help at once per-

¹ May it be suggested, though doubtfully and with deference, whether there is not an oversight in perspective, by which the left leg of the figure representing "Love" is made to ap-

pear too long ? If the line of the ankle down to the heel (partially hid by the right leg) be followed out by the eye, and compared with the perspective distance between the two feet of the figure on the pavement, it certainly appears that the lower part of this limb must be of disproportionate length. If it be so, it is a small blemish in a great work, easily corrected : if those more learned in technicalities of drawing decide that there is nothing wrong, so much the better.

Among those whose works are largely represented in the gallery is Mr. Legros, than whom no one exhibits a style more manly, sincere, and unpretending. His *Le Chaudronnier* is a painting which at once compels our respect by its simple truthfulness and straightforwardness of style. This and the other larger works of this artist are not, however, exhibited by himself ; his own contributions comprise a landscape and four studies of heads painted before the Slade school class in the course of his duties as instructor, and which are full of spirit and character. In the larger works there is a certain deficiency, a dulness of tone and a too uniform quiescence in the figures, which cannot but be felt as a shortcoming ; and it is in fact, so far, by this artist's studies and especially by his etchings, that we know how forcible he can be. Possibly he may transplant this force and vivacity in time into his larger works, which only require some such brightening up as that

pear too long ? If the line of the ankle down to the heel (partially hid by the right leg) be followed out by the eye, and compared with the perspective distance between the two feet of the figure on the pavement, it certainly appears that the lower part of this limb must be of disproportionate length. If it be so, it is a small blemish in a great work, easily corrected : if those more learned in technicalities of drawing decide that there is nothing wrong, so much the better.

would imply, to render them works of very high interest, as they are already of very solid and enduring merit. Then there is Mr. A. Moore, another painter with a marked individuality, whose principal contributions here represent his peculiar qualities,—grace of form, very fine drawing, and most delicate combinations of colour in decorative drapery, —in perfection; a perfection, however, which has rather restricted aims, and moves within narrow bounds. Indeed, the artist has not apparently claimed in general to be more than a painter of the outward graces of elegant figure, and subtle tones of colour; he generally gives his beautiful little works some merely conventional distinctive title, “pansies,” “beads,” and so on. In the present case one figure holds a book closed in the hand, and is entitled *The End of the Story*: a title which rather unfortunately forces upon our attention the limits of his art. Such a title naturally excites our interest; we expect to see in the expression of the figure something that may suggest to our imagination the nature of the story and of its effect on the reader. But Mr. Moore gives us nothing of this. His figure is a graceful woman, charmingly draped, and she holds a book; but that is all that he tells us. The larger figure, *Sapphires*, is evidently finished *con amore*, and is so perfect in its delicate physical charm of contour and colour as to tempt us for the moment to forget that we may tire of an art, however lovely, which makes little appeal to the intellect and none to the emotions.

Of the collection in the smaller room there is not much to suggest special comment, except the fact that a usually very realistic French painter of modern English society has suddenly taken to allegory, and that it is to be earnestly hoped he will find out his mistake before going any further with it. As to his portrayal of the English “Meess,” M. Tissot has at least got over the prejudice of his countrymen in regard to the looks and

dress of our countrywomen; he portrays a certain type of girl, the style of the figure, the sit of the dress, to perfection: but why this type of girl always? That there are young women to be found, even among those who rank socially as “ladies,” so “dressy,” so inanely handsome, so pert and essentially vulgar in expression, we unfortunately know; that an artist desirous of painting “society” in England should perversely select this disagreeable type for illustration is not altogether creditable either to his taste as an artist or his truthfulness as an illustrator. It would be hardly courteous to quit the Grosvenor Gallery without a word for the fine portrait by Sir Coutts Lindsay himself, of Lady Lindsay; a full-length figure holding a violin; a work combining considerable individuality in expression with a rich, though not obtrusive, decorative effect. The portrait of the same lady by Mr. Watts, apparently at a considerably earlier date, also appears; a portrait full of life and energy, and very fine in colour. Sculpture is but scantily represented. Mr. Maclean’s *Ione* (presumably the heroine of *The Last Days of Pompeii*) has fine qualities, and is in a pure and sculpturesque style: and we cannot but contrast the advantageous circumstances under which such a figure is seen here, in the midst of a large and handsomely furnished room, with the conditions under which sculpture is exhibited at the Academy rooms. The little sculpture gallery at the Grosvenor rooms is unfortunately too narrow, but here also the conditions of sculptural effect, in regard to lighting and accessories, have been kept in view.

The comparative absence of landscape from the collection is a deficiency to be regretted. The paintings of this class are few in number, and no one of them can be said to be really important. But landscape is so peculiarly the modern form of the art, that in which the greatest things have been accomplished almost within the present generation, that no exhi-

bition of contemporary painting can be thought at all complete which does not adequately represent what is being aimed at and accomplished in landscape painting.

If the Grosvenor Gallery can be made to realise the object which has been professed, of providing an annual exhibition of high-class pictures only, arranged effectively and without crowding, it will be an inestimable boon. We have far too many promiscuous exhibitions for real enjoyment, and the sense gets absolutely wearied with ranging over the waste of common-places among which the good things at Burlington House are disposed. It cannot be said that commonplace, and even worse, is unrepresented in the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Dire things are to be found there; but the principal gallery is kept fairly clear of them; and even the eccentricities which figure there have some aim beyond that of painting the first thing that comes to hand, "because they find it so, and like it somehow," which has been said to be specially characteristic of English artists. But it is impossible to overlook the presence of an element of eccentricity, the prominence given to types of painting which form the special *cultus* of small groups of worshippers who offer up a blind admiration, each to their own special high priest. There is far too much at present of this private clique spirit in connection with painting in England. An artist declines public notice, and shows his productions only as a special favour to a special circle, who kiss the hem of his garment and see nothing but perfection in his work; and if we inquire, why this mystery and pri-

vacy? we are gravely rebuked, and asked on what principle an artist is bound to make public his work at all. To which the simple answer is that all genuine and robust human genius seeks the light of day; craves, in obedience to what in lofty irony has been defined for all time as "that last infirmity of noble minds," for the suffrage of mankind, for the "applause and universal shout" which stir the blood and confirm the hopes of him

"Who thinks he hath done well in people's eyes."

From one point of view, therefore, it is a step in the right direction, that some of these specialists in painting have in this case come out of their concealment and appealed to a more public verdict: and it is much to be regretted, in the real interests of art, that one remarkable painter whose praise is loud on the lips of those who are admitted to familiarity with his works, should not have availed himself of the same opportunity: for most assuredly it is only in the great air of life that a great and healthy art can grow and flourish. Only let it be urged that this very end would be defeated if the new exhibition were to be made a field for the especial display of artistic eccentricities, however brilliant; and that if the Grosvenor Gallery is to hold the position and exercise the healthy influence on contemporary painting which has been professed and hoped for, it must be by promoting the art which appeals to the widest sympathies and culture of the educated world, rather than by enabling certain limited circles of *dilettanti* to indulge each in its favourite flavour of caviare.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

COLONIA CAMULODUNUM.¹

THE history of the town in which we are now met, as far as it concerns the general history of the island, belongs mainly to three distinct periods; and, in two of these, Colchester, placed as it is in the extreme east end of the island, has a singular historical connexion with events which went on at the same time in the western parts of the island. In strictly English history, the time when Colchester plays its really most important part is in the tenth and eleventh centuries. But on the surface of history, as history is commonly written, the name of Colchester stands out in greater prominence at an earlier and at a later date, in the first century of our æra and in the seventeenth. To most minds Colchester will be the town which was overthrown by Boadicea, and which was taken by Fairfax. The events of the intermediate age have had more direct bearings on the real destinies of the English kingdom and nation; but it is the earlier and later dates which have most firmly fixed themselves in popular memory. And, both at the earlier and at the later date, there is a singular historical connexion between Colchester and the land in which it stands, and a widely distant part of Britain. It seems a wide step indeed from the land of the Silures to the land of the Trinobantes, from Morganwg to Essex, from British Cardiff to Saxon Colchester. And yet there are points of connexion between the two lards and the two spots. Colchester has in its earlier days a privilege

which is shared by no other city or borough of England. The first beginnings of its history are not to be found in British legend or in English annals; they are recorded by the pen of the greatest historian of Rome. It is in the pages of Tacitus himself that we read of the foundation of that veteran colony which, swept away in its first childhood by the revolted Briton, rose again to life, first to be emphatically the Colony of Rome, and to become in after days the fortress which the men of the East-Saxon land wrested by their own swords from the grasp of the invading Dane. But, in the very page in which he records the beginnings of the Trinobantine colony, he brings that colony, into a strange, and at first sight puzzling, connexion with movements in the far Silurian land. Later on in his Annals, he has to record the overthrow of the new-born colony, the first of all the sieges of Colchester. His narrative of that stage of British affairs brings in in its first clause a name which, in legend at least if not in history, is held to be preserved in the name of the greatest fortress of Morganwg. Before Tacitus can tell us how much Suetonius did in the east of Britain, he has first to tell us how little Didius had done in the west. Now this same Didius is, at least by a legendary etymology, said to have given his name to *Caerdydd*, the fortress of Didius, as a more certain etymology sees, in the name of the town where we are met, the name of the fortress of the Colony. If then there be any truth in the popular etymology of Cardiff, the beginnings of Cardiff and of Colchester must be dated from nearly the same time. And, even without trusting too much to

¹ Read at the opening of the Historical Section of the Archaeological Institute at Colchester, August 1st, 1876. Some of the purely personal and local references have been cut short.

so doubtful a legend, we at least find the land of the Silures and the land of the Trinobantes brought close together in our earliest glimpse of both. The foundation of a Roman colony in the east, is directly connected in the narrative of Tacitus with patriotic movements in the west. Alike in the days of Boadicea and in the days of Fairfax, warfare in the Silurian and in the Trinobantine land has to be recorded in the same page. In the royalist revolt of which the fall of Colchester was the last stage, no part of the island took a greater share than the land to which whose earliest revolt Colchester was first founded.

When the royal standard was again unfurled at Colchester, it had but lately been hauled down at Chepstow; it was still floating over Pembroke. And one of the fortresses of the land of Morganwg, one of the lowlier castles which surround the proud mound and keep of Robert Fitzhamon, saw perhaps the last encounter in that last stage of the civil war which even local imagination can venture to dignify with the name of battle. The fight of St. Fagans does not rank in English history along with the fights of Marston and Naseby: and the siege of Colchester, with all its deep interest, military, local, and personal, can hardly, in its real bearing on English history, be placed on a level with the siege of Bristol. Yet the siege of Colchester and the war in South Wales were parts of one last and hopeless struggle. The remembrance of its leaguers and skirmishes lives in local memory there as keenly as the last siege of Colchester lives in local memory here. And if the name of Fairfax may be bracketed in the East with the name of Suetonius Paullinus, in the West the name of Oliver Cromwell has left but small room for the memory of Aulus Didius.

Throughout the earliest stage of the history of the two districts their historical connexion is as clear as it is strange. I am not going here to give a complete history of Colchester or of Essex, or to dispute at large on any minute

points of controversy. I presume however that I may at least assume that Camulodunum is Colchester and not any other place, in the kingdom of the East-Saxons or out of it. I feel sure that, if I had any mind so to do, my East-Saxon hearers would not allow me to carry the Colony of the Veterans up to Malton in Yorkshire; and I certainly cannot find any safe or direct road to guide them thither. I trust too that there may be no civil war in the East-Saxon camp, that no one may seek to wile away the veteran band from the banks of Colne to the banks of Panta. Maldon has its own glories: its name lives for ever in the noblest of the battle-songs of England; but I at least can listen to no etymologies which strive to give a Roman origin to its purely English name. Let more minute philologists than I am explain the exact force of the first syllable alike in Northumbrian Malton and in East-Saxon Maldon. Both cannot be contractions of Camulodunum; what one is the other must surely be; one is the town, the other the hill, of whatever the syllable common to both may be taken to be. I at least feel no doubt that it is the town in which we are now met which has the unique privilege of having its earliest days recorded by the hand of Tacitus.

But if it is Tacitus who records the foundation of the colony, it is not in what is left to us of his pages that we find our first mention of the name of Camulodunum. That unlucky gap in his writings, which every scholar has to lament, sends us for the first surviving appearance of the name to the later, but far from contemptible, narrative of Dio: Claudius crossed into Britain, and went as far as Camulodunum, the royal dwelling-place of Cynobellinus. That royal dwelling-place he took, and, on the strength of that and of the other events of his short campaign in the island which men looked on as another world, he enlarged the *pomærium* of Rome and brought the Aventine within the sacred precinct.

Whether the royal dwelling-place of Cynobellinus stood on the site which was so soon to become the Roman colony, I do not profess to determine. The Roman town often arose on a spot near to but not actually on the British site. Roman Dorchester—if any trace of it be left—looked up on the forsaken hill-fort of the Briton on Sinodun. Roman Lindum came nearer to the brink of its steep hill than the British settlement which it supplanted. I do not pretend to rule what may be the date or purpose of the earthworks at Lexden.¹ All that I ask is that I may not be constrained to believe in King Coel's kitchen. But wherever the British settlement was, I cannot bring myself to believe that the site of the colony was other than the site of the present town. It was a site well suited for a military post, fixed on a height which, in this flatter eastern land, is not to be despised; it approaches in some faint measure to the peninsular position of Shrewsbury, Bern, and Besançon. On this site then the Colony of Veterans was founded while Claudius still reigned. When he had taken his place among the gods—Seneca to be sure had another name for the change in him—the temple of the deified conqueror arose within the site which the Roman occupied to hold down the conquered people. And now comes the difficulty, the strange relation in which two such distant parts of Britain as Camulodunum and the land of the Silures appear in the narrative of Tacitus. The Iceni are subdued; the Cangi have their lands harried; the Brigantes submit. But in the East and in the West, by the banks of the eastern and of the western Colne, another spirit reigns. The Silures, the people of Caradoc, still hold out. Neither gentle-

ness nor sternness will move them; nothing short of regular warfare, regular establishment of legionary camps, can bow those stubborn necks to the yoke. With a view to this warfare in the West, the Colony of Veterans is planted in the East. Some have therefore carried Camulodunum elsewhere—though assuredly matters are not much mended by carrying it into Yorkshire—others, more daring still, have sought to depreciate the authority of Tacitus himself. But, as I read the passage, though the connexion is perhaps a little startling, though the wording is perhaps a little harsh, the general meaning seems plain. In order that the legions and their camps might be more easily established among the threatening Silures, a feebler defence was provided for the conquered Trinobantes. As I understand the terse phrases of the historian, the legions were removed from the East for the war with Caradoc, and a colony of veterans was thought enough to occupy a land where little danger was feared. How little danger was feared, how thoroughly the land was held to be subdued, appears from the defenceless state of the colony eleven years after. The colonists lived at their ease, as if in expectation of unbroken peace. The town was un-walled; the only citadel, the “*arx æternæ dominationis*,” was the temple of the deified conqueror. The mission of the veterans was less to fight than to civilize their barbarian neighbours. They were sent there indeed as “*subsidiū adversus rebelles*”; but they were sent there also “*imbuendis sociis ad officia legum*.” Sterner work than this had to be done among the hills where Caradoc was in arms; but those who founded the un-walled colony hardly dreamed that, before long, work no less stern was to be done there also. They little dreamed what feats of arms were to be done upon the Roman as well as by him, in the land which they had deemed so thoroughly their own that its capital hardly needed warlike defences against an enemy.

For eleven years the colonists lived a

¹ It has been suggested that the extensive earthworks to be seen at Lexden are part of a system which took in the site both of an older and a later Camulodunum, a system belonging to the time of British resistance to Teutonic invasions. They would be a defence raised against the East-Saxons, as Wareham and Wallingford are defences raised against the West-Saxons.

merry life, the life of conquerors settled upon the lands of their victims. The dominion of law which the veterans set up at Camulodunum did not hinder the conquering race from seizing the lands and houses of the natives, and insulting them with the scornful names of slaves and captives. Such doings are not peculiar to the dominion of the Roman; but it does say something for the Roman, as distinguished from the oppressors of our own day, that it is from a Roman historian that we learn the evil deeds of his countrymen. Tacitus neither conceals nor palliates the wrongs which led to the revolt of eastern Britain, as wrongs of the same kind still lead to revolts before our own eyes, as they always will lead to revolts as long as such deeds continue to be done. Crime was avenged by crime, as crime ever will be avenged, till men unlearn that harsh rule which excuses the wanton oppression of the tyrant and bids men lift up their hands in holy horror when his deeds are returned on himself in kind. Fearful indeed was the vengeance of the revolted Briton: but when he used the cross, the stake, the flame, against his oppressors, he was but turning their own instruments of civilization against themselves.

The tale is one of the most familiar, one of the most stirring, in that history of the former possessors of our island which so often passes for the history of ourselves. We see the British heroine, as we might now see some matron of Bosnia or Bulgaria, calling on the men of her race to avenge her own stripes, her outraged daughters, the plundered homes of the chiefs of her people, the kinsfolk of their king dealt with as the bondmen of the stranger. But we are concerned with Boadicea, her wrongs and her vengeance, only as they concerned the Colony of Veterans at Camulodunum. The tale is told with an Homeric wealth of omen and of prodigy. The statue of Victory fell backwards; strange sounds were heard in the theatre and in the senate-house; frantic women

sang aloud that the end was come. The men of the defenceless colony, and the small handful of helpers sent by Catus Decianus, guarded by no ditch or rampart, defended the temple of Claudius for two days till town and temple sank before the assaults of the avengers. So the first Camulodunum fell, in one mighty flame of sacrifice, along with the two other great settlements of the Roman on British ground. London, not adorned like Camulodunum with colonial rank, but already the city of ships, the place where, as in after days, the merchants of the earth were gathered, fell along with the veteran colony. So too fell Verulam, doomed again to arise, again to fall, and to supply out of its ruins the materials for the vastest of surviving English minsters. All fell, as though the power of Rome beyond the ocean was forever broken. But their fall was but for a moment; the sword of Suetonius won back eastern Britain to the bondage and the slumber of the Roman Peace. The towns that the Britain had burned and harried again arose: a new colony of Camulodunum, this time fenced in with all the skill of Roman engineering, again grew up. It grew up to live on through four unrecorded centuries, carefully marked in maps and Itineraries, but waiting for a second place in history till the days when Roman and Briton had passed away, when the Saxon Shore had become a Saxon shore in another sense from that in which it bears that name in the Domesday of the tottering Empire.

The Roman then passed away from the Colony of Veterans, as he passed away from the rest of Britain. But in the Colony of Veterans he left both his works and his memory behind him. When I say that he left his works, do not fancy that I mean that he left the temple of Claudius behind him. On the grotesque delusion which mistook a Norman castle for a Roman temple I might not have thought it needful to waste a word. Only, when I was last at Colchester, I saw, written up in the castle itself, such names as

"Adytum," "Podium," and the like, implying that there was still somebody in Colchester who believed the story. Perhaps there was also somebody who believed that the earth was flat, and that the sun was only a few miles from it. The scientific antiquary will give exactly as much attention to the one doctrine as the scientific astronomer will give to the other. Of the two stories I should be more inclined to believe in old King Coel, in his fiddlers, and even in his kitchen. Yet I have come too lately from the Illyrian land, my mind is too full both of its past and of its present history, to let me believe that Helen the mother of Constantine was the daughter of Coel of Colchester. The strange likeness between the names of the river and the settlement, between the *Colne* and the *Colony*, accidental as it doubtless is, is, if not a puzzle, at least a coincidence. But King Coel will be at once sent by the comparative mythologist to the same quarters as Hellen and Romulus and Francus the son of Hector. Saint Helen, says Henry of Huntingdon, surrounded Colchester with walls. So she did many things at Trier which the last and most scientific historian of Trier is pulling to pieces in a way which must grievously shock some of his brethren. I trust then that I shall not shock anybody in Colchester by disbelieving in old King Coel. I do not think that I shocked anybody in Exeter by declining to believe that, when Vespasian marched off to besiege Jerusalem, it was because he was bent upon taking some city, and had found Exeter too strong for him.

But the walls are there, whoever built them, the walls which, at some date between the invasion of Boadicea and the invasion of the first East-Saxon settlers, were raised to shelter the Colony. And even the legend of Helen may be taken as pointing to the age of Constantius and Constantine as the most likely time for their building. Those walls are, as far as I have seen, unique among the inhabited towns of Britain. Neither York nor

Lincoln nor Exeter, nor even Chester, can boast of being still girded by her Roman walls in anything like the same perfection in which Colchester is. Nowhere else in Britain, save in fallen Anderida and Calleva, have I ever seen the line of the old defences so thoroughly complete. But unluckily it is the line only. While the circuit of the walls is so much more perfect than at York and Lincoln, the fragments which still remain at York and Lincoln have kept much more of their ancient masonry than can be found at Colchester. Still Colchester can show far more than can be seen at Chester, where, though the Roman lines are all but as perfectly followed by the later defences, little is left of the actual Roman wall beyond its foundations. As the abiding wall of a still inhabited town, the Roman wall of Colchester is, I repeat, unique in Britain. And a Roman wall I do not scruple to call it. In so calling it, I am far from meaning to rule that the whole circuit of the existing wall actually dates from the time of Roman occupation. I have no doubt that the lines are the Roman lines; I have no doubt that part of the wall is the actual Roman wall. But I have just as little doubt that it has been in many places patched and rebuilt over and over again; one great time above all of patching and rebuilding is recorded in the days of Eadward the Unconquered. But the wall has a higher historic interest, it becomes a more living witness of Roman influence, from the very fact that much of it is not actually of Roman date. This very fact shows, far more clearly, far more strikingly, how the arts and the memory of Rome lived on. Whatever be the date of any part of the walls, they are Roman; they are built *more Romano*. It is at Colchester as it is at Trier, as it is at Perigueux, as it is in a crowd of other places where the influence of Roman models had struck deep. In places of this kind the Roman construction lived on for ages. Here in Colchester we have actual bricks of Roman date in the places where the Roman engineer

laid them. We have bricks of Roman date used up again in the construction of later buildings. And we have bricks, not of Roman date but of thoroughly Roman character, made afresh at all times at least down to the fifteenth century. Here, where brick and timber were of necessity the chief materials for building, the Roman left his mark upon the bricks as in some other parts of Britain he left his mark upon the stones. Northern England reproduced the vast stones of the Roman wall in a crowd of buildings built *more Romano*, with masonry of massive stones. With such stones again, no less *more Romano*, did Æthelstan rebuild the walls of Exeter. Here at Colchester Roman models were no less faithfully followed; but here the *mos Romanus* naturally took the form of brick, and to build *more Romano* meant to build with brick and not with stone. It meant to build with bricks, either taken from some Roman building or cast in close imitation of those which the Roman buildings supplied. In this sense the castle of Eudo Dapifer may be called a Roman building. So may the one tower of Primitive Romanesque to be found in Colchester, which, while other towers of its type are of stone, reproduces in material as well as in form the campaniles of Italy. So may Saint Botolph's priory, second only to Saint Albans as an instance of Roman materials, not so much taught to assume new shapes, as brought back to their true Roman use before Italy began her imitation of the arts of Greece. But the walls are Roman in a yet stricter sense than any of the other buildings around them. They are the old walls of the Colony, in many places patched, in some, we may believe, actually rebuilt. But they have undergone no change which at all destroys their personal identity. The wall is not an imitation, a reproduction, of a Roman wall; it is the Roman wall itself, with such repairs, however extensive, as the effects of time and of warfare have made needful. The walls of Colchester are Roman walls in

the sense in which the walls of Rome are the walls of Aurelian.

We come then to a time when the walls of the Colony were still standing, but when the legions of Rome were no longer marshalled to defend them. Was there ever a time when those walls stood, as the walls of Bath and Chester once stood, as the walls of Anderida and Calleva still stand, with no dwelling-place of men within them? That question I will not undertake to answer. I think I remember that, in one of his scattered papers and lectures—when will they come together to make the History of the English Conquest of Britain?—the great master of those times, the discoverer of early English history, told us that of all the towns of England there was none more likely than Colchester to have been continuously inhabited through British, Roman, British, and English days. If I am right in thinking that Dr. Guest said this, he doubtless had some weighty reason for saying it. I have not myself lighted on any direct evidence either for or against such a proposition. It is only in a very few cases that we have any direct evidence as to the fate of this or that particular town during the progress of the English Conquest. And of the circumstances under which the kingdom of the East-Saxons came into being, we know absolutely nothing. The Chronicles are silent; no legend, no fragment of ancient song, is preserved to us by Henry of Huntingdon. We have nothing but a dry list of princes, and that given, as might seem at first sight, in two contradictory forms. We hear of Æscwine as the first founder of the East-Saxon settlement; we find his remote descendant Sleda spoken of as the first East-Saxon king. In this I see no contradiction. The story of the growth of Essex is doubtless much the same as the story of the growth of East-Anglia and of the two Northumbrian kingdoms. Several scattered Teutonic settlements were gradually united under a more powerful chief; he then deemed himself great enough, as the head of a nation and

no longer the head of a mere tribe, to take upon himself the kingly title. Such was Ida in Bernicia; such, we may believe, was Sleda in Essex. But we have no trustworthy details of the East-Saxons and their kings till their conversion to Christianity in the beginning of the seventh century. We have no trustworthy mention of the town of Colchester till the wars of Eadward the Unconquered in the tenth. All that we can say is that the Colony on the Colne, like the Colony on the Rhine, kept its name. One was Colonia Camulodunum; one was Colonia Agrippina; but *Colonia* was name enough to distinguish either. Latin *Colonia* became British *Caer Collun*; and *Caer Collun* appears in every list as one of the great cities of Britain. British *Caer Collun* passed into English *Colneceaster*, with no change beyond that which the genius of the British and English languages demanded. In British and in English alike it remains the city of the colony. From this preservation of the name I argue, as I have argued in the case of the one English city whose name ends with the title with which the name of Colchester begins, the sister colony of Lindum,¹ that, if Camulodunum ever was, like Deva, "a waste *chester*" it was only for a very short time. I inferred from the fact that Lindum Colonia kept its name in the form of English Lincoln, that, if Lindum Colonia ever lay in the state of a waste *chester*, it was but for a very short time. It was settled again and named again while the memory of its old name and its old rank were still fresh. And I make the same inference in the case of Colchester, though with one degree less of certainty, because I must stand ready to have it thrown in my teeth that the town is called, not from the Roman colony, but from the river Colne. Here is a point on which each man must judge for himself. I cannot get over the succession of *Colonia*, *Caer Collun*, *Colneceaster*. I feel that it

is awkward to say that the likeness of the name of the colony and of the river is purely accidental: it would be more awkward still to hint that the river may have taken its name from the colony. But the colony is a fact; the retention of its name is a fact; and, in the face of those facts, all that I can do is to leave the river to shift for itself.

It seems likely then that, whether Colchester was or was not continuously inhabited through all the revolutions of the fifth and sixth centuries, its time of desolation, if it had any, was but short. If it did not become the dwelling-place of Englishmen in the first moment of their conquest, it at least became the dwelling-place of Englishmen before its British and Roman memories were forgotten. But, as I just now said, of Colchester itself there is absolutely no mention in history between the days of Boadicea to the days of Eadward the Elder. All that I can find is a dark and mythical reference in the story of Haveloc as told by Geoffrey Gaimar. But we must not forget, even within the walls of the colony, that Colchester is not the whole of the East-Saxon realm. Colchester is not a city: it has never been the seat of an independent bishopric. That was because another of the Roman towns which was overthrown by Boadicea, lowlier in rank in those early days, had, by the time that the East-Saxons embraced Christianity, outstripped the veteran colony. London, already the home of commerce before her first overthrow—again, under her new name of *Augusta*, the home of commerce in the later days of Roman power—was now, as an East-Saxon city, the head of the East-Saxon realm, again the home of commerce, the meeting-place of merchants and their ships. London, not Colchester, became the seat of the bishopric of the East-Saxons, and remained so till the strange arrangements of modern ecclesiastical geography gave Colchester a shepherd in the realm of Hengest. But the very greatness which made London the head of the East-Saxon kingdom tended to part London

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1875, Art "Lindum Colonia."

off from the East-Saxon kingdom. Among the shiftings of the smaller English kingdoms, London seems to have held her own as a distinct power, sometimes acknowledging the supremacy of Mercia, sometimes the supremacy of Wessex, but always keeping somewhat of an independent being. She parts off from the main East-Saxon body; she carries off a fragment of it along with her, to become what we may call a free Imperial city, bearing rule, like Bern or Venice, over her *neploukoi*, her *Unterthanen*, the still subject district of the Middle-Saxons.¹ London therefore soon falls out of our special survey of the East-Saxon land. But the East-Saxon land can number within its borders not a few historic sites besides the towns which Boadicea overthrew. There is the battle-field of Maldon and the battle-field of Assandun; there is the wooden church of Greenstead where Saint Eadmund rested; there is Earl Harold's Waltham and King Eadward's Havering; there is Barking, where the Conqueror waited while his first tower was rising over London, where Eadwine and Morkere and perhaps Waltheof himself became the men of the stranger, and where Englishmen first bought back their lands at a price as a grant from the foreign King. The East-Saxon land has thus its full share among the great events of our early history; but the history of the kingdom itself, as a kingdom, fills no great place in our annals. Essex supplied no Bretwalda to bring the signs of Imperial dignity to London or Colchester as Eadwine brought them to York. After some flittings to and fro, Essex passed, like the other English kingdoms, under the supremacy of Egberht, and by the division between Ælfred and Guthrum, it passed under the rule of the Dane. It is in the great struggle of the next reign that Essex, and especially its two great

historic sites of Colchester and Maldon, stand forth for a moment as the centre of English history, as the scene of some of the most gallant exploits in our early annals, exploits which seem to have had a lasting effect on the destinies of the English kingdom.

It was in the year 913, the thirteenth year of Eadward's reign, the year after he had taken possession of London and Oxford, that we hear for the first time of a solitary East-Saxon expedition. Eadward marched to Maldon; he stayed there till he had built a fortress at Witham, and had received the submission of many who had been under Danish rule. This sounds like the emancipation of all Essex south of the Panta or Blackwater. Our next notice is nine years later, after Eadward and his sister, the Lady of the Mercians, had won back most of the central part of the island to English and Christian rule. We now again find Eadward carrying his sphere of operations into the East-Saxon land. He first fortified Maldon, the goal of his former march, the borough which seventy-three years later was to behold the valour and the death of Brihtnoth. But Colchester was still left in the hands of the enemy. The next year the Danes again broke the peace; and, during the whole former part of the year, fighting went on in central England between the Danes and the defenders of the various towns which King Eadward had already fortified. At Towcester, at Bedford, and elsewhere, the English defenders drove off the Danish invaders from King Eadward's new fortresses. Towcester was not yet surrounded by the stone wall which girded it before the year was out; but the valour of its defenders, fighting, we may suppose, behind a palisade or rampart of earth, was enough to bear up till help came and the enemy was driven away. During all this stage of the campaign, the warfare seems to be purely local. The Danes attack, the English defend; there is no mention of the King or of any royal army. Presently the tables

¹ Middlesex must be looked on as a district subject to the city of London so long as it neither chooses its own sheriffs nor receives them from the central power of the kingdom, but has to take such sheriffs as the city of London thinks good to give it.

are turned ; the local force of various English districts begins to attack posts which the Danes still held among them. And now comes our first distinct mention of warfare on East-Saxon soil. Colchester is still held by the enemy, Maldon is held by King Eadward's garrison. The tale cannot be so well told as in the language of the chronicle :—"There gathered mickle-folk on harvest, either of Kent and of Surrey and of East-Saxons, and of each of the nighest boroughs, and fared to Colchester, and beset the borough all round¹ and there fought till they had won it and the folk all slew, and took all that there within was, but the men that there fled over the wall." Colchester was thus again an English borough, won, as it would seem, by the force of a popular movement among the men of Essex and the neighbouring shires, without any help from the West-Saxon king. Then, in the same harvest, the Danes of East Anglia, strengthened by wikings from beyond sea, set forth to attack the English garrison in Maldon. In the words of the Chronicler, "they beset the borough all round, and fought there till to the borough-folk there came more force from without to help them, and the host forsook the borough, and fared away from it ; and then fared the men after out of the borough, and eke they that had come to them for out to help, and put the host to flight, and slew of them many hundred either the *ashmen*² and others." Thus, of the two great points in the East-Saxon land, Colchester was won, Maldon was kept, and that without any help from the king. Local energy had done so much that, when shortly the unconquered king came with his West-Saxon army, his march was little more than a triumphal progress. He came to Towcester ; he girded the town with its stone wall, and received the

submission of Northamptonshire. He marched to Huntingdon ; he strengthened the fortress, and received the submission of the surrounding country. Then comes the fact which immediately concerns us here. That "ilk year afore Martinmas fared Eadward king with West-Saxons' fyrd to Colneceaster, and repaired the borough and made it new there where it tobroken was." Here then we have a distinct record of damage done and of damage repaired in the circuit of the walls of Colchester. Part of the wall was broken down in the siege, and the breach was repaired on the King's coming. It would be pleasant if we could tell, amongst the many bricks of various dates which are to be seen in the walls of Colchester, those bricks which were set in their place at the bidding of the founder of the English kingdom, and not by any earlier or later hand. If we can find the site of the breach which Englishmen made in winning Colchester from the Dane, Englishmen may look on that spot in the Roman wall with the same eyes with which all Europe looks on that spot in the wall of Aurelian where the newest bricks of all tell us where the army of united Italy entered her capital.

But the two great East-Saxon sieges of this memorable year have more than a local interest. They were the last warfare of the reign of the Unconquered King. After Colchester was won and Maldon saved, no sword was drawn against Eadward and his dominion. The rest of his reign is one record of submissions on the part of his enemies. At Colchester itself the men of East-Anglia and Essex, who had been under Danish rule, first bow to him ; then comes the submission of the Danish host itself ; then that of all Mercia ; then that of all North Wales. The realm of the West-Saxon king now reaches to the Humber. Northumberland, Strathclyde, Scotland, have as yet been untouched by his arms or his policy. But next comes the great day of all,

¹ Such I take to be the force of "ymbseton" which is said both of Colchester and of Maldon, as distinguished from "besæton" which is said of Tempsford.

² The men of the ships, the wikings.

the crowning-point of West-Saxon triumph, when the King of Scots and all the people of Scots, and Rægnold and Eadwulf's son, and all that were in Northumberland, Angles, Danes, Northmen, or any other, and eke the King of Strathclyde Welsh, and all the Strathclyde Welsh, bowed to Eadward at Bakewell, and sought him to father and lord. The fights on East-Saxon ground, the storm of Colchester, the defence of Maldon, had taught the whole world of Britain that Eadward and his people were not to be withstood. The gallant gathering of the men of Essex, Kent, and Surrey had led to the establishment of an English kingdom bounded only by the Humber, of an English Empire bounded only by the Northern sea.

Thus two East-Saxon sites, one of them our present place of meeting, have won for themselves a foremost place in that struggle with the Dane which welded England into a single kingdom. And one of those sites joins again with a third whose name we have not yet heard to form another pair no less memorable in the struggle which gave the united kingdom of England into the hands of a Danish king. If the days of Colchester and Maldon stand forth among the brightest days of English victory, so Maldon and Assandûn stand out among the saddest yet noblest days of English overthrow. Our last East-Saxon memory showed us the invading Dane flying from before the walls of Maldon; our next East-Saxon memory shows us the Dane victorious in the hard hand-play, and the Ealdorman of the land dying in defence of the Saxon shore. The fight by the Panta, the fight where Brihtnoth fell, lives in that glorious battle-song which, were it in any tongue but the native speech of Englishmen, would have won its place alongside of the battle-songs of ancient Hellas. The song is plainly local and contemporary; it comes straight from the soul of the East-Saxon gleeman of the tenth century. It is something to stand on the spot and to call up the picture of the valiant Ealdorman, lighting from his horse among

his faithful hearth-band, marshalling his men in the thick array of the shield-wall, refusing to pay tribute to the wiking, and telling them that point and edge shall judge between them. Then we see the dauntless three who kept the bridge, Wulfstan, Ælfhere, and Maccus—Wulfstan the Horatius, his comrades the Lartius and Herminius, of the fight in which the legend of the Tiber was repeated in sober truth by East-Saxon Panta. Yet among the crowds to whom the legends of distant lands are as household words, how few have ever heard the names of the true heroes of our own soil. Then Brihtnoth, in his "overmood," in his excess of daring and lofty spirit, allows the enemy to pass the water: then comes the fight itself, the Homeric exploits on either side; the death-wound of Brihtnoth and his last prayer; the dastardly flight of Godric on the horse of his fallen lord, the fight over the body of the slain chief; the self-devotion of the true companions who in death are not divided, as they lie "thegn-like" around their lord, their Earl and ring-giver. No tale is told with more spirit, no tale sets better before us that great feature of old Teutonic, and indeed of old Aryan, life, the personal and sacred tie which bound a man to the lord of his own seeking. But the men who fought on that day were Englishmen; the tongue in which their deeds were sung was English; their deeds are therefore forgotten, and the song which tells of them sounds in the ears of their children like the stammering speech of an unknown tongue.

But if the banks of Panta saw the glorious death of the local East-Saxon chief, the banks of another East-Saxon estuary saw, not indeed the death but the last struggle, of the champion, not only of Essex, but of all England. The fight of Maldon is handed down to us in the glowing strains of native song; the song which told of the fight of Assandûn has perished: we have only feeble echoes preserved to us in the Latin pages of the historian who has kept so many such precious fragments

from the song of Anderida to the song of Stamfordbridge. As to the site of Assandûn I will not enter on any discussion; I think no one will doubt about it who has been there. There is the hill on which Eadmund Ironside marshalled his army for the last battle, the hill down whose slope he rushed with his sword, as the faint echo of the ballad tells us, like the lightning-flash, leaving in his charge the royal post between the Standard and the West-Saxon Dragon, and fighting hand to hand in the foremost rank of his warriors. We hear from the other side how the Raven of Denmark had already fluttered its wings for victory; but it was only through Eadric's treason—treason which no effort of ingenious advocacy can wipe out from the pages which record it—that Eadmund, in the sixth battle of that great year, found himself for the first time defeated. The spot which saw Cnut's victory over all England saw also a few years later his offering in his new character of an English King. Then arose the joint work of Cnut and Thurkill, the minster of stone and lime, whose material was as much to be noted in the timber land of Essex as the material of the wooden basilica of Glastonbury was to be noted among the rich stone-quarries of Somerset. Of that minster the first priest was Stigand, the man who won his first lowly promotion at the hands of the Dane, and who lived to be hurled from the metropolitan throne at the bidding of the Norman.

But the East-Saxon land contains a memorial of those times more precious even than the memories of Maldon and Assandûn, a memorial too which forms a special tie between Eastern and Western England. It was on East-Saxon soil, just within the East-Saxon border, on the spot to which the willing oxen drew the Holy Cross of Lutgaesbury from the place of its first finding in the West, that Tofig first cleared the wild forest, that he first reared the minster of Waltham in its earlier and lowlier form, and gathered round it a band of

pilgrims and devotees who changed the wilderness into a dwelling-place of man. It was on that spot that Earl Harold, patron of the secular clergy in the most monastic period of our history, patron of learning in a day when the light of English literature seemed almost to have died away, enlarged the church and the foundation of Tofig. It was for the good of this spot that he sought in lands beyond the sea, in the kindred land with which England had exchanged so many worthies—the land to which she had given Ealhwine, and whence she had received Old-Saxon John—for men to help him in the work which he had planned for the weal of Waltham and of England. It was there that the doomed King, marching forth to the great strife for his land and people, went to make his last prayers and to offer his last gifts, and it was there that, as men of his own day believed, he received that awful warning which led his faithful bedesmen to his last field, standing afar that they might see the end. It was there, in his own minster, that his bones, translated from their earlier South-Saxon resting-place, lay as the most precious among his gifts to the house which he had founded. And it was there, when his foundation had been changed to another form, when a choir in a new style of art had risen over his tomb, that the greatest of his successors, the first of a new line of English kings, lay for a moment by his side. The choir of Waltham has perished along with the choir of Battle; the place of Harold's tomb, like the place of Harold's standard, again lies open to the day; but if the East-Saxon land had nothing to boast of beside the unmarked spot where Harold and Edward met in death, that alone would place the shire where Waltham stands among the most historic shires of England.

Among his other possessions in all parts of England, Earl Harold held four houses in Colchester. This fact, I need not say, comes from the Domesday Survey, which tells us how those houses had passed away to the abbey of

Westminster. The Domesday of Essex is very full, Essex being one of the three eastern shires of which we have only the first and fuller account, while in most of the other shires we have only the shorter form which is found in the first volume of the Exchequer Domesday.¹ Essex was one of those shires which came into the possession of the Conqueror, not indeed, like Sussex and Kent, immediately after the great battle, but immediately after the submission at Berkhamstead. Like Kent and Sussex, its men had been in their place in the battle, and it became subject to a confiscation only less sweeping than that of Kent and Sussex. We do not find in Essex, as we do in many other shires, either one or two English landowners still keeping great estates, or a whole crowd of them keeping smaller estates. A few entries of English names towards the end of the record are all. We hear of no revolts in Essex after the coronation of William; the strength of the shire, like the strength of Kent and Sussex, must have been cut off on Senlac, and no foreign prince offered himself as deliverer to the men of Essex as Eustace of Boulogne offered himself to the men of Kent. Still there must have been some confiscations in Essex later than the time of the redemption of lands: for the penalty had fallen on one of the very commissioners by whom the redemption was carried out.² Engelric, who must have played much the same part in Essex which Thurkill played in Warwickshire and Wiggod in Berkshire, as the Englishman who, by whatever means, rose high in William's favour, had fallen from his high estate before the Survey was made. Another man, English by birth though not by descent, Swegen the son of

Robert, who took the name of the shire as a surname, he whose father had stood by the death-bed of Eadward and had counselled William on his landing to get him back to his own duchy, still kept great estates; but he had lost his office of Sheriff. Most of the familiar names of the Conquest appear in Essex as well as elsewhere; but the East-Saxon shire enjoys a singular privilege in not having had an acre of its soil handed over to the Conqueror's rapacious brother, Count Robert of Mortain. But Bishop Odo is there and Count Alan, and the Count of Eu, and William of Warren and Hugh of Montfort, and many another name of those who found their reward in almost every shire of England. Among the names specially connected with the district stand out Geoffrey of Mandeville, father of a line of East-Saxon Earls, Ralph Baynard whose name lives in London city, and the names specially belonging to Colchester, Hamo and Eudo. Of Colchester itself the record in the Survey is one of the fullest among the boroughs of England. It ought to be fully illustrated by some one who to minute local knowledge adds the power of comparing what the Survey tells us about Essex and Colchester with what it tells us about other shires and boroughs. A general historian from a distance cannot do this; a dull local antiquary cannot do it; it needs a man on the spot who knows the ins and outs of the land, but who also understands historical criticism, and who knows something of other parts of England as well as of his own.

The Survey gives us no such precious notices of the municipal constitution of Colchester as it gives us of the municipal constitution of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Stamford. Colchester had been held by the Danes; but they had been driven out too soon and too thoroughly to allow of the formation of a patriciate of Danish *lawmen*. But we see the burgesses of Colchester already forming a recognized body, holding common lands,

¹ The discovery of the *Inquisitio Comitatus Cantabrigiensis*, lately published by Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, gives us another shire of which we have both the fuller and the abridged account.

² See History of the Norman Conquest, vol. iv., p. 26., 725.

and claiming other common lands as having been unjustly taken from them. We specially see them holding the land for a certain distance round the walls. The walls are thus distinctly recorded in the Survey; but there is no mention of the castle. There is therefore no entry of the destruction of houses to make room for the castle, such as we find in many other English towns. A long list is given of English burgesses who kept their houses, followed by a list of possessions within the borough which had passed into the hands of Norman owners. Among these, of course, appear the *Dapiferi*, Eudo and Hamo, and about the latter there is an entry of special interest. Whatever Hamo held had been held in the days of King Eadward by his English *antecessor* Thurbearn. First Thurbearn, and then Hamo, besides a house, had a "curia," a rare word whose use I do not fully understand. And this "curia" seems, I know not on what ground, to be identified with an existing house which keeps portions of Romanesque date. The first entry of all is also one of a good deal of interest, as marking the subdivision of property in Old-English times. The houses and other property of Godric—one of the many bearers of one of the commonest of English names—had been divided among his four sons. They had died on Senlac, or had otherwise brought themselves under the displeasure of the Conqueror. Of the four parts of Godric's property the king held two; Count Eustace had the third, and John the son of Waleran the fourth. The church of which Godric was patron had passed whole to Count Eustace; but his mill—a most important possession, and one always accurately noted in the Survey—was carefully divided.

Another point to be noticed in the Survey of Colchester is that the borough had clearly been, before the coming of William, allowed to make a money composition for military service in the *fyrd*. In many towns Domesday records the number of men which the

town was to find when the King made an expedition by sea or land. Instead of this, we find at Colchester a payment of sixpence from each house for the keep of the King's *soldarii* or mercenaries, that is doubtless the housecarls. It is possible that we have here the key to the fact that so many English burgesses of Colchester remained undisturbed by the Conqueror. The borough, as a community, had served King Harold, not with men but with money. Possibly it had not served King Harold at all, as the last yearly payment may have been made before the day on which King Eadward was alive and dead. In either case, it would have been hard, even for the astuteness of William's legal mind, to turn this payment of a customary royal due into an act of constructive treason against the Norman claimant of the crown. The community then, as a community, was guiltless, and fared accordingly. But volunteers from Colchester, as well as from other places, had doubtless flocked to the Standard of the Fighting Man; and they, whether dead or alive, paid the forfeit of their patriotism.

Here is a point which touches the general history of England. There are other curious entries with regard to the customs of Colchester which I leave to local inquirers to expound to us. I pass to the ecclesiastical history. The Survey mentions several churches; but there clearly was no great ecclesiastical foundation, either secular or religious, within the walls of Colchester. The two religious foundations which have given Colchester an ecclesiastical name arose after the taking of the Survey and beyond the ancient walls. They arose on the south side of the town, the side away from the river, a fact which accounts for the way in which the inhabited town of Colchester has spread itself. While on the northern side void spaces have arisen within the walls, houses have grown on the south side round the priory and the abbey, covering a large space which lies outside alike of Roman

Camulodunum and of Old-English Colchester. The great abbey of Saint John, the foundation of Eudo, rose on a height opposite that on which the town itself stands; the priory of Saint Julian and Saint Botolf rose between the heights on the low ground just below the hill of Camulodunum. The history of Eudo's foundation is told in a document in the Monasticon which, in all points bearing on general history is highly mythical. Eudo's father, Hubert of Rye, is a well-known man, he who sheltered William on his perilous ride from Valognes before the fight of Val-ès-dunes. But the embassies on which Hubert is sent between William and Eadward simply take their place among the Norman legends of the Conquest. There is also a very mythical air about the extraordinary importance in securing the succession to William Rufus which the local story assigns to Eudo. We may however accept the purely local parts of the tale. Eudo's special position at Colchester, by whatever name we are to call it, appears in the story as the gift, not of William the Great but of William the Red. This at once falls in with the absence of all mention of the castle in Domesday. The castle was not one of the castles of the Conqueror; that vast pile, so widely differing in its outline from the towers of London and Rochester, was clearly a work of Eudo, a work dating from the reign of the second William and not the first. The abbey again gives us in its last days one of the ties which connect the East of England and the West. John Beche, last Abbot of Colchester, was one of the three prelates who refused to betray their trust. He was a sharer in the martyrdom of Richard Whiting on the Tor of Glastonbury.

The great Benedictine abbey began in the later days of Rufus; the priory of Austin canons began a little later in the early years of Henry the First. It boasted the Lion of Justice himself among its benefactors, as appears by his charter dated while Queen Matilda and Bishop Robert Bloet of Lincoln

were still living. The abbey, like that of Shrewsbury, arose on a spot where had stood the wooden church of the English priest Sigeric. Of the material of the new building the local history does not speak; the foundation stones whose laying it records are quite consistent with a superstructure of brick. Saint Botolfs, we all know, is built *more Romano, more Camulodunensi*, of bricks which are none the less Roman, even if some of them may have passed through the kiln in the twelfth century. So it is with Eudo's castle also, though there brick is not so exclusively the material. The colony, like its metropolis, remained in all ages and under all masters emphatically a city of brick, and happily no one has been found to change it into a city of marble.

I have now reached the point at which I commonly find it expedient to bring discourses of this kind to an end. But at Colchester I must follow another rule, as in some degree I did at Exeter.¹ The place of Exeter in English history would be imperfectly dealt with, if we did not bring the entry of William the Conqueror into its obvious contrast with the entry of William the Deliverer. So at Colchester I cannot bring myself to stop at the days of William the Red. I must leap over a few centuries. To many the scene which the name of Colchester first calls up will be the scene which followed the last siege, the day when Lucas and Lisle died on the green between the Norman castle and the Roman wall. I have already pointed out that there is, in some sort, an analogy between the beginning and the ending of Colchester history, between the warfare of Boadicea and the warfare of Fairfax. It is hardly allowed to me here to speak as freely of Fairfax as I can of Boadicea. Of Eudo the Dapifer I can perhaps speak more freely than of either. The strife of the seventeenth century is so closely connected with modern con-

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine*, September 1873. "The Place of Exeter in English History."

troversies and modern party-feelings that it cannot be made purely archaeological ground like the strifes of the first century or of the eleventh. I perhaps need hardly tell you that my own personal feelings go with the side of Fairfax, though I trust that I am fully able to understand and to honour all that was good and highminded and self-sacrificing on the side of his enemies. But in summing up the last stage in the long life of this historic town, I must call attention to one or two obvious facts which are apt to be forgotten in forming an estimate of that great piece of local history. Remember then that the warfare of which the siege of Colchester forms the last and the most striking scene was a warfare wholly distinct from the earlier warfare of Edge-hill and Naseby. Colchester was not a fortress which had held out for the royal cause ever since the royal standard was first upreared at Nottingham. During the whole of the first war, Colchester and Essex were hardly touched. The men of Colchester were strong for the Parliament, and they had shown their zeal, a little too fiercely perhaps, against their royalist neighbours at the abbey. The royalist movement of 1648, alike in Essex, in Kent, and in South Wales, was in the strictest sense a revolt, a rising against an existing state of things. Whether that revolt was to be praised or to be condemned; it is a simple fact that the enterprise of the Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel was not a continuation of the war which began at Nottingham, but a wholly new war of their own levying. Before Colchester was besieged by Fairfax, it had in truth to be besieged, though only for a moment, by those who presently became its defenders. Again be it remembered that, in the execution of Lisle and Lucas, Fairfax went on perfectly good technical grounds. They had been prisoners of war, and had given their word of honour never again to serve against the Parliament. I am far from insisting with any undue severity on the obligations of such promises as this. It is a question of casuistry

whether such a purely military promise should or should not keep a man back from an enterprise to which he deems that loyalty or patriotism calls him. But, as a matter of military law, his life is fairly forfeit; the man who has been set free on certain conditions cannot complain if the sternest measure is meted out to him when he breaks those conditions. The military justice of Fairfax touched those only whose breach of military honour had fairly brought them within its reach. The escape of Norwich, the execution of Capel—Capel, a man worth Norwich, Lucas, and Lisle all put together—were the work of another power in which Fairfax had no share. Whatever may be thought of the political or personal conduct of either of the two lords, there was no stain on their military honour. The General therefore did not take on himself to judge men who, whatever they were in the eye of the law, were on the field of battle entitled to the treatment of honourable enemies. But, “in satisfaction of military justice,” he let the laws of war take their course on men who, whatever may be pleaded in their behalf on other grounds, had, by the laws of war, lost all technical claim to honourable treatment.¹

One point more there is which brings the last siege of Colchester into direct connexion with earlier times. The site of Saint John's abbey, the house of Lord Lucas within or close to its precinct, play an important part in the siege. The gateway, occupied by the insurgents, was stormed by the parliamentary forces, and doubtless whatever other remains of the abbey were left at the Dissolution, now perished. Saint Botolfs too, standing immediately between the batteries of the besiegers and the walls of the town, was exposed to the fire of both sides, and became in that siege the ruin which we now see it.

¹ The case of Lucas and Lisle has been fully gone into by Mr. Clements Markham in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1876.

I have now brought my tale, and that by somewhat of a bound in its last stage, to its latest point. I have tried to sketch out the chief grounds on which the shire of Essex, and, above all, the town of Colchester, are entitled to a high place among the shires and towns of England. It is for others, with more of local knowledge, to fill up that sketch in detail. I have exhausted nothing; I stand in the way of no one who has specially mastered any portion of East-Saxon history. In the days of Boadicea and in the days of Fairfax I may even be deemed an intruder. But I am no less ready to invite every help, to welcome every light, on the times in which I may say that I myself have lived. That I have lived in those times makes me know perhaps better than other men how much there is still to be found out, how many things in them there are that to me at least are grievous puzzles. The greatest of English scholars, once a dweller in the East-Saxon shire, has made the history of the Holy Cross of Waltham plain to all men. But we still need a worthy commentator on the Song of Maldon. Even in those parts of the tale at which I have specially

worked, I feel, better perhaps than others, how much I have left uncertain, how much there still is for others to fix by the light of sound and sober historic criticism. But, in any case, there is no part of the Isle of Britain in which one who has lived in the tenth and eleventh centuries feels more at home than within the walls which felt the repairing hand of Eadward the Unconquered, in the land which beheld the exploits and the death of Brihtnoth, the land where Eadmund fought the last fight of the year of battles, the land where Harold knelt before the relic which was brought from the green hill of Montacute, the land to which he himself was borne from the craggy hill of Hastings. It is something that the hero of England should be in this way a common possession of the three branches of the great Saxon colony, that the Saxon of the West, the South, and the East, should be all bound together, as by a threefold tie, by the presence among them in life or death of the last king of the old stock, the king who died on Senlac and who no longer sleeps at Waltham.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

ALL-GOLDEN is her virgin head,
 Her cheek a bloomy rose,
 Carnation-bright the fluttering red
 That o'er it softly flows,
 But neither gem nor floweret vies
 With that clear wonder of her eyes

But twice hath hue like theirs been given
 To be beheld of me,
 And once 'twas in the twilight heaven,
 Once in the summer sea;
 A yearning gladness thence was born,
 A dream delightful and forlorn.

For once in heaven a single star
 Lay in a light unknown,—
 A tender tint, more lucid far
 Than all that eve had shown,—
 It seemed between the gold and gray
 The far dawn of a faery day.

And once where ocean's depth divine
 O'er silvern sands was hung,
 Gleamed in the half-lit hyaline
 The hope no song has sung,—
 The memory of a world more fair
 Than all our blazing wealth of air.

For dear though earthly days may flow,
 Our dream is dearer yet;—
 How little is the life we know
 To life that we forget!—
 Till in a maiden's eyes we see
 What once hath been, what still shall be.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

“THOROUGH RESTORATION.”

Two English travellers resting on the hot sand near a ruined temple in a far country, last winter, fancied at the same moment that they heard a church bell toll. I cannot say what caused the sound. But something of the kind they heard, and it set them thinking of home; and one of them said to the other, “If I reach England alive, I will spend a happy summer Sunday at B——. I will go and see the charity children filing up the street to church; I will go and see the squire asleep in his Elizabethan gallery; I will go and look at the monuments of my ancestors in the chancel and their gravestones on the floor; I will try to reconstruct the windows from the fragments of old glass; and I will take copies of some of the quaint epitaphs, and read a verse or two out of the chained book, and give the clerk half-a-crown; and, in short, I will thoroughly enjoy myself, for I have not been there for twenty years.”

“At B—— did you say?” asked his companion.

“Yes; you know it’s one of those churches which every age since the Confessor’s has left its mark on. There is a bit of herring-bone work in the nave wall, and a Norman north doorway and a Norman arch across the tower. The east windows are Early lancets, and the clerestory is Decorated, and the roof of the chancel is Perpendicular. And there is a tablet over the door setting forth the grief of the parish at the death of Queen Elizabeth, who had twice passed through it in her progresses, and the joy at the peaceable accession of James I.—an echo in fact of the dedication of the Bible. Then there is a magnificently-carved beam across the nave, giving the names of the churchwardens who repaired and beautified the church after the late

unhappy commotions in 1662. And there is a great picture of the arms of William III., painted on an orange ground, and a lovely Queen Anne arcade of polished oak along the side chapel, and a wonderful classical monument and some tablets at the end of the north aisle; and, in short, the church, which was Romanesque, when Romanesque was the only style known, survived to be Romanesque in part again when it was revived; but the best thing about it is that it remains as nearly as possible what it was, and you can trace the history of architecture in England back for a thousand years by merely walking round it.”

“My dear fellow,” said his companion a second time, “did you say B—— church?”

“Yes; have you ever been there?”

“Often, but I saw none of this. The church was restored three years ago. The windows are all Early English. The pulpit is Early English too, with Italian features. There are no gravestones in the aisle. It is covered with shiny tiles, and is awfully cold, I assure you. And I saw no epitaphs of your ancestors, though, now I think of it, I did pick up a little bit of broken stone on the gravel walk with your name on it. There was no Queen Anne carving. The church has been restored, you know.”

“But that does not mean destroyed, does it?”

“I don’t know, but it’s what I always see where churches are restored. I did not see any monuments, either of your people or any others, in the chancel. But some one said they had taken all such heathen carvings and emblems and put them behind the organ, in the tower. And the roof of the nave, I distinctly remember, had no carved beams. On the contrary, it

is covered with a barrel vault in wood, and painted with the months from an Anglo-Saxon Psalter; frightfully grotesque I thought the figures; far more so, I am certain, than the originals. And Queen Elizabeth's tablet, I heard some story about it. The architect's men mistook their orders, and broke it up, I believe. Anyway, it has disappeared, and all the oak panelling. You see it was of no use. They would have low, open seats, and no pews; and they sent to London and got them wonderfully cheap. They are in deal, made by machinery, and stained, so that you would hardly know it. By the way, they found a lot of brasses under the old pews; I saw them myself at the vicarage; but the last time I was there they had been sold to a tinker by the cook through some mistake; and the vicar was lamenting he had never read them or had them copied. But I assure you it's a beautiful church now, and looks as new as if it had been built a month ago. And they have abolished the clerk and the charity children, and have a surpliced choir and a verger in a black gown. I should like to see you offer him half-a-crown. They got 40% towards the restoration by selling the old Bible with its chain. The windows are filled with red and blue glass, and I am told they are very fine, but they dazzled my eyes, and were very dark besides, for there was none of the white glass you see in old windows. But really it's very handsome, and looks almost as well as the great new church they built last year at the railway works. Of course the architect who did the work was a good deal hampered with the inconvenient arrangement of the old church, but he struggled manfully against it, and I heard him say at the luncheon, after the re-opening, that he had constantly remembered the church was for the living, not for the dead, and that he had never let any mere sentimental prejudice in favour of antiquity interfere with the performance of his duty."

It may perhaps be objected that the

case thus discussed was an extreme one, and that such vandalisms are uncommon. If a parish church or a cathedral church is to be kept in full working repair, to be used weekly or daily by a modern congregation, it is necessary that repairs should be continuously carried on. When this process has gone on for many hundred years, it is impossible but that incongruities of design must arise. To this very incongruity we owe the picturesqueness of many of our ancient churches. An architect's design is seldom—I had almost said never—picturesque. It cannot be in the nature of things. Incongruity in a new design would be very unpleasant. But two or more designs, disagreeing wholly with each other, may be presented side by side in such a way as to produce a very pleasant effect. And this effect is most often due to the softening hand of time, which clothes the Georgian brickwork and the Norman rubble alike with its hoary veil, and spreads its lichens and its ivy impartially over the Perpendicular battlement and the Jacobean balustrade.

It becomes then a question how far an architect is justified in meddling with this delicate charm. Once destroyed, it cannot be replaced. Five hundred years will not give back the bloom which was wiped off the entrance tower at Lambeth a few months ago. And considering how willingly architects, with a few remarkable exceptions, have attacked the picturesqueness of our ancient buildings, it becomes a further question what we have gained in lieu of it. I confine my remarks for the most part to our churches. I go here and there through England without any special system, except that the neighbourhood of London attracts more of my attention than any other part of the country. And I constantly ask, What has this parish church or that cathedral gained in stability or convenience to justify its recent restoration?

I do not wish to be understood as making any attack on architects indi-

vidually or as a body. My acquaintance among them is very limited, and includes, I am glad to say, a majority to whom so-called restorations are distasteful. But as an Englishman I observe that within my own recollection we have made a tremendous sacrifice in England for the good of our Church. We have laid out a sum of money which I have heard estimated at 20,000,000*l.* And we have freely given up in addition what many of us valued beyond all price, the picturesque and the venerable associations which for thirty generations have grown up around our churches where our forefathers worshipped, whose walls were covered with their monuments, whose every stone carried its own burden of old memories, historical or biographical, until it has often seemed as if one single parish church, did we but know its story, contains in a fossil form traces of every political change which has passed over our country in a thousand years. To touch such a building is dangerous work. We sometimes think a great park full of fine trees might have been better laid out at first, but now the oak avenues have come to maturity, who would dream of cutting them down because they do not square with the gate? The flower garden, however well designed, does not look pretty until the plants have here and there overgrown their borders. A drawing-room, however carefully planned and furnished, does not look comfortable till there is an open work-box on the table, and a few books have been scattered about.

Now, supposing a church "thoroughly restored," to use the ordinary phrase, is it possible to feel the enthusiasm about it which is excited by even the most tumble-down old chapel, where nothing has been disturbed? Do the poor of the parish, for example, like the new church as well as the old one? Do they feel as much at home in it? I ask these questions, as I have asked others above, without any intention of offering to supply answers for them.

As to the mere question of beauty, does an artist, or even an architect, ever sit down to sketch a "thoroughly restored" church?

If we look into such a book as Mr. Thorne's *Handbook to the Environs of London* for examples, or into any other book of the kind, we see, in a quiet way, that to people of cultivation, and people who seek for beauty in common things, the recent works are not pleasing. Let me take a few instances from Mr. Thorne, chiefly because I have verified the truth of his remarks. He seldom indulges in more than a "but" of disapproval, and is impartially ready to praise improvements. We may go alphabetically through the names in his two volumes and see what has been done.

At Abbot's Langley, the nail-head mouldings have been rechiselled. At Ashted the ancient church "has been modernized in the restoration." The old carving in Beddington Church has been rechiselled. The church of Little Berkhamstead, "is Early English, but was restored and refaced with stone in 1856, and is of little interest." Bexley Church "has been much altered, and is of little interest." This sentence occurs again and again. At Brasted the church "becoming dilapidated was pulled down, except the tower, and 'restored,' i.e. rebuilt, and a north aisle added in 1865-66." The only object of antiquity in Bushey is the church. It was until 1871, "sadly patched, covered with rough cast, and held up by clumsy brick buttresses, though not unpicturesque." It has since undergone a "thorough renovation;" the plaster was removed; "all incongruities were swept away; and the exterior made to present a uniform surface of flint and stone." I forbear comment on this example, but can answer for the correctness of Mr. Thorne's account, and for the uninteresting result of the restoration.

I have not yet got to the letter C, and already what a catalogue! To save time, I will only go on with a few of the more remarkable examples.

Chelsham in Surry had a very curious old church, with some very "characteristic features." They have all been restored, and Mr. Thorne is obliged to warn the tourist that "all that looks characteristic is new work, not old." Chislehurst Church was "virtually rebuilt" under the name of restoration in 1849. At Dartford the brasses have all—there were ten of them according to Haines—been removed from the floor and placed on the walls. At Eton College Chapel a terrible vandalism was perpetrated. During the restoration, which went on for twelve years, there was exposed a double row of very remarkable mural paintings in oil beneath the windows on each side of the chapel. They represented the miracles of the Virgin, and no doubt formed part of the original decorations of the chapel. Their refined style and execution pointed to an Italian origin. "But unhappily the subjects and mode of treatment made their retention inadmissible in a Protestant Church," says Mr. Thorne; "the upper row was therefore erased; the lower row covered with canvas, and hidden under the new wainscoting." This only brings us to the middle of the first volume; but space would fail me to continue the list. I might speak of the churches at Leatherhead, Drayton, Merstham, Mickleham, Fulham, Godstone, Hadley, Harmondsworth, Hatfield, Hertford, Heston, Ongar, Orpington, Reigate, and many more, in which the older features have been wholly or partially obliterated, with a view to making the church more convenient or more beautiful, or in some cases, as at Eton, more "Protestant," and in others more Catholic.

I could speak, in addition, of such places as St. James's, Taunton, where the tower, we read, has been pulled down, and a new one built, "the facsimile of the one pulled down," as if that were possible, as indeed the architect admits when he goes on, "but it was considered that the late parapets and pinnacles were not in keeping with the remainder of the tower." It was

a precisely similar feeling which led Wyatt to remove the campanile of Salisbury Cathedral, a vandalism which the architect of Taunton would be the first to condemn; or I might speak of Ockendon, where the tower, one of the seven round towers in Essex, has had its original battlements removed to make way for a new upper story in mock Norman. Mr. James Fowler has written to the *Athenæum* to complain that the windows of Fairford Church are being "restored." Strood Church, says Mr. Roach Smith, has been stripped of all the monumental stones of its flooring, including a fine incised one of the end of the 13th century. Mr. Samuel Huggins writes that, as an ancient building, Chester Cathedral has actually ceased to exist. I could mention the fine church at Tanfield, in Yorkshire, where the unique hagiogscope has been removed, together with the chancel arch; or Stoke d'Abernon, where the "Saxon" chancel arch has been made to give place to a pointed one as less incongruous; or Berkhamstead, where the remarkable porch was pulled down, and where a fine brass of the fourteenth century has been laid down on four separate stones; or Hughenden, where the Norman church has been pulled down altogether; or I might speak of the destruction of Lord Bacon's Chapel, in St. Michael's Church at St. Alban's, where the Elizabethan entrance, ceiling, and pews were all relics of his time, and were all swept away, and the chapel reduced to the level of an ordinary chancel aisle—a very bad case, indeed, where one of the oldest churches in England has been deliberately ruined.

It is but seldom that a church can be found unrestored. Yet a few such churches remain, and it is time that we should plead for their preservation, at least for a time, until we make up our minds positively that beauty and convenience are absolutely incompatible.

In some places the difficulty has been met by erecting a new church,

and not destroying the old. As a rule this can be done at smaller expense than is incurred by "thorough restoration," and it is certainly preferable to the system which leaves the parish neither a new church nor an old one. The question of restoration seems now-a-days to crop up in every parish. That a church is in repair does not seem to signify in the least. It is the rule everywhere that the church must be restored, whether it requires restoration or not. And we need not be surprised to find that at the risk of appearing to obstruct what has generally been accounted a good work, a number of gentlemen, whose names are well known in art and literature, with Mr. William Morris, who is prominent in both, at their head, have associated themselves for the preservation of our ancient buildings.

That it was high time for some interference few can deny. In the above quotations from Mr. Thorne, I have offered a number of examples in which ordinary restoration has been carried on, with, I allow, in many cases a doubtful, in some possibly a good result, and I have asked my reader to weigh the questions suggested as to the expenditure of money and historical interest. But there is another class of cases which I must not pass over; the more so, as within the last few weeks subscriptions have been asked to assist in one of the greatest of all the vandalisms which we have such cause to lament. It is proposed to put a finishing stroke to the destructions recently wrought in Canterbury Cathedral by removing the stalls, and substituting for them certain modern designs on the plea that they will be a "restoration" of the work of Prior Eastry.

Let us see for a moment what has been done in this kind of "restoration." Within the past few years St. Alban's Abbey has been undergoing restoration. The works, as carried out, have already been the subject of controversy, into which I have no desire to enter. I will acknowledge with pleasure that

the tower has been saved from falling, the shrine of St. Alban discovered, the Lady Chapel saved from desecration, and much else that was conservative accomplished. But against these benefits what a list of destructions must be set. The tower has been stripped of its original plaster and new pointed, in deference, it is said, to the wishes of the townspeople; though when townspeople invite an eminent architect it is that he may lead them, not be led by them. The exterior, which, being of immensely solid construction, had no need of "pointing," has been daubed with mortar everywhere, the exquisite weathering of the old bricks rudely removed, and a look of newness conferred, as far as it was possible, upon the venerable walls. The interior has been simply gutted. The plaster-work has been scraped off, the Elizabethan and Georgian oak panelling broken up; the pulpit, a magnificent structure in itself, and worthy of the great building in which it stood, pulled down, all traces of the Stuart period carefully removed, and, so far as can be done in a building of such antiquity, a look of absolute newness, freshness, brightness, not to say gaudiness, conferred upon the whole place. St. Alban's Abbey was one of the most interesting of English churches. It was full of incongruity and picturesqueness; there was a venerable bloom on the bricks, the oak was black with age. It had upon it, more plainly than any building I ever saw, the attestation of its vast antiquity; and to sum up in one sentence what has been done, I may say that it would have been impossible three years ago to believe that it could be made to look so new by any expenditure of thought or money.

It is now five-and-thirty years since the spirit of restoration seized the authorities of Canterbury Cathedral. I will endeavour briefly to enumerate the operations which have successively been carried on, only premising that, having at first employed a fairly com-

petent architect, they, after his death, contented themselves with the help of a builder, who for years acted as surveyor of the building and precincts, and gradually reduced them to the condition in which they now remain. Within the past two years an eminent architect has been appointed to superintend the restoration, and has set to work in so startling a fashion, that people who grumbled at the builder began to wish they had let him alone.

Beginning with the exterior, at the west end, I have noted the following "improvements" as having been made since I can remember. The north-west tower, a relic of fine, if somewhat dilapidated Norman work, was restored into Perpendicular, to match the southern tower, both being put at the same time into thorough repair in the style now universally recognised as that of Camberwell. A kind of screen, to include a series of statues, was afterwards added across the base of the towers and the west front, the statues being made, it would be mockery to say sculptured, by a foreign stone-cutter, and being varied in size inversely to the eminence of the personage represented. The next alteration I am not prepared to condemn altogether. The old Norman gate which divided the close, standing across the path near the south transept, was pulled down, and an uninterrupted view is now obtained along the whole side. Still, as it had stood for some six hundred years, it might well have been spared. The entrance to the Canons' garden at the east end of the close was imitated from it, the old carvings being actually used, so that we can easily judge of its effect before the removal. Proceeding round the east end we find a number of alterations. The ancient treasury, a venerable bit of Norman, has been rebuilt in great part, some features such as Mr. Thorne would describe by the word "characteristic" being introduced. A staircase has been put into the little court behind

the baptistery. It hides some of the best preserved of the old carving, and is itself in the kind of "Early English," with wide mouldings and heavy string courses, which has been made familiar in the new buildings of Pembroke College, Cambridge. It cannot be said to harmonise with its surroundings, but is so manifestly out of place that it may be considered almost picturesque. The chapter-house has so far been spared, and the cloisters have not been seriously injured; but above them, hiding what used to be a favourite view of the cathedral, rises the now well-known fabric of the new Library. It was probably the completion of this remarkable building which called public attention to the fact that the metropolitan church had subsisted for years without an architect. At the Almonry Gate, again, this want was made painfully apparent by some school buildings, but above all by the disappearance of the old gateway itself, of which only a few moulded bricks, gibbeted, so to speak, in a dead wall, remain to remind us.

Within the church, the course of improvement has been much the same. Few of our cathedrals, except perhaps Salisbury, have suffered so much. Monuments have been moved about—one of them, that of Sir John Boys, in the nave, having lost a figure in the process,—stained glass of the most startling hue having been inserted, the pilgrims' seats by the old windows having been removed to make way for hot-water pipes, and the delicate carvings in the crypt knocked about by the poles and ladders stored in it. But our chief anxiety at the present moment is with the proposal to "restore" the choir screen.

It will be needful to remember, in relation to this proposal, that formerly the whole choir was surrounded with carved-oak panelling. As this harmonised rather with the Norman than the pointed features of the church, and as the Gothic revival was in full force, and a Corinthian capital was

looked upon as something profane in a sacred place, this panelling was removed, and a plain stone wall, with glazing set in pointed windows at the upper part, was substituted under the name of a "restoration of the work of Prior Eastry in the fourteenth century." What became of the oak-work I do not know, but I suppose that, like the screen of the neighbouring church of Minster, it found its way to Wardour Street. When this screen was removed, there remained very little old woodwork in the cathedral. But that little was so good, so beautiful, so picturesque, that even the Goths spared it. Whether Grinling Gibbons carved the choir stalls or not, whether they were put up in the reign of Charles II. or Queen Anne, signifies nothing. They are of the best period of English wood-carving. They are comfortable and convenient as seats. They are not more incongruous than the Norman work everywhere visible throughout the church, and there is, in short, no argument against them which does not apply equally to the eastern transepts, to the primate's chair, to the crypt, to the tomb of Dean Fotherby, to the Treasury, to the School Staircase, to the Green Court Gateway—the same argument which, thirty years ago, made the Dean and Chapter pull down the Norman west tower, namely, that they do not harmonise with the pointed architecture.

Instead of them we are to have a "restoration" of the screen of Prior Henry of Eastry. Some remains of

it have been discovered behind the panelling. It consisted of a series of arches of stone, gorgeously coloured, and in that respect only differed from the portion of it already restored behind the altar. Let me appeal to people who are asked to subscribe to the destruction of the oak stalls, to stand a moment in the choir and ask themselves whether of the two they prefer—the delicate carving, the quaint tracery, the venerable colour, the perfect appropriateness of the work of Gibbons, or the bald "Gothic" of the eastern screen, which will not even look handsome without an amount of colour or gilding wholly discordant to the solemnity and antiquity of the cathedral? Could we be certified that the stone screen exists intact behind the panelling, we might hesitate. But nothing of the kind is asserted. A small portion only remains, and from it an eminent architect is prepared to reconstruct the whole. We know what has been done in other places. We have seen Italian Gothic at Christ Church, we have seen the proposed altar rails at Tewkesbury, we have seen Durham Cathedral, and Chester, and Hereford, and the Chapel of St. John's College; we have seen the balustrade taken off the Hall at Christ Church, and the Bacon Chapel obliterated at St. Alban's; and if we subscribe sufficiently, we shall now see the destruction of almost the only piece of genuine old work left in Canterbury Cathedral.

W. J. LOFTIE.

POLITICAL EDUCATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE Rev. Henry Solly, well-known for his labours among the working class, and of whose philanthropic schemes it may be said that they have actually taken effect upon the working class, and not merely upon some section of the middle class which has intercepted the benefit of them, has lately set on foot what he calls the Workmen's Social Educational League. With the object, as he announces, of "promoting a knowledge of social economy, history, and political science, and the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to capital and labour, trade, finance, co-operation, land, colonies, government, law and national well-being generally," he proposes to bring into communication with each other all the scattered associations which already aim at some similar object—working men's clubs and institutes, mechanics' institutes, societies for mutual improvement, discussion classes—and organise them by means of a central committee into a sort of grand Dialectical Society. Here he would have the working class talk out its whole position and prospects, its duty and its interest, assisted by representatives of other classes, and of political and social science. In his prospectus he has given, under the head of "Reasons for Establishing the League," a most striking view of the actual political mood of the working class, of their want of convictions, their irresolution, and at the same time their growing dissatisfaction. For the purpose of discussing this scheme a meeting was held in the large room of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. At this meeting a letter was read, which is here printed by request:—

MY DEAR MR. SOLLY.—I cannot refuse to set down at your request

some of those notions about political education which seem to have interested you.

At the last great extension of the franchise even those who expected most from the new class that was then admitted to political life perceived that it would require to be educated. It was considered a true if not a profound saying that "our new masters ought to know how to read and write." Accordingly, since that time we have had an Education Act, and there has been much more movement than before in the educational world. But may it not be questioned whether anything has really been done to meet the particular need which was then so universally recognised?

An education was then intended which should fit the people at large, not merely to lead better or more satisfactory lives, nor merely to compete in industry with other populations, but specially to exercise political power. That for this purpose our masters should be taught to read and write was meant, I suppose, for an ironical understatement, but we seem to be taking it literally. Shall we have any great security for the mercy or the wisdom of these masters even when they shall all have learnt to read and write? Most of the bad and most of the incompetent rulers mentioned in history have had as much education as that. Children soon learn as much, so that the *dictum* taken literally seems to mean that children of four years are not fit to govern a country, but that children of eight years are.

I suppose the notion at the bottom of our minds is that an artisan who can read and write will begin reading Adam Smith and De Tocqueville, and writing careful abstracts or thoughtful criticisms of those writers until he has made himself a well-informed politician. I dare say there are many

hard-headed artisans who are capable of acting in this way, but it seems too much to expect of the class in general when we consider how little has been done to awaken their intellectual curiosity or to train the power of thinking in them.

Practically, then, we are not acting on the maxim which we all profess to adopt, namely, that the working class should be educated for the exercise of political power. The reason of this evidently is that we ourselves have never been educated for politics, that we knew of no system of political education, and perhaps that most of us disbelieve in the possibility of such an education, and regard politics as purely a matter of practice and experience.

I might say much on the necessity of political instruction for all classes. That there is much in politics that can only be mastered by practice or natural aptitude is no reason why no instruction in politics should be given. The same thing may be said of most of the subjects in which instruction is given. Latin versification has in this respect no advantage over politics. We encounter this fallacy everywhere. Sir Edwin Landseer said he did not see what there was in art that could be taught. He seems to have thought that if you couldn't draw a dog you couldn't, and there was an end of the matter.

In politics the part that can be taught seems quite as visible and unmistakable as the part that cannot. Political Economy, the statistics and forms of government of nations, our own relations, industrial and political, to other nations—cannot all this be taught, and is not all this necessary to a politician, even if we suppose that the principles of jurisprudence and legislation, of constitutional and international law are either known intuitively or not known at all except to lawyers? To me it seems perverse that in a country like this, where every one makes it a point of honour to have an opinion on the political questions of the day, there should be no systematic

study of politics corresponding to the interest that is felt in them. In schools the subject is avoided for fear of giving a bias—though it is precisely on this subject that in after life we have to decide and to vote—just as Sydney Smith used to say that when he was to review a book he made a point of not reading it, for fear of becoming prejudiced.

At this moment we are, I think, temporarily free from a delusion which often overpowers us, the delusion that politics consist merely in minding one's own business, in maintaining one's own rights, and respecting the rights of others. If it were so, of course they would call for no special study. But though in an island it is possible at particular times to reduce politics to a mere private affair among members of the same nation, it is not possible for us to do so just now. Evidently we cannot find out by mere mother-wit and minding our own business whether we ought to interfere in Turkey. And yet such a question outweighs in importance a hundred of the domestic questions which call for nothing but plain sense and good temper. Nor is it at all an exceptional question, for indeed England is no longer the name of an island, but of a world. Plain sense will not enable us to determine the Colonial Question, or the Egyptian Question, or the Question of Central Asia, or the multitude of Indian Questions, any more than the Eastern Question.

When Sir Stafford Northcote told us that the English public did not understand foreign politics, he was answered with much spirit that this was an insult to the English public, and with still more spirit and point that the English public knew quite as much about foreign politics as Sir Stafford Northcote. But I did not observe that any one had the courage to take the bull by the horns and affirm that the English public *did* understand foreign politics.

All this applies as much to the middle as to the working class. But

it is only reasonable to assume that the need of political education is greater and more urgent in the working class. There are illusions to be dispelled, there is a political sense to be formed; for we cannot suppose that nature has done all this for them as Englishmen. They will not probably be infected with the frenzy of some other nations, but it would be bad enough if we should have a series of Tichborne agitations. The hatred of extremes, the contempt for rhetorical platitudes on which we pride ourselves, are probably less developed in them; they know even less of what history records concerning the utopias by which men have been misled; the mere pleasure of making a row, particularly when some grand word such as liberty or religion furnishes a pretext, is, it may be supposed, greater in them. And any mistakes they may make will be made more serious by their numbers.

It seems to me that a much greater educational movement ought to begin, or rather ought to have begun long since, than any which we are witnessing. I understand that you, with your great knowledge of the working class, have the same conviction, and that you have an opinion as to the machinery that ought to be employed. Systematic discussions of some kind, I suppose, will be necessary. In organizing them, I should say, the principal objects ought to be, first, to mix class and class and, if possible,

party and party; secondly, to make the discussions as much as possible argumentative, and as little as possible rhetorical; thirdly, to give them a basis of sound knowledge, that is, of history and statistics.

The scheme contrived by Professor Stuart has from the beginning interested me much. What I myself value most in it is the means it supplies of creating and dispersing over the country a class of men who shall represent genuine learning, and at the same time shall be compelled to give their learning a character adapted to the wants of the community. Such a class once created and distributed over the country may be available for various purposes. Will it not be worth your while to consider whether you may not turn to account the machinery which this scheme is creating? In this way you might get from the universities the ballast of sound learning and method which is wanting in most discussion societies, and you might also secure the services of a number of men who would have leisure and inclination to push the movement in all parts of the country.

Hoping that your enterprise will have good success, and that you will succeed in communicating to others that impression of the urgent importance of the subject which you and I have received,

I remain, yours very truly,

J. R. SEELEY.

RAJAH BROOKE—THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS.¹

"I CANNOT conceive," said Mr. Gladstone, in the debate on the Eastern Question, on May 7th, in the present year, "a more shameful misdeed than the slaughter of the Dyaks by her Majesty's forces under Sir James Brooke." It would be difficult to cite a more striking example of the vitality of persistently repeated falsehoods than the utterance of such words by such a man at such a time. Nobody, of course, will suspect Mr. Gladstone of any intentional misrepresentation, or indeed of being actuated by any but pure and generous motives; but the repetition of this vehement assault upon one of the best and noblest of his departed contemporaries argues an ignorance of the true state of the case which in such a quarter is a matter for equal astonishment and regret. Nor do Mr. Gladstone's subsequent explanations to Mr. Baillie Cochrane and Earl Grey place the matter in any truer light. He shifts the odium of the transaction from the shoulders of the immediate agents to those of the authorities at home, and more particularly of the House of Commons; but the transaction itself he still appears to class in the same category as the massacre of Glencoe, and characterises it as having been to the best of his recollection "a large, easy, unsparing slaughter, either without resistance or after it had ceased." An authentic, and it may be hoped final, refutation of the charge thus brought is given in the letters of Earl Grey and Vice-Admiral Keppel, published in the *Times* of May 21; but the fact that such a refutation should still be required does undoubtedly confirm Mr. Gladstone's main position that English-

men and English statesmen urgently require to be reminded "that they are far from being in a condition to lecture others *de haut en bas* on questions of humanity." For in fact, the vindication of the first English Raja of Sarāwak from the unadorned calumnies of Richard Cobden and Joseph Hume, calumnies uttered with motives as excellent as those with which Mr. Gladstone now reiterates them, has long ago been decisive and complete. We do not propose to repeat that vindication, for which Miss Jacob's admirable biography supplies such ample materials, but rather, if possible, to form a just estimate of the man and the work which have given rise to so much superfluous and superfluously-embittered controversy. And both the man and the work are well worth study for their own sake. There is an exceptional character about both, which, as was perhaps inevitable, has given scope for infinite misconception as to their true meaning and aim. Both are, in one sense, anachronisms; and both have suffered the usual doom of anachronisms, in the misunderstanding and neglect which have fallen to their lot. None can escape his inheritance, and it was part of Brooke's inheritance to be born, to live and die, a Viking—a thorough English gentleman, gifted in full measure with all the qualities which that high title implies, but a Viking, and so far favoured by circumstance as to be able to strike out for himself a Viking's career even in the unpromising surroundings of the nineteenth century. And although in the lapse of ages the Viking has doubtless altered mightily in outward presentment, it is strange to note how persistent is the type in history. There is

¹ *The Raja of Sarāwak: an Account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., LL.D., given chiefly through Letters and Journals.* By Gertrude L. Jacob, 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change."

A vast change, indeed, of costume, mental and bodily, a change which has transformed him from a filibuster into an apostle, and has summoned, instead of the raven and the wolf, the trader and the missionary to follow his career of conquest; but the man remains unaltered. An Olaf disappears to return after the ages as a Drake, a Frobisher resumes the soul of a Guthrum-Athelstan to transmit it to a Clive,—a Harald Haardraada revisits the light as a Raleigh, and undergoes his final probation of suffering as a Raja Brooke. Strip off the Raja's English shooting-coat and case him in ring-mail—it is no longer Sir James Brooke, it is Harald, the chief of the Vøringjaguard in the court of Michael Calaphates, the comrade and rival of George Maniaces and the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, the ally of the Norman Bastard in the last and grandest of Viking exploits in the West. Eight centuries have passed away, but the echoes of Harald's verse still reverberate through all that Brooke thought or said or did:

“Far and fast by Sicilian havens
Flies bounding the deer of the deep:
We are sad, but despair is for cravens,
Our courage leaps high with her leap.
Yea, I deem all the pleasure and plenty
Far less than to dare and to do:
Though in Gardar my Gerda be dainty,
And shrink in her gold as I woo.”

The possession of the instinct which thus inspired the “Stern” Norseman as he swept past the Syracusan harbour into the long shadows of Mongibell is the final secret of kingly men and kingly races in every age. But the instinct is here, so to speak, highly specialized. It is not merely a royal disdain of the good things of the world as compared with active energy in a free field; it is this blended with all the inward influences which determine the destiny of the sea-rover, adventurer, discoverer, the possible founder on fair sea-boards of enduring kingdoms, gifted with large poetic insight and an insatiable yearning for the free aspects of nature, for the leap of gallant ships

on seething waves, for peril and lofty enterprise in far lands, a yearning dashed with the wild regret of crossed or hopeless passion. This last, indeed, may seem a circumstance rather than a characteristic, yet it is, in fact, a “note” of the Viking which is seldom absent. In the case of Brooke, there is no marriage, and apparently but one love to record. Of that single passion we know nothing, but in the story of his after life, which so closely realizes the aspirations of the hero of Locksley Hall, it is not difficult to trace its pervading influence as his destiny drives him

“... there to wander far away,
On from island unto island, at the gateways of
the day.”

How a second son of a Judge of the Court of Appeal at Benares did, in virtue of being endowed with such a temper, contrive in our own days to hew out for himself a career unique in history is the subject of Miss Jacob's volumes, and she has treated her theme with careful and laborious accuracy, with a keenly-sympathetic appreciation of heroism in action and endurance, and an almost epic coherence of narrative. The wood-cut portrait is unsatisfactory, and a summary of the chapters would greatly enhance the value of the work as one of reference; but these are all the faults we have to find with her book, unless we include a habit of Miss Jacob's, provoking from its very conscientiousness, of laying before us all the materials for forming a judgment even in comparatively unimportant crises of the Raja's life, when she would have been perfectly justified in assuming the inevitable verdict and condensing her story. But with Mr. Gladstone's words in our ears, we can hardly insist upon this as a defect in any work which deals with Sir James Brooke.

We cannot here do more than glance at some of the incidents in the life of the Raja. The actual turning-point in his career is when he lands at Madras as an ensign in the Bengal

Native Infantry, bound to reach Calcutta within eleven days, the last of five years' furlough, on pain of forfeiting his commission. It is 1830, and he is now twenty-seven. He has hated John Company and his evil ways from the beginning. He hates his profession, at all events in the position of a subaltern. He hates making explanations to the Court of Directors and requesting their "favourable consideration" of his case. Above all, he hates suspense, and then and there he renounces the H.E.I.C.S. and all its works. The hour has come. The father exerts his influence with the Court of Directors to have his son restored to the service, but the son's decision is taken once for all. The *Castle Huntley* which took him to Madras brings him back, a free man, to England, but not till he has seen Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Canton, Whampoa and St. Helena, and drunk into his inmost soul the promise of adventure in far Eastern seas. "I feel," he writes soon after his return, "the irksomeness of civilized society greater than ever, and its bonds shall not hold me long. My own family speak to me of the years we are to pass together, and it always makes me sad to think that in my inmost heart I have determined to plunge into some adventure that will bestow activity and employment. I have thought much of 'the schooner.'" This refers specially to a scheme he has talked over with the friend to whom he writes, and although seven years pass by before he starts on the great venture which has become historic, "the schooner," henceforth is the keynote of his life's music. The death of his father in 1835 leaves him master of 30,000*l.*, and in March, 1836, "the schooner" is purchased, though it is not till the end of 1838 that the *Royalist* stands out to sea from Devonport on the great enterprise.

The proposals for his expedition to Borneo, published in the *Athenæum* before starting, are drawn up with something of the air of a Royal Mani-

festó. He says in effect:—"The preponderating influence of the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago is prejudicial to the interests of England and a curse to the native races. I am minded to advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the Archipelago. I have carefully weighed all difficulties, and am clearly of opinion that for this purpose a schooner of 142 tons with a good crew and James Brooke as commander is amply sufficient." And sufficient it is. But perhaps the most noteworthy point is the Viking-like avowal that territorial possession is a main object of the voyage—possession not won, indeed, by unrighteous conquest, nor extorted by swindling treaties, possession obtained by fair means and beneficial to all concerned,—possession, possibly, to be handed over to the Crown of England, but nevertheless, territorial possession, a foothold for English military and naval force. That Brooke was perfectly justified in acting as he did is now beyond dispute; but in fairness to his former enemies, it should be remembered that the morality of such an avowal depends entirely on the character of the subsequent actions which really define its meaning.

On August 15th, 1839, the *Royalist* anchors abreast of Kuching in the Sarāwak river, the capital of that country. Muda Hassim is the Raja, and receives the Englishman in state. But there is war in the land, and after some six weeks spent in ceremonial visitings and exploration of the neighbouring rivers and coast, Brooke sails for Singapore and thence to Celebes, intending to return to Sarāwak when hostilities have ceased. In the autumn of 1840 he finds himself again at Kuching; but the war is apparently no nearer to its close. Muda Hassim invokes the assistance of the Englishman against his enemies, and Brooke joins the grand army under the Pan-geran Makota. Brooke counsels fight-

ing, but the grand army will not fight. He counsels conference with the enemy, but the grand army will not confer. In sheer disgust he returns to the Raja at Kuching to report that his longer stay is useless. Muda Hassim is in despair. He implores him to stay. The Great Sir must not desert him. He will make over the country of Siniawan and Sarāwak, its government and trade, if only the white-faced warrior will help to subdue the rebels. Brooke shows no hurry to accept the offer, but returns to the grand army with unlimited powers, and before the close of 1840 the four years' war is concluded by the utter defeat of the enemy and the capture of their fort, Balidah. Singularly enough, in spite of the disappearance of immediate danger, Muda Hassim abides by his offer, though he continually puts off a formal conclusion of the arrangement. Early in the following year Brooke sails to Singapore, and on his return finds that the Raja has availed himself of the opportunity to murder the one native on whose courage and fidelity Brooke could rely. By way of inaugurating the reforms on which Brooke insists, he has further given permission to a force of Malays and Dyaks from the Sarebus and Sakarran rivers to sail up the Sarāwak river on a slaughtering expedition. This is more than Brooke can stand. He retires in dudgeon to the *Royalist*, and Muda Hassim hastens to disclaim all complicity with the pirate-chiefs. Finally, after innumerable delays and intrigues, of which the Pangeran Makota is the mainspring, matters come to a crisis. Brooke insists on driving Makota from the country, and informs the Raja that the only course to prevent bloodshed is to proclaim Brooke himself Governor of the country, according to his promise. An explicit agreement is drawn up, making over the government of Sarāwak and its dependencies to Brooke, he on his part undertaking to pay a small annual tribute to the Sultan of Bruné, and to respect the laws and religion of the

country. This document is duly signed, and on September 24, 1841, James Brooke begins his reign as Raja of Sarāwak. The monopoly of antimony supplies the revenue—some 6,000*l.* per annum—scanty, but sufficient. A simple code, adopting in the main the laws of the country, is not only published, but enforced. In fact, with four Europeans and eight natives he rules his state right royally. "I work," he says, "like a galley-slave; I fight like a common soldier. The poorest man in England might grumble at my diet; luxuries I have none, necessities are often deficient. I am separated from civilized life and educated men; months pass without my being able to communicate with home and friends. Every trouble and danger is mine, and the prospect of compensation—bare compensation—distant and uncertain. Could money tempt any man to this?" Assuredly not; but if your Viking will rule as Raja, he must look for all this and more, and even as he writes we feel that Brooke is inwardly thanking God that he is not being strangled by a white choker in Mayfair.

After obtaining from the Sultan of Bruné a recognition of his title, and with the welcome aid of Captain, now Sir Henry Keppel, visiting the Sarebus, Sakarran, and other pirate tribes, with well-merited chastisement, Brooke in 1847 returns to England.

Her Majesty confers upon him the honours of a K.C.B., the University of Oxford those of an LL.D., the City of London those of a freeman. His country is justly proud of him, and withholds no token which can testify its appreciation of himself and his services. Before the close of the year, in addition to his former appointment of Commissioner to the Native States, he is appointed Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo, and the next autumn witnesses his triumphant return to Sarāwak laden with honours and offices, a trifle sunburnt, maybe, with the sudden blaze of flattery and favour, but heart-whole and with head unturned, a Viking victo-

rious alike over Bornean piracy and British red-tapery, dominant still in prosperity as in adversity over himself and his fortunes.

But the downfall is as sudden as the rise. On his first visit as Governor to Labuan he is struck down by fever and subsequent ague, and his illness is aggravated by anxiety on account of the withdrawal, under orders from Government, of the ships on the continued assistance and protection of which he has been led to reckon. Early in 1849 he is back in Kuching. The Sarebus tribes have taken the opportunity of the absence of any available British force to renew their depredations, and have slaughtered some 400 peaceful natives. Brooke, with such force as he can muster, sails up the Kalaka river and inflicts severe punishment on the pirates. An account of this expedition, charging its leader with "cruel butchery" and "brutal murder of the helpless and defenceless," appears in the *Singapore Straits Times*, is republished in the *Daily News*, and is there read by Mr. Joseph Hume. But this is only the prelude of the storm. Brooke's remonstrances induce the Government to act, and H.M. ship *Albatross* and H.M. sloop *Royalist* are sent to Sarāwak. Thus reinforced, and with the assistance of Dyaks and Malays, the war-fleet of the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates is utterly destroyed, 500 men are killed sword in hand, and five times that number escape to the jungle never again to resume their infernal trade. This victory, one of the most purely beneficent ever achieved in the interests of humanity, is the one which the humanitarians can never forgive. Other influences also are at work, playing into the hands of the humanitarians. The Eastern Archipelago Company has been started by a Mr. Wise, Brooke's agent in England, for the purpose of "exploitering" Sarāwak. Brooke, feeling that to embark in trade would compromise his position, declines to join the Company, and finally quarrels with Mr. Wise. The

Company comes to grief, and Mr. Wise, who considers himself desperately aggrieved by the Raja both in this and other respects, is determined to avenge his wrongs, personal and commercial, at the earliest opportunity. When the news of the defeat of the pirate-tribes arrives in England, he accordingly writes to Lord John Russell, then Premier, expressing his pious horror at the Raja's proceedings, which he characterises as "dreadful" and a good deal besides. Parliament is not now sitting, but early in the next year, 1850, the question comes on for discussion in another form. Her Majesty's officers and men—not the Raja and his followers—who have been engaged together with the Raja in thus putting down the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates, have claimed head-money in the Recorder's Court at Singapore; and Sir Christopher Rawlinson has duly allowed them the sum of 100,000*l.* for their services. This is an alarming amount to a home-government which has a reputation for retrenchment, and a bill is brought in for amending the Act under which the allowance has been made. In the debate on the second reading Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hume open fire upon the Raja, and from this time forward the warfare is carried on against him with all the malignant vindictiveness which characterises the more aggravated forms of philanthropy. Persecution, indeed, of the kind to which Brooke was subjected is impossible to the mere cowardly knave or revengeful bully—it can only be exercised in its full force by wrong-headed but conscientious men inveterately convinced of the excellence of their own motives. Of the character of this persecution some opinion can be formed from a speech delivered by Mr. Cobden at Birmingham more than a year and a half after the debate in the House of Commons, in which he asserts that Brooke "had gone out to the Eastern Archipelago as a private adventurer, had seized upon a territory as large as Yorkshire, and then drove out the

natives; and under the pretence that they were pirates had subsequently sent for our fleet and men to massacre them." As an example of unadorned humanitarianism this is probably unsurpassed. Brooke, however, who is in England at the time this speech is delivered, treats it with silence, in the belief that not only his personal friends but the Government are too well acquainted with the facts to require any answer from him. But he has under-rated both the ignorance of the Government and the weight of their obligations to the peace-party. Just before starting on his return to Sarāwak, he is informed by Lord Clarendon that the Government considers it expedient to institute an inquiry, under the direction of the Governor-General of India, into the functions he discharges, his relations with native chiefs, and his position generally. Lord Clarendon forthwith instructs Sir Charles Wood, President of the Board of Control, Sir Charles instructs Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, and Lord Dalhousie issues the Commission; Charles Prinsep, Advocate-General of Bengal, and the Hon. H. B. Devereux, being appointed Commissioners. It is not, however, till the autumn of 1854 that the Commission is really opened at Singapore, only to collapse at once, though it does not formally close till November 20th. The Commissioners are unable to agree upon a joint report, but are unanimous on the main points at issue. The Sarebus and Sakarran tribes are found to be distinctly piratical, and their chastisement deserved. Brooke is found not to be a trader. The Eastern Archipelago Company ostentatiously disclaims any intention of preferring any charge against him, and nobody else has any mind to appear. As to the position of the Raja, Mr. Prinsep holds that it is inconsistent with his retaining the offices entrusted to him by Government, and Mr. Devereux also inclines to this opinion, though he is careful to add that "the junction of the two positions has had beneficial

results in leading to the Treaty of Borneo, the cession of Labuan, and the recent considerable and growing extension of trade along the northwest coast of Borneo." As a practical question, however, the point has lost its interest. Indignant at the treachery—or what naturally seemed to him the treachery, of the Government, Brooke has resigned the appointment he held in the public service the moment he heard of the instructions given to the Commissioners. In fact, this business of the Commission is a cruel blunder from first to last, and the cruelty falls with double severity on a keenly sensitive nature like Brooke's. It has, however, one good effect. It brings home clearly to Brooke's mind the incompatibility of the functions of a British Governor and Consul-General with those of an independent Raja, and having now finally elected to retain the latter, he appoints a Council of State and determines to exercise his sovereignty with full freedom. If England will not protect his infant state, perhaps France may. If neither, there are other states which can send a man-of-war from time to time to cruise in the neighbouring seas. If none both can and will, Sarāwak can and will rely upon its own resources.

And, happily for Brooke, it can already rely upon its own resources—on the love of the people for their ruler, on their courage and loyalty. Early in 1857 the doings of Commissioner Yeh, in China, had created a ferment among the Chinese in Sarāwak, and one of the companies of gold-workers suddenly breaks into open insurrection, and surprises Kuching. Several of the English residents are massacred, and the Raja himself escapes only by flying from his blazing palace to a small creek, diving under a Chinese boat and crawling, utterly exhausted, to the house of a Malay chief. Happily the steamer *Sir James Brooke* arrives at Kuching a few hours later, and as soon as the news is known, the people, including those of the tribes he has chastised, inflict a terrible but just vengeance on the Chinese before they can be over-

taken by the tardier processes of the law. The Government of Sarāwak has stood the test, and it is permitted to the Raja to feel that in the loyal devotion of his people to his rule, testified in such an hour of supreme peril, his justification is complete.

And it is well that the justification has come; for his work is done, though the end is not yet. He returns to England to treat with regard to the cession of Sarāwak to England under certain conditions, but is struck with paralysis before a decision is arrived at. His intellect, however, is still unclouded. The tide of popular opinion has again turned in his favour. Money is forthcoming, and friends worthy of his friendship are vigilant and helpful. But the decision of the Government is unfavourable. Lord Derby cannot shut his eyes to "the extreme inconvenience, to say the least of it, of such undertakings as Sir James Brooke's," and Sarāwak is finally left to shift for itself. This is at the close of 1858. In 1860 affairs in Sarāwak demand his presence, and he leaves his retreat and churchwardenship at Burrator to visit his kingdom once again. By the beginning of 1864 he has returned to his Devonshire home, where, a retired English country gentleman, trusted, honoured, and loved by all about him, the first Raja of Sarāwak passes away from among men on June 11th, 1868.

A letter from a Russian noble, not unknown in this country, written since the appearance of Miss Jacob's biography, gives a vivid picture of the Raja in his later days which may serve as a summary of his character :—

"I saw Sir James Brooke in January, 1867, at Burrator. He lived in such a modest dwelling, in such a modest way, that I thought to myself, 'Such a man as Raja Brooke ought not to be left to dwell in this obscurity, in this hermitage, even if he himself chose it. It is a dishonour to the country—such men as Brooke are so rare, and such noble souls are so valuable to a country so great and extended as England, that they ought not to be neglected in this way. Then I met the Raja. Never, no never, shall I forget him. His whole figure, his character, his noble great soul, his clear, experienced,

yet so youthful mind—all this has become engraved in my mind and in my heart in such a way, that he has ever since that time been my idol, my *beau-ideal*, of a really great and noble man. What touched me greatly was the Raja's weary, anxious expression, and the beautiful smile which was always ready to light up his face, so beautiful in its own way. Indeed, I believe nobody could hear his calm, firm, clear, and kindly way of expressing his thoughts, and the considerate, kindly way of expressing an opinion contrary to the idea of the person conversing with him—nobody, I say, who ever saw him in his cottage at Burrator could do otherwise than love and esteem him ever after, nor forget him to his life's end. . . . With Sir James, England lost one of her greatest, and certainly her most humane, disinterested, and noble men. I wonder how she can leave such a man without a memorial, a token of her esteem which he has so justly deserved. I know many persons in Russia—distant, poor, ignorant Russia—who would subscribe largely to a monument to Sir James, and I am astonished that no one thinks of doing so in his own country. The only—most noble—monument he has received, is Miss Gertrude Jacob's book—indeed, it is a question whether such a book is not a better and more lasting memorial than any other that can be consecrated to his memory."

So much, in barest outline, of the man. His day's work in the world is summed up in the one word "Sarāwak." From the first moment he is called upon to govern, he never for a moment hesitates as to the principles on which his government shall be based. He will not *exploiter* the country to amass a fortune to spend in England. He will not rule as a conqueror over subjugated races. He will start with things as he finds them, support what is fair and just in the existing system,—jealously maintaining every not intolerable tradition and custom, social, political, and religious—put down bloodshed with a high hand, administer law with unswerving justice and without oppression, gradually introducing reforms and new measures as they are wanted, and with the consent of the people, frame his entire system with a regard for the interests of those he rules, rather than of the rulers themselves, whatever be the colour of their skins. The principles are simple enough, but

the practice of them by Europeans in relation to Oriental races is unique in history. Progress, doubtless, is slow under such conditions. The trader and the missionary are perhaps inclined to think it a little too slow. But the Raja knows that thus, and thus only, is true progress possible. Surely, the experiment is one worth watching by Englishmen. It is, perhaps, not travelling too far beyond the reviewer's province to note that up to this time the experiment has been successful. In the hands of the present Raja Brooke, the nephew and worthy successor of Sir James, Sarāwak still remains unprotected and unannexed, an independent sovereignty in spite of Mr. Pope Hennessey; year by year growing in power and importance as year by year its vast natural resources are more efficiently developed, and its government more firmly established. Its trade-returns for 1875, duly published in the monthly *Sarāwak Gazette*, show indeed some falling off from the figures of the year before, but the imports amount to \$1,338,404, and the exports to \$1,440,374, the table of exports being accompanied by the significant note—"Add to coal, \$3,455 for 443 tons shipped." For a locomotive already brings coal from the Sadong mine to the shipping wharf, and although the Sadong coal is of no great thickness, long before the seam is exhausted the thick coal of Lingga will be readily accessible and available. But it is not the coal, nor the anti-mony, of which new veins are discovered as fast as the old are worked out, nor the diamonds, nor the excellence of Kalaka sago, nor the extent of rice and paddy plantations, nor the successful experiments in the cultivation of pepper and gambier, coffee and indigo, nor the gutta percha, india-rubber, and wild fibre of the jungles, which constitute the real value of Sarāwak in the eyes of thoughtful men. Economically, doubtless, and in one sense politically, they are of the highest importance; but the real interest attaching to Sarāwak is centred

not in its abundant wealth of natural resources, but in its system of government. It has demonstrated the possibility of ruling a population of about 150,000, consisting mainly of Malays and Dyaks, with a large infusion of Chinese and a few Indians, by means of a mere handful of Europeans, not by force, but through the people, and for the people themselves, and in such a manner as to transform a race of men exclusively devoted, not five-and-thirty years ago, to piracy and massacre, into peaceful, loyal, law-abiding citizens. The machinery by which this has been effected is of almost patriarchal simplicity. There is a naval force which can be called out in case of emergency. There is a military force which, during the last fourteen years, has remained at its full complement of 120 men, divided into two companies of "Sarāwak Rangers." And of what material do these forces consist? Of Malays and Dyaks, a large majority of the latter men of the very Sarebus and Sakarran tribes which Brooke's humane severity rescued from the lower depths of barbarism to become in after years the trusted defenders of his infant kingdom. Of the missions, churches, schools, hospital and dispensary, club, reading-room, library, commercial associations, of hotels, lighthouses, roads, and fifty other institutions which Sarāwak possesses in common with other British settlements on a corresponding scale, there is no need to speak. But the method of administering the law is peculiar to Sarāwak. The Supreme Council appointed by the Raja, and without whose concurrence he introduces no new measures, has already been mentioned. For the administration of justice and other purposes, the whole country is divided into six residencies: Sarāwak, Batang-Lupar, Kalaka, Rejang, Muka, and Bintulu. At the principal locality in each Residency, a Superior Court sits on every Monday. In Sarāwak, this court is presided over by the Raja and the Resident, with the assistance,

when required, of the Commandant, the Treasurer, and the three Datus, its constitution in the out-stations being as similar as circumstances will allow. This court takes cognizance of serious criminal and capital cases, which are tried by a mixed jury. The Police and General Court sits on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, under the presidency of the Resident and one Datu, to dispose of minor cases, an appeal being allowed in civil cases to the Superior Court. The Debtors' Court and Court of Requests is held on Wednesdays, under the presidency of a judge appointed by the Supreme Council, and fulfils the functions of a County Court. In addition to these, there is a native Mahomedan Probate and Divorce Court, which sits twice a week when necessary, the president being the principal chief in each Residency. Such is the machinery of government in Sarāwak; and although many of these arrangements date from a time subsequent to the death of Sir James, they must be in justice taken into account when estimating the work of one who meant the fabric he founded to be continued by his successors, and supplied them with its general design.

What is the present duty of England towards Sarāwak? Negotiations for its transfer to England were some years since renewed by the present Raja, but the English Government again felt a difficulty in accepting the conditions, and every year renders the infant State more self-reliant and indisposed to accept protection from any quarter. Great Britain has acknowledged the independence of Sarāwak. We have had a consul there within the last few years duly accredited to the Raja's government, and although the consul first dwindled to a vice-consul, and then disappeared altogether, our interests in the Eastern Archipelago may at any time render it expedient to revive the consulate. But a consul, more or less, is a matter of no vast importance, so long as British interests are safe without one.

And safe they are, in Sarāwak, except so far as they may be endangered by external enemies, civilised or uncivilised. As to the former, Sarāwak must needs trust to the chapter of accidents, and England must decide as to whether she will or will not protect Sarāwak when the question arises. But as to the latter, the pirate tribes of the Eastern seas, our duty is clear. These are enemies, not of Sarāwak alone, but of mankind, and so long as England is mistress of the sea, so long is it her duty to assist in making all sea-ways safe from pilage and massacre by pirate savages. Surely it is not too much to expect that from time to time, as opportunity may serve, a British man-of-war should find its way to Sarāwak, and that satisfactory official evidence of acts of piracy, either perpetrated or threatened, should be followed by such measures of punishment or repression as the officer in command might decide on adopting. So much, at least, would seem to be due, not to Sarāwak or the interests of Sarāwak, but to England and to English honour. But, small as such a boon may seem, it would probably be difficult to extract from any government a pledge that it will be granted. We are ruled by count of noses, and admirable as the result may be in England, Sarāwak may very possibly fail to realise its blessings. But whatever the English Government may do or leave undone, there are men in England whose hearts yearn towards that little handful of brothers in the far East who are carrying out with such steadfast patience and courage the work bequeathed to them by the last and noblest of our Vikings. That work must not die. It is pregnant with the true secret of empire over Oriental races. It is no mere figure of speech to say that on the reading of that secret aright by English statesmen depends the future freedom, prosperity, and happiness of half mankind.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

WHILE the education of the poorer classes in England—thanks to Mr. Forster, Lord Sandon, and others—will in future be conducted on a well-ordered system, judiciously adapted to our national character and circumstances, that of the upper, and, still more, of the middle classes, remains in an eminently unmethodical and unsatisfactory state. Our so-called “public schools,” by far the most important in the country—whether we consider the high character and attainments of the masters, or the social position of the pupils—were subjected some thirteen or fourteen years ago to the severest investigation by a Parliamentary Commission, and judgment given against them on the evidence of their own warmest friends. “The Commissioners,” says the *Times* of March 28th, 1864, “find public school education to be a failure.” We read in their report, vol. i. p. 31:—“It follows that with a great mass of men, school education—and that an education which barely enables them at last to construe a Latin or Greek book, poet and orator, chosen by themselves, to master three books of Euclid, and solve a problem in quadratic equations—is prolonged to the age of twenty or twenty-one.”

The verdict of a future commission on these institutions will, no doubt, be a much milder one. The public schools have done their utmost to remedy the deficiencies pointed out. The friends of “modern education” have been propitiated by the introduction of new subjects into the plan of study, and even at Eton and Harrow, long considered the strongholds of an exclusively classical education, the claims of natural science have been allowed, and schools of chemistry and physics erected and endowed on the most liberal scale. The present syllabus of lessons at these great seats of learning, would strike an

old Etonian or Harrovian with admiration, or rather astonishment, and cause a tutor of the old school to shake his head and talk of the evils of sciolism. And, indeed, it will be a difficult task for the directors of our schools to escape the imputation of narrow-mindedness, without running into the still worse extreme of the *πανσοφία*. The future training of the young will, of course, be more and more influenced by the Demos, and as parties disagree—one crying Greek and Latin, another mathematics and chemistry, a third German and French, a fourth English literature, a fifth mental, moral, and political philosophy—we cannot but fear that they will compromise the matter by placing *all* these subjects in the syllabus of studies, and conclude a peace at the cost of our unfortunate descendants. “*Eng ist die Welt, und das Gehirn ist weit.*” It is easy for educational reformers to draw up an enticing plan of study, including the whole field of human knowledge; but the practical teacher knows how little is gained by making a thousand shallow scratches on a pupil's mind, which only confuse and erase each other—knows that, if you would bring living water from the depths of his nature, you must sink one deep shaft at least.

But though they have made great alterations in their system, the masters of our public schools would be the last to say that they were satisfied with the results of their praiseworthy exertions. A large proportion of their pupils still leave them without any education worthy of the name, unable to satisfy even the moderate requirements of the army examination, and, what is worse, without any love of learning or desire of mental progress. It still seems a matter of chance whether an English gentleman gets a good education or not;

and so many of those who attain eminence in literature or science in after years tell us that they have educated themselves, that we might be called a nation of autodidacts. And if even those who can command the services of the ablest scholars in the country, and reckon, at any rate, on sufficient learning and high character in those to whom they entrust the education of their sons, too often see them grow up ignorant, and even averse to culture, what shall we say of the parents who belong to the lower middle classes of society? What guide or guarantee have they when the momentous question has to be answered, "Where shall we send our boys to school?" How the matter stands with them may be gathered from any number of the *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*. If a boy wishes to enter the civil or military service, if he would become a lawyer or a doctor, or even a tide waiter, he must pass a certain examination; but *any one* may undertake the education of the young, who can hire a house and pay for an advertisement. A youthful curate or minister wishes to marry, and has found an angel of the same persuasion, and, as a matter of course, whether fitted for it by taste and acquirements or not, he "takes pupils." A man of property suffers a reverse of fortune, and his wife or daughter "sets up a school." And these are among the more favourable cases, for the same may be done by a mere adventurer, who can make no claim to high culture or good breeding, but founds his pretensions on the possession of a house "situated in a healthy locality," "with large playground attached," or the promise of "unlimited diet of the best description," and "opportunities of shooting and fishing in the immediate neighbourhood." Such places, and the lower depths of "collegiate schools" and "Minerva institutes," are what the lower middle class, the pith and marrow of the country, have to choose from.

In our present state of flux and chaos, it must be regarded as a most fortunate circumstance that we have before us the

experience and example of what may be called a great nation of school-masters—the Germans; and few who have watched the course of events will deny that their example and experience have already exercised a most powerful and beneficial influence in English school education during the last fifty years.

In Germany we find hardly any of those circumstances which are supposed to prevent *us* from establishing a good national system of education for all classes of society. *There*, there are no "close and wealthy scholastic corporations;" no "rich, independent and dominant Church claiming a monopoly of education, and instinctively averse to change;" no "blind adherence to old paths." Whatever may be the faults of the German governments—and they are numerous and grave—they cannot be accused of hiding the light of knowledge from their people. They have long considered it one of their most important functions to provide a sound education for the highest and lowest in the land, a systematic training for every career in life; and, more than this, to enforce the acceptance of the advantages they offer. They have ever shown themselves ready to take the advice of the most enlightened men on the principles and practice of teaching, and have put the best education which the profoundest thinkers could devise and the most learned, laborious, and thoroughly trained teachers impart, within the reach of all but the very poorest in the community. A small German shopkeeper can obtain for his son at a day school (almost all German schools are day schools) for 3*l.* or 4*l.* a year, as good, if not better, instruction in the ancient classics, mathematics, history, &c., &c.; or in the modern languages, physical sciences, geography, drawing, and singing—as can be got by the richest man in the world. He can subsequently have him trained in the best schools of divinity, law, medicine, philology, philosophy, archæology, the fine arts, and the physical sciences, by university professors of the highest

celebrity; or in practical mechanics, engineering, architecture, agriculture, mining, manufactures, commerce, &c., by men who have made the theory and practice of these arts the study of their lives, for from 5*l.* to 15*l.* a-year, according to the nature and extent of his studies. The schoolboy lives, as I have said, in the vast majority of cases, at home; the student can live exactly in accordance with his means. Would it be easy for an Englishman in the same, or indeed in any class of life, to obtain the same advantages?

It was my original intention to give in this article as complete a picture as I was able of the German universities at the present time. But I am convinced that no adequate idea can be formed of them without some knowledge of the schools with which they are so intimately connected, and where a very important part of the work is done, which produces such precious fruits at the universities.

The schools of Germany may be classed under four principal heads: the *Gymnasia*—corresponding in the course of study, but in little else, with our “public schools”; the *Real-schulen*—answering somewhat to the “modern side” of our schools; the *Bürger* or *Gewerbe-schulen*, and the *Elementar-schulen*, of which last we shall not have occasion to speak at present.

I. THE GYMNASIA.

Of these, the *Gymnasia*, which have still the exclusive right of preparing men for the universities (although some slight concessions have recently been made to the alumni of the *Real-schulen*), continue to hold the chief rank, and to enjoy the highest estimation. It is a noteworthy fact, that a nation which carries free inquiry to its utmost limits, unchecked by reverence for the past or fear of consequences, which for generations has set itself the task of discovering the best means of strengthening and developing the intellect and fitting it for active work in the highest regions of thought, has,

after lengthened controversy, deliberately adhered to the study of classical antiquity as the basis of its highest education. The question of admitting the pupils of the *Real-schulen* to the universities, on an equal footing with *Gymnasiasts*, was, a short time ago, submitted to the professors of all the universities in Prussia; and I was assured by one of the greatest physiologists in Germany, himself an enthusiastic lover of physical science, that both he and the vast majority of his scientific brethren had given their voices in favour of the classical training of *all* boys intended for the university. In England it may be said that the study of Greek and Latin retains an undeserved pre-eminence in our schools because it is richly endowed and leads to scholarships and fellowships, and is the only study of our aristocracy. But in Germany the philological students are among the very poorest, and the German nobility do not continue the study of the classics after they leave school, but either devote their attention to law, *cameralia* (diplomacy, &c.) and political economy at the universities, or to military science or agriculture at special government schools, where these subjects are taught. The German schoolmen justify their preference for the *Gymnasia* by considerations such as these: The chief object of the higher education at a school, they say, is not the accumulation of “useful” knowledge, but the strengthening of the power of cognition. All those, therefore, who are not compelled by circumstances to take the shortest cut to a bare livelihood, ought to pursue some ideal study which does not lead *directly* to bread or money, but cherished for its own sake. Every good plan of study, they maintain, should have one, or, at most, two central subjects, capable of scientific treatment, equally well-adapted to exercise the undeveloped faculties of the child, to awaken the intelligent interest of the boy, and to task the highest powers of the most gifted and industrious man. This central subject must be in close relation to all the

faculties of our spiritual nature and all the phenomena of our spiritual life. It must contain within it the germs of religion, philosophy, history, geography, natural science, poetry, and art. And, rightly or wrongly, the ablest schoolmen have decided that the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, most fully answer these requirements.

According to the latest report, there are in Prussia, 232 Gymnasias, and 34 Pro-gymnasias, the latter of which have no Prima—our sixth form. These schools are attended by nearly 80,000 day scholars, who pay from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* a year, according to the lower or higher form to which they belong. The salaries of the masters, which have lately been increased, range from 90*l.* to 250*l.* per annum. In some instances the salary of the Director (head-master) exceeds the latter sum, and a dwelling-house is often attached to his office. The Gymnasias, like the universities, are under the control of the Minister of State for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical affairs. But while the universities, as institutions for the country at large, are under the immediate superintendence of the king's minister, the Gymnasias, as belonging rather to the province in which they are situated, are managed by intermediate provincial authorities. In each of the provinces into which Prussia is divided, there exists a body called the Consistorium, having sections, or committees, to which is intrusted the charge of the ecclesiastical, educational, and medical institutions respectively. The educational section of the Consistorium, which acts as a sort of privy council to the minister, appoints in its province a Schul-collegium (School Board), consisting of a President, Vice-President, and two Consistorial Councillors, one for the Protestant and one for the Roman Catholic Gymnasias; and by this Board the course of instruction, in all the schools of the province, is arranged and superintended. The official through whom the Schul-collegium exercises its authority is the actual Director of the Gymnasium. The latter receives his nomination from the Crown, but the

Schul-collegium may propose any duly qualified person to the Minister of Education. The powers of the Director *vis-à-vis* the Assistant-masters are very ample, and were enlarged by the new Directoren-instruction of 1867. The assistant-masters, however, when once appointed by the Schul-collegium, cannot be dismissed without a fair trial.

The Director draws up the plan of study for each semester (half-year) in accordance with the general instructions which are issued from time to time by the central government at Berlin. He mediates between the Consistorial Schul-collegium and the staff of assistant-masters, who can only communicate with each other through him. He is *Censor morum* to his colleagues, and in the annual report which he is bound to make to the Schul-collegium of the state of his school, he is expected to give his opinion of the character and efficiency of his assistants. The Director enrolls the new scholars, and classes them according to the testimonials which they bring with them from home or from other schools; and if not perfectly satisfied with these it is his duty to examine the new boys himself.

The financial affairs of the Gymnasium are managed by a standing committee—appointed by the government (Regierung) of the province—which generally consists of the burgomaster of the town in which the school is situated, the town councillors, and some clergymen; and of this committee the Director of the school is *ex-officio* President. The funds of the Gymnasias are derived in the vast majority of cases from annual royal grants.

The masters of a Gymnasium are divided into two classes, the Ober-lehrer (upper-masters), who are qualified to teach in the higher forms, and the Ordentliche-lehrer (masters in ordinary), whose *facultas docendi* only extends to the lower and middle forms. The former have passed the Ober-lehrer Examen, before the examining committee of a university; the latter, a lower examination before the same committee, but they can at any time claim to be examined for the higher grade.

There are also "supernumerary" teachers waiting for appointments, and "school candidates," who are passing their probationary year at the school under the superintendence of the Director, after having gone through the full university course, taken their degrees, and passed their first examination. *Hülfs-lehrer* (extra-masters) are appointed to give religious instruction to the Protestant and Roman Catholic pupils respectively. If the ministers of any other persuasion (*e.g.* the Jewish) wish to give instruction to their co-religionists, they must do so gratuitously. Singing and drawing masters are also attached to every school.

Each form has its *Ordinarius*, to whose superintendence it is more especially entrusted, and who is directly responsible for the conduct and progress of his pupils. He gives instruction in the higher subjects, and superintends the other masters who teach in the same class. The number of masters in each form is three to four, the proportion of teachers to scholars being, of course, greater in the higher forms. The Head-master gives from eight to ten lessons a week, the *Ober-lehrer* sixteen to eighteen, and the *Ordentliche-lehrer* from eighteen to twenty, and in the lowest classes even more. The pupils receive from twenty-eight to thirty lessons, of an hour each, during the week, and spend from four to five hours a day in preparation at home, so that a boy who would stand well in his class is occupied about nine hours a day.

Once a fortnight the Director holds a conference of masters, who hand in to him a circumstantial report of the progress made by each boy, and the general state of their respective forms. All matters concerning the welfare of the school are freely discussed at these meetings, and the Director makes suggestions and imparts advice and encouragement to his assistant-masters. The concurrence of this conference is necessary to empower a master to inflict any of the severer punishments.

In most of the Prussian Gymnasia there are six forms (or rather eight, as

the two higher classes are divided into upper and lower), through which the pupils ought to pass in eight or nine years. The lowest class is called *Sexta*, and the others in ascending scale, *Quinta*, *Quarta*, *Tertia*, *Secunda* (upper and lower), and *Prima* (upper and lower). There is generally a still higher class, called *Selecta*, for the more gifted and ambitious scholars, which is under the especial direction of the Head-master. In the forms below *Quinta* the course of instruction is adapted to the training of boys for almost every career in life; in the two highest forms they are specially prepared for the matriculation examination of the university. The work of education is not begun at the *Gymnasium*. The usual age for entering it is nine or ten, but in some schools boys are not received until they are two or three years older, and are then expected to show a proficiency corresponding to their years. When they enter school at the age of nine or ten, they must be able to read correctly both German and Roman characters, write a tolerable hand, and write from dictation without gross mistakes in spelling. They must also possess some knowledge of the doctrines of the Christian religion, Biblical history, and the common rules of arithmetic.

All the Gymnasia possess a good library for the use of the masters, and most of them one for the scholars also. They have also philosophical apparatus, and botanical, geological, and mineralogical collections.

A certain amount of surveillance is exercised by the masters over the boys, even during their play—or rather their leisure—hours (for they do not play), and in their own homes. The *Ordinarius* is bound to visit those pupils who come from a distance, and are not living with their parents, and to watch over their general conduct. The scale of punishments rises from verbal reproof to written reproof in the class-book, confinement to the class-room for from half-an-hour to three hours—of which notice is given to the parents—imprisonment.

sonment in the school *carcer*, which is recorded in the half-yearly report, and expulsion, of which there are different degrees, and which can only be inflicted by the conference of masters. If the Director differs in regard to any case from the majority of his assistants, he may refer it to the Schul-collegium, to which the delinquent, or his parents, may also appeal. If a pupil, after being two years in the same class, fails to get his "remove," he receives a quarter's notice, and is *advised* to leave the school.

The following is a syllabus of the work of the Prima (our sixth form) in a Berlin Gymnasium (for the winter semester 1875-6), which may be fairly taken as a good specimen of the class of schools to which it belongs.

Religion (two lessons a week).—Earliest history of the Christian Church in connection with the reading of the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek; the Epistle to the Romans; the Confession of Augsburg.

German (three lessons a week).—Elements of logic. History of literature in the age of Goethe and Schiller. Reading of Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*, and Schiller's *Don Carlos*. Monthly essays on the following subjects: I.

(a) Are the fundamental principles of pictorial composition laid down by Lessing in his *Laocoon*, observed in the Centaur Mosaics at Berlin? (b) Is the description contained in the *Heraclides* and the *Achelous* of Philostratus based on a painting or a poem? (c) Does the rule of Pisistratus and the Pisistratidæ answer to Aristotle's description of the Tyrannies? II. (a) In what way were the feelings of Tasso hurt by Antonio? (b) How is the hostility of Antonio to Tasso to be explained? (c) The dialogue in the first act of Goethe's *Tasso*, as a pattern of the noblest tone of social intercourse. (d) Why does Goethe call Pope Gregory XIII. "the worthiest old man whose head is burdened by a crown?" III. (a) Do the words of the Princess "The truest words which flow from the lips, the sweetest remedies, avail no longer,"

really apply to Tasso? (b) What qualities of the poet are referred to in the words of Leonora "His eye scarce lingers on the earth." IV. Goethe's *Egmont*. (a) Was Duke Alba a good servant of Philip? (b) Why was *Egmont* popular? (c) Did Margaret of Parma show herself to be a sagacious observer, when she said "I fear Orange, and I fear for *Egmont*?" V. (a) What expedients does Sophocles employ to put us in possession of the facts preceding the action of the tragedy of *Electra*? VI. How far does the character of Clytemnestra, in Sophocles' *Electra*, agree with the proposition of Aristotle, "οὐδ' αὖ (δῆ) τὸν σφόδρα πονηρὸν ἐξ εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν μεταπίπτειν;"

Latin (eight lessons, in all the lower forms ten, a week).—Four lessons a week devoted to reading prose authors, two to the poets, and two to grammar and style. Tac. *Annal.* III. IV.; Cicero *Pro Murena*; privately and cursorily, Cicero, *Cato Major*; and Sallust, *Catilina*; Horace, *Carm.* III. (Odes 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, 13, 19, 21, 30, by heart.) Sat. II., *Ars Poetica*, grammatical repetition. Practice in speaking Latin, in connection with prose reading at home. Extemporaneous translation from German. Prose composition once a week. Latin essays once a month. Subjects of the latter for half year. I. (a) "De causâ Pisonis (Tac. *Annal.* III.). (b) "Quo modo Demosthenes Athenienses ad bellum Macedonicum excitavit?" II. "Satis beatus unicus Sabinis" (*Hor.* C. II. 18). "Horatii ad Aristium Fuscum epistola (conf. Ep. I. 10)." III. (a) "Tiberius quae boni principis munia posuit, ipse primis temporibus explevit." (b) "Recte Cato sine senibus nullas omnino civitates futuras fuisse dixit." IV. "Quibus in rebus cernitur senectutis felicitas?" V. "Quibus causis permotus Cicero videtur L. Murenam defendendum suscepisse?"

Greek (six lessons a week).—Prose reading two hours, poetry three hours, grammar and composition one hour. Thucyd. VI. Homer, *Iliad*, VIII. XXI. Sophocles, *Electra* (474-515,

1058-1079, 1334-1397, by heart). Grammatical repetition; prose compositions given in every week.

French.—Grammatical repetition, and exercises in French style. Extempore translations from German every fortnight. Reading of Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de Seiglière*, and Guizot's *Charles I*.

History and Geography (two lessons a week).—History of the Reformation. Particular study of portions of ancient history. Repetition of the whole school course of history. Geographical repetitions.

Mathematics (three lessons a week).—The Apollonian problem of contact (Apollonische Berührungs - Aufgabe). Stereometrical exercises with special reference to cylinders and cones.

Physics (two lessons a week).—Optics.

II. THE REAL-SCHULE.

The principles which lie at the foundation of the German Real-schule may be traced back to the scholastic philosophy of the twelfth century, when the Realists and Nominalists contended with the bitterest zeal for the *Universalia in re* on the one hand, and the *Universalia post rem* on the other, with marvellously little profit to the life and education of the middle ages. Erasmus was, perhaps, the first to call the attention of thinking men from the past to the present, and to maintain that the ancients should be read, not so much with the view of reproducing their thoughts in the same language, as for the sake of the matter they contained and in close connection with the literature and science of modern times. Melancthon, too, recommended the study of mathematics, astronomy, and physics. God, he said, had manifestly created man for the contemplation of His works, and we ought to prepare ourselves by the study of nature "*for that eternal Academy where our knowledge of physics will be perfected, when the great Architect of the Universe will show us the model of the world.*"

One of the earliest and most successful reformers of education, in the direction

of a rational realism, was the Moravian minister, Amos Comenius, who came over to England in 1641 at the invitation of Parliament, for the purpose of reforming the public schools; and, but for the breaking out of the civil war, he might have exercised the same lasting influence on the scholastic history of our own country as he did on that of Sweden and Germany. Undeterred by the horrors of the "thirty years' war," he persistently advocated the necessity of a system of education in accordance with the spirit of the times, and the wants of the great mass of mankind, whose destination is to be, not so much spectators as actors in the drama of life. He demanded a suitable education for children of every class, to prepare them for their work in the world. Unfortunately the majority of his followers misunderstood his enlightened principles, and fell a prey to the coarse materialism of the times, for which they thought a justification was to be found in his writings. The first impulse, however, had been given, and there were always some, even of the learned class, who saw the necessity of change. The gradual improvement in the method of studying the classics, by directing the attention of the student not only to the words and style, but to the rich contents of Greek and Roman authors, necessarily led men to set a higher value on those realistic studies which are common to the past and the present. The man who learned to value Homer, not only as a writer in the Ionic dialect, but as an interpreter of nature, as the clearest and sweetest voice in which she has addressed the ear of man, could not be deaf to the poetry of his own age and nation. He who had studied history and geography under Thucydides and Strabo could not be indifferent to the voyages of Columbus, or the wars and revolutions which were taking place around him. And, lastly, those who had studied Euclid must follow with interest the efforts of modern science to measure earth and heaven by the application of the very laws which the Greek geometer had laid down. The mutual relation between

past and present began to be better understood; the dark flood of the middle ages, which had seemed to separate two worlds, and which seemed to leave only the unhappy choice of living in one or the other, was gradually bridged over, and it was found that they differed more in colour than in substance, and served mutually to illustrate each other.

The cause of a rational realism was, as might be expected, greatly injured by its fanatical adherents. Julius Hecker, who was appointed preacher at the Trinity Church by Frederick William I., established, under the name of Real-schule, a sort of universal academy, which included a German school, a Latin school, (for boys not intended for the university), a Paedagogium for future students, and a training-school for teachers. "Opportunity was to be offered to every pupil to learn according to his free choice, *in the shortest and easiest way*—to the exclusion of all that was superfluous or unpractical—whatever he needed for his future special calling." In addition to lectures and lessons on every imaginable subject, from philosophy down to heraldry, he established a "curiosity class," in which matters of common life, especially the news of the day, were discussed. In order to teach the pupils through the eye, and furnish them with "useful knowledge," he made collections of the most heterogeneous kind, models of machines, buildings, ships, ploughs, churns, fortresses, shops with their different wares, &c. In the so-called "manufacture class" lessons were given in the leather trade, and illustrated by a collection of ninety pieces of leather of the size of an octavo page! The words of the Greek sage, who said that the child should be taught that which he will use when a man, were taken literally, and a system established which, if logically carried out, would oblige our boys to plead little causes, preach little sermons, keep little shops, slaughter little animals, and spend their school hours in digging, hammering, weaving, &c.

It was not until the year 1820 that the Real-schule began to rise from the

disrepute into which it fell in consequence of the vagaries of Hecker and other realists run mad. In that year Dr. August Spilleke began to take up ground between the servile, materialistic, utilitarian view of education and the narrow and barren formalism of the old grammar school. He was not an opponent of classical education, but contended that the Gymnasium and the Real-schule ought to aid and supplement each other; that the chief object of the former was to develop the scientific, that of the latter the practical, qualities of the pupil; and that the Real-schule ought to stand not below, but by the side of, the Gymnasium.

As originally constituted, the aim of the Real-schule was comparatively a humble one—that of preparing boys for mercantile and industrial pursuits, more directly and more rapidly than the Gymnasium, with its mainly ideal studies, could possibly do. Greek and Latin were altogether excluded, as being unnecessary to the attainment of this object. It was soon found, however, that these schools did not meet the requirements of the large and rapidly increasing class of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, whose sons in after life are naturally brought into close social connection with members of the ruling and professional classes. They considered it a lasting injury to their sons to be excluded altogether from the more liberal education enjoyed by the Gymnasiasts. The rescript of the Prussian Government of October 6, 1859, was issued as a concession to this widely-spread feeling. By this ministerial "patent" an important distinction was made between Real-schulen "I. Ordnung" (of the first rank), and Real-schulen "II. Ordnung," and other Bürger-schulen (middle-class schools). The former were placed under the Royal Provincial Schul-collegium (the ruling board of the Gymnasias). The plan of instruction was fixed by authority, and the study of Latin made compulsory. The principle of mere "utility" was discarded, and the object of the Real-schule declared to be,

like that of the Gymnasium, to afford "a general scientific training, as a foundation for further study." The plan of study then laid down, and still adhered to, was as follows:—

SYLLABUS FOR THE REAL-SCHULE.
I. ORDNUNG, OCT. 6TH, 1859.

	VI.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.
	(Lowest Class.)					
Religion	3 (Lessons a Week.)	3	2	2	2	2
German	4	4	3	3	3	3
Latin	8	6	6	5	4	3
English				4	3	3
French		5	5	4	4	4
Geography and History	3	3	4	4	3	3
Natural Science . .	2	2	2	2	6	6
Mathematics . . .	5	4	6	6	5	5
Writing	3	2	2			
Drawing	2	2	2	2	2	3
Hours a Week . .	30	31	32	32	32	32

It will be seen by a reference to this syllabus that the favourite and vital principle of the centralisation of study is entirely lost sight of. The question of the proper constitution of the Real-schule, so far from being settled by the patent of 1859, is debated with greater energy and heat than ever. The chief point of controversy is that of more or less Latin. The present practice, as shown by the plan, is to give the lowest form eight Latin lessons a week, the fifth and fourth form six, the third form five, the second four, and the highest class three! Now as only two or three per cent. of the "Real" scholars go beyond Secunda (our fifth form), and a very large proportion leave in Tertia, the instruction in Latin, for the great mass of pupils, means a very little Ovid and Cæsar. Just at the time when they might be expected to derive some advantage from their previous grounding, the number of lessons sinks to four and three. They stop short on the very borders of the promised land, and turn their backs on it for ever!

The question was considered so important that the present Prussian Minister of Education, Falk, very recently summoned a conference of twenty-four of the most eminent school-

masters of the kingdom to discuss this subject, among others, in his presence. However much the opinions of these experienced men differed as to the best remedy, they were nearly unanimous in condemning the present constitution of the Real-schule, and pressing on the Minister Falk the necessity of a change. Some advocated the continuance of the Real-schule as a distinct institution, with a considerable increase in the number of Latin lessons; some wished for a reunion of the Gymnasias and Real-schulen, on the bifurcating system, in such a manner that the divergence should take place after Quarta (or after Quinta), at which point the Gymnasiasts should begin their special preparation for the universities, and the Real-scholars substitute mathematics, natural science, and modern languages for Greek. In the study of Latin, however, it was deemed desirable that all the pupils should proceed *pari passu* as long as they remained in the school. The result of the conference may be summed up in a few words—"Either good Latin or none." The Real-schule without Latin is identical with the so-called higher Bürger-schule, which is still found in every part of Prussia, one variety of which is the Gewerbe-schule.

III. THE GEWERBE-SCHULE.

(Trade, or Business-school.)

I come, in the last place, to speak of a school of a somewhat different character from those described above—the so-called Gewerbe-schule. It was my good fortune to visit one of the best schools of this kind at Barmen (Elberfeld), and to be initiated into its nature and working by the highly accomplished Director, Dr. Zehme. The Gewerbe-schule, he said, paid as loyal a homage to the principle of concentration as the most purely classical Gymnasium, but was forced, in the fulfilment of its peculiar mission, to choose other subjects as the centres of its educational system. The Gewerbe-schule in Barmen is divided into the lower and upper school. The lower school has four

forms, and a course of four years, in which the pupils are prepared either to enter on their future calling at once, or for admission into the upper school.

The upper school has two forms, with a course of two years, and a *Selecta*, with a six months' course. It undertakes to prepare a boy for the career of merchant, manufacturer, engineer, or architect; or for admission to the Royal Gewerbe-Akademie in Berlin, and the Polytechnic schools in various parts of Germany, which are to the Real- and Gewerbe-schulen what the university is to the Gymnasium.

The syllabus of studies is as follows:—

	VI. Class.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.	<i>Selecta</i> .
Religion . .	2	2	2	2			
German . .	4	4	4	3	3		4
French . .	8	6	3	3	2		
History of Art .							2
English . .			4	4	3		
Mathematics and Arithmetic . }	4	6	6	6	9	4	3
Mechanics . .							4
Chemistry or Mineralogy . }					4	2	4
Practical Work in Laboratory }						6	
						or	
Practical Em- ployment in Workshops . }						6	
Theoretical Ar- chitecture . }						2	2
History and Geography . }	3	3	3	2	2	2	2
Writing . . .	2	2	2				
Drawing . . .	2	2	4	8	11	13	13
Singing . . .	2	2	2	2			

The numerals mean hours a week.

The remarkable feature in the foregoing plan of study is the great attention paid not only to mathematics, mechanics, and natural science, practical as well as theoretical, but to *drawing*, the reason of which Dr. Zehme explained to me.

The entire exclusion of the Greek and Latin languages, he said, was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and neither implied a want of appreciation of their value, nor the abandonment of all attempts to penetrate by other means into the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. The main work of the Gewerbe-schule must of course be the study of the natural and technical sciences; but the technical high

schools, he thought, would in the long run, have to make some concessions to "humanism;" not, indeed, by placing the dead languages in their syllabus, but by the extended cultivation of a subject which stands in close relation to modern life—the *history of art*—an important branch of universal history. As the Gewerbe-schule is to many their *only* school, it must, like Gymnasium and Real-schule, endeavour to give an education *complete* as far as it goes, and furnish the State with a good citizen as well as a clever workman. The natural and technical sciences deal solely with the external world. Man as a thinking and feeling creature—his religion, morality, poetry, philosophy, and history—is excluded from their investigations. A harmonious development of mind and heart can, therefore, never be attained by the study of the natural-sciences alone. "It is not," says Mr. Wilson of Rugby, one of the ablest and most experienced teachers of natural science, "simply false that there is an inhumanity about science. Constant dealing with nature, and the exercise of the intellect alone, as contrasted with humanity—the exercise of the moral feelings—unquestionably tends to exclude men from the highest thoughts." Not only, therefore, are the pupils of the Gewerbe-schule instructed in Greek and Roman history, but continually practised in drawing and modelling from casts of the choicest remains of Grecian art, with which the Gewerbe-schule at Barmen is furnished to an extent which would do credit to the richest of our English schools. But experience convinced the Director that the insight into the ancient world thus gained was dim and confused, unless aided by some knowledge of Greek and Roman *literature*; and this he endeavours to impart to his pupils by reading with them those excellent translations of the ancient classics in which the German language is so rich. The time devoted to them is naturally very limited, and I found that (with the exception of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which are indispensable, from their connection with art) the GREEK authors

only were read, and, chiefly, Herodotus, Plutarch, Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles. It is manifest how well adapted the works of these authors are to awaken the interest of the young, and, on the one hand, to enrich their fancy with the infinite variety of graceful forms which people the mythical world, and, on the other, to afford the teacher the fairest opportunities of impressing on the hearts of his pupils the great moral lessons of history, the epos, and the drama.

Ample proofs were given me of the great success of this novel method of gaining, with little sacrifice of time, a considerable knowledge of the antique world, and of bringing it into close and fruitful connection with our modern life; and as I left the school I felt that a difficult problem was in some measure being solved in it—that of training the humbler classes by the most thorough technical instruction for the practical work of the world, without altogether excluding them from the humanising and enlivening influences of literature and art.

At this school, as well as at many others, the classes of which I attended, I was greatly struck by the extraordinary skill in teaching displayed by the masters, and the proficiency of the pupils—their ready and pertinent answers, and the clear and accurate style in which they were given—and also by the general *equality* of attainments in members of the same form. “In the sixth form of an English public school,” I observed to the director of a West Prussian Gymnasium, “you would find a few more brilliant scholars than any in your class, with a larger proportion of idlers and dunces.” “It is our principle,” he replied, “to adapt our instruction to the wants of the average boy—to see that *he* is brought up to the prescribed mark at the proper time, and to leave the more gifted to find the additional aliment they need as best they may.” I also noticed the fixed and apparently pleased attention paid to his commands, and the eagerness manifested by the boys to answer the questions put to them; and

I asked him whether they were excited by the prospect of prizes, honour-lists, and competitive examinations. He replied that *the principle of competition was almost entirely excluded from their educational system*, as tending to foster a servile view of education, and to lead to spasmodic and exhausting efforts and feverish excitement, rather than to the healthy and harmonious development of the mental powers.

On coming out of the schoolroom, I watched the boys at their compulsory gymnastic exercises, in their ugly, grassless yard, and contrasted their quiet, spiritless demeanour with the obstreperous gaiety of our own noisy youngsters at their rough and hardy games. The director assured me that the German boy was not, as I supposed, indifferent to play, but that the authorities did nothing to promote it. “I think,” he added, laughing, “that they like a tame, Philistine people (*ein zahmes philisterhaftes Volk*); and, besides, there is an ebullient energy in the English nature of which we know but little.”

I then inquired into the social position of the pupils, whose performances in his form had excited my admiration, and was told that all classes of society were represented—*noblesse*, bankers, wealthy merchants—down to the smallest tradesmen; and that four of the boys in his form were sons of day labourers, who were unable to pay, without assistance, the marvellously small *schulgeld*. One of his difficulties, he said, arose from the poverty of the boys’ parents, who made bitter complaints when a change of class-books necessitated a new outlay, however small. The father of one of his boys had lately complained to him of the heavy expense of educating his son (4*l.* a year); to which the Doctor replied that learning, unfortunately, *did* cost money, but that it was, after all, the cheapest thing “going,” and that he had made a calculation, according to which a lesson in Tacitus, including firing in the winter, cost a boy exactly five *pennings* (one halfpenny).

According to the latest report of the

Minister of Education for the winter semester of 1876, there are in Prussia with its 23,000,000 inhabitants, 232 Gymnasia, with 2,528 Ober-lehrer and Ordentliche-lehrer, 281 Wissenschaftliche Hülfs-lehrer, 408 Technische-lehrer, 150 Religions-lehrer, and 177 Probe Candidaten, and (including the preparatory schools originally connected with the Gymnasia) about 76,000 pupils; 34 Progymnasia, with 268 teachers (of all kinds) and 3,737 pupils; 80 Real-schulen (I. Ordnung), with (including the preparatory schools) 1,420 teachers (of all kinds) and 30,874 pupils; 17 Real-schulen (II. Ordnung), with (including preparatory schools) 284 teachers (of all kinds) and 6,898 pupils; 92 Höhere Bürger-schulen and Gewerbe-schulen, with (including preparatory schools) 843 teachers (of all kinds) and 17,086 pupils. Altogether the schools for the upper and middle classes in Prussia, under direct Government control and supervision, are frequented by 134,595 scholars, and taught by 6,359 teachers.

In conclusion, I shall venture, at the risk of being tedious, to notice the chief points of comparison between English and German schools, and more especially those points in which the Germans seem to me to have an advantage over us. There is probably little danger of our overlooking those in which the superiority is on our side.

In the first place, the Germans have the advantage of a uniform system of education, framed by a succession of able statesmen and scholars, carefully superintended by the Government, modified and expanded, from time to time, in accordance with the wants of the age, and embracing the whole ascending scale of instruction, from the earliest lessons of the elementary school to the most abstruse lectures of the university, and the technical academy.

Secondly, the Germans have an advantage over us in possessing a numerous class of learned men, who make teaching the sole business of their lives, and are subjected to the close inspection of competent authorities appointed by the State. The masters in a German school are, generally speaking, better

teachers than those of our best schools; not because they are more learned, conscientious or zealous, but because they are specially trained for their work; because there is among them a more rigid division of labour, and because they have more power over their pupils. It may be said indeed *magister nascitur, non fit*; but teaching, like poetry, requires art as well as genius, and no Director of a German school would appoint a master until he had had some practice in the art on which his success depends. In England, on the contrary, we assume that the good scholar will be a good teacher. A good degree, a bachelor's cap and gown, are ample qualifications; and the possessor of these is introduced, without any special training, to the form of a public school, and left, without guidance, to blunder his way, by the rule of "trial and error," like any civil first lord of the admiralty, to the efficient performance of his duties. That, under the circumstances, the tutor and the first lord so often prove efficient is only another proof of the energy of our race; but who shall say how many boys and iron-clads are sunk during the noviciate?

Again, the German master is a more efficient teacher because he is not overburdened with form work or the domestic superintendence of his boys; and because he is only called upon to give instruction in *cognate* subjects. Three lessons a day is considered very full work, and the masters of the higher forms seldom give more than seventeen, or the head-master more than ten, in the week. A tutor, it is thought, should give no more lessons than he can give with the whole force and freshness of his mind, without undue exhaustion; and, above all, he should have time for prosecuting the private studies which enhance the value and efficiency of his work. The master of a Gymnasium, or other public school, would soon lose caste among his colleagues, and all hope of advancement in his profession, if he did not prove, from time to time, by some scholarlike treatise, that he was making good progress in some particular path of learning. How different is the

case in most of our schools! Many an English tutor, in addition to the management of "a house," has to give four or five lessons a day, and has neither time for social recreation, nor even for such an amount of private study as would enable him to keep himself at the level of scholarship he attained at college. It is no unheard of thing, even in our best schools, for a young master to be expected to teach Greek, Latin, French, history, geography, arithmetic and geometry, and to give seven, or eight-and-twenty lessons a week. How is it possible for him ever to make himself a thorough master of any of these subjects?

The German master is able to give more efficient lessons because his form is better prepared to receive them. Not only the first entrance into the school, but into each succeeding form, is guarded against the incompetent by a very strict examination. Consequently, the master knows exactly what to expect of his pupils; and neither loses time, as we are often obliged to do, in filling up holes in the foundation on which he has to build, nor in teaching one half the class what the other half already knows. It can never happen to *him*, in the middle of a lesson in Aeschylus, to discover that some of his hearers hold unsound views in regard to the conjugation of the Greek verbs in *μ*!

The German master has an easier task than the English master, because he has greater power over his pupils, and because his efforts to teach are generally met by an equal eagerness to learn. The maintenance of discipline never weighs upon *his* mind. The force brought to bear upon the German boy is absolutely overwhelming. Behind his class-master (*ordinarius*), rise the majestic forms of the Herr Director and the Schul-collegium; while, in the distance, loom large and awful the *Dii-majores* of Berlin—the "Minister der Geistlichen-Unterrichts- und Medicinal-Angelegenheiten;" nay,

the Emperor himself, with a hundred legions at his back! What can a poor little Teuton do against such odds? The English boy, on the other hand, has only to face his tutor, or, at worst, an armed alliance of tutor and father; and he may often indulge a hope, that the operations of the latter may be checked or neutralised by the irregular, but very effective, forces of his natural ally—his mother.

The German boy is naturally more eager to do well in his class, not only because he very soon becomes aware that all his success in life is at stake, but because there is no other field in which he can gain distinction. But when an English boy enters *his* school, it is not the Newcastle scholar or the Tomline scholar who is pointed out to him as the object of his cult, but the captain of the boats, or of "the eleven;" — the heroes of Lord's or Henley. As an "oar," or a "bat," he may find distinction, not only at school, but at college, and in general society.

In these and some other respects, which it would be tedious to enlarge upon here, the German schools are superior to our own. Some of these advantages we cannot hope, cannot, perhaps, even *wish* to share, because they cannot be obtained without the sacrifice of what we value still more highly; but they are for the most part quite within our reach. The fair and candid spirit in which educational matters are now discussed by the heads of our great schools, the earnestness with which educational reforms are advocated at our universities, by men whose "interests" might tempt them to "let well alone," encourage us to hope that some reformer will arise to do for the upper and middle classes what has already been done for the great mass of the people.

WALTER C. PERRY.

THE CLERGY AND CHARITABLE RELIEF.

Few signs of the times are more striking than the newly-awakened sympathy of the clergy with the movements that are interesting, and the feelings that are agitating, other classes of the community. The prominent and active share taken by clergy of all parties in the national protest against Turkish barbarities, the temperance movement inaugurated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the conferences of the clergy with the trade unionists are all signs of this most healthy change. It is just these signs which give significance and importance to the meeting called by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the library of Lambeth Palace, on the 23rd April, to consider the question of the reform of charitable relief in London.

That at a meeting called by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and attended almost solely by the clergy, a resolution should have been proposed by a leading High Churchman like Mr. Temple West in favour of the substitution of methods of substantial relief for the small-dole system is certainly an important fact; and it is perhaps still more remarkable that so well known and influential a clergyman as Canon Duckworth should have proposed a resolution in favour of taking away from district-visitors the decision of questions of relief, and handing it over to a mixed committee.

But by far the most important point in the meeting, as far as regards future action in the same direction, was the attitude of the opponents of the motions. The opposition was founded on three different grounds:—(1) That the clergy knew all about these methods of relief before, and are the best administrators of charity; (2) that the poor are not demoralised by gifts

given to them as from friend to friend; (3) that it is better to be cheated many times over than to treat any case with undue hardness, and that though Lazarus may very likely have come into his condition by improvidence, Dives was yet condemned for not relieving him.

The first of these feelings is a very intelligible one, and one which nobody has a right absolutely to condemn. It cannot be denied that, as a class, the clergy have done more than any other body for the relief of the poor, and I should deeply regret that any reformers of charitable relief should ignore or seem to underestimate the previous efforts made by the clergy in the direction of the organization of that relief. It cannot be denied that it is a very trying thing for men, who have been ruling and directing the administration of charitable relief in an almost independent manner in their own parishes, to be suddenly called upon to modify their system in accordance with modern views, and to become fellow-workers with other persons and organizations. I believe that there are few classes of society that charity-reformers can less dispense with than the clergy; and *that*, not merely on account of their influence over charitable people, or the powerful organizations that they have at their disposal, but because I think that the second objection to which I alluded embodies a feeling which all really charitable people must respect. The feeling that all help to the poor should be as much connected with relations of friendly intercourse between giver and receiver as similar gifts among equals would be, is one which many members of the Charity Organization Society feel necessary to their work.

A remark embodying something of this feeling was made at a recent conference on district-visiting by an anti-clerical member of the Charity Organization Society. After protesting against the idea that casual visitors from the West End were of use to the East End poor, this speaker urged that richer people might settle in the East End, and, turning to the chairman, Lord Lichfield, he added — "They might call upon their neighbours there, whether poor or rich, as your Lordship's friends might call upon you."

Now the parish clergyman is at present the one person in English society who is drawn by his position into natural and easy relations with all classes of society, and it is not unnatural that he should look with distrust on a movement that seems at first as if it would put committees between friends in different classes. There is often an uncomfortable feeling in those who are proposing sterner methods of dealing with the poor that they are condemning practices of the poor with greater severity than they would condemn them in the rich; that while many rich people are sometimes even thought the better of for indulging in needless extravagance, the poor for smaller extravagances in still more difficult circumstances hear stern lectures on improvidence, and are left to drift into the workhouse.

Undoubtedly there is truth in this complaint; a truth which is the natural consequence of the heathenish divisions of our society, and of our false standards of judging of men and things. But if we are too apt to excuse in ourselves and our richer neighbours extravagances which we condemn in the poor, it does not follow that extravagance and improvidence are good things, or to be encouraged. Let us by all means recognise our inconsistencies, and then every lecture to the poor may give a prick to ourselves—the sharper the better. But no doubt it is true that we are less able to judge of the condi-

tion of the poor than of our own; that we have not, therefore, as little, but infinitely less, right to lecture them on improvidence than we have to condemn ourselves and our richer friends. But are we, therefore, to do what we can to encourage the poor in improvidence and extravagance? I believe the true way out of this difficulty, as far as London is concerned, is in the carrying out of a work which the Charity Organization Society by its very constitution tends to promote, but which it can only carry out efficiently by the help of the clergy. The Charity Organization Committees in the eastern and south-eastern districts of London have been compelled to form their committees from men of leisure living in the West End. Now if these men are to get any permanent hold on those districts, if they are not only to help in relieving the poor, but to stir up a healthier co-operation between the tradesmen and workmen of those localities for the real benefit of the poor, the clergyman, as the one person who holds the position to which I alluded above, as the one link between different classes of the community, must necessarily take an active part in the work. That work, if properly carried out, may have a beneficial effect on the richer as well as on the poorer members of the community. I know of one instance in which a man, trying to enter into the life of the poor, gave up a great deal of the food which he had till then thought necessary, in order that he might be able to understand more the amount of trial felt by the poor in their want of food. Such attempts may sound fantastical; and to lazy fools, who like to find in the failures of good men excuses for their own indolence, they may supply first-rate materials for tenth-rate wit; but those who feel the intense painfulness of the problems of English society will be more disposed to welcome them as at any rate useful hints as to the methods of bringing about greater sympathy between different classes of

the community. The Charity Organization Society may of course degenerate, if left to itself, into a system of red-tape, and a training-school for detectives; but, if it does so, the responsibility will largely rest upon those who, while preaching Christ's lessons, and no doubt in many points obeying them, yet are so ready to condemn all who "follow not after them."

But there is yet another way in which the clergy of all parts of London may encourage those healthier relations between rich and poor which they are so eminently fitted to promote. One of the questions specially dwelt on at the Lambeth meeting was the taking the administration of relief out of the hands of the district-visitors and entrusting it to a committee. But unless the clergy do more to educate their district-visitors, the work of such committees will be of little use. The visitors will consider the refusal of relief hard and cruel, and will relieve the people in their district out of their own pockets without saying anything, thus increasing the disorganization of charity. If the clergy wish to gain the hearty and intelligent co-operation of their visitors, they must lead them to think *in every case* what the *moral* effect of their gifts would be. In this age of luxury it is hard for people to remember that "the life is more than the meat."

An East End clergyman, writing to his fellow-workers, says—"The homes of the poor remain wretched, the unwise gifts which tempt the people to drunkenness and improvidence are plentifully scattered, a selfish Christianity bars the way to the entrance of the religion which means love of others and an abiding trust in the presence of a righteous God. . . . Every one is looking for the happiness which is to be found in abundant food or easy circumstances, and shuts his ears to the news which proclaims that life is only valuable as it becomes useful to others. A son prefers to have some extra luxury rather than

do his duty to his old mother, and is angry with the action which forces him to do that duty. . . . Lest we should interfere with God's working, we give nothing to those who should have provided for themselves; lest we should seem to put the body's wants above those of the soul, we let no suffering tempt us so to act as to make the sufferer forget that sin is terrible." He goes on to say that, since he has worked with the C. O. S. he has almost got rid of applications from able-bodied and undeserving people, and has thereby been able to give far more liberally in cases of severe sickness, towards pensioning deserving aged people, and towards supplying the means for placing young people in situations where they will earn an honest livelihood. Such work demands immense faith and patience, and the visitors cannot be expected to exercise such patience unless they understand the principles on which the clergy and committees are working. They must be taught that it is not better to be cheated many times than to refuse help, because of the immoral effect upon the cheat. They must receive help and advice from the members of the relief committee in dealing with the particular cases. A young visitor the other day came to her friend and said that there was a family starving because the man was out of work, and asked what she could do. The lady advised that a little needlework should be offered to the eldest daughter, who accepted the offer of work, but never came for it. But it afterwards turned out that the man had plenty of work; only, instead of doing it, he lay in bed till nearly ten o'clock in the morning. One such example as that will teach a young visitor that it is better to offer work than money.

The evils of substituting mere officialism for personal intercourse with the poor I have most fully admitted; but may there not be a kind of personal intercourse which is as destructive of real human sympathy as red-tape rules of committees? Visitors,

who are always expected to give money, and who go mainly for the purpose of giving it, cannot form with the poor anything which corresponds to real friendship in other relations of life. Feelings will grow up from such a state of things which really preclude free exchange of thought. Miss Hill stated at the Lambeth meeting that her fellow-workers preferred the work of rent-collecting to that of giving money to the poor, since it produced friendlier relations between them and the poor. The reason is, of course, obvious. Where there is a sense of giving as well as taking, a spirit of independence and equality is naturally promoted, which must change the poor from mere recipients of relief into ordinary human beings. But such a feeling can be promoted by other means than rent-collecting.

A lady, who had visited for some months in a court in Whitechapel, was beginning to feel very hopeless about her work. Each time that she went the people received her more coldly or angrily, as they became aware that she did not come for the purpose of giving them alms. One day, however, to her surprise she was received with a welcoming smile by an old washer-woman who had always before repelled her. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "I am so glad you've come. I wanted to ask you what could be done for poor Moggy." The visitor found that the girl in question had been turned out of doors by her sister, and would have had to sleep all night on the step if she had not been given a lodging by the old woman. This was the beginning of a friendly relation between the

visitor and the old woman. They had found a real bond of sympathy. When once the theory is abandoned that the only relation between district-visitors and the poor is that of givers and receivers of money, parish life offers plenty of opportunities for common action between all members of the parish. Mutual help and counsel in arrangement of parish entertainments and parish business might be carried very much further than at present. The poor, instead of having things got up for them, might be invited to share in the getting them up. The life of the poor is surely not so destitute of peculiar experience that they might not often give hints that might be useful to their richer neighbours, as well as receive advice from them; and all that personal tenderness, which no doubt does often arise in the present relation of the clergy and the district-visitors to the poor, would, instead of being diminished, be purified and strengthened by the greater respect for the poor which the growth of independence among them would produce on their richer neighbours, and still more by the greater self-respect which it would produce among the poor themselves. The closer the acquaintance grew between rich and poor the less need would there be for painful investigations into cases of distress by mere officials or even by friendly strangers. Such information as the district-visitors gave would be more trusted by the committees, and thus the evils of officialism and the evils of reckless almsgiving might be gradually destroyed by the same methods.

C. E. MAURICE.

COUNT MOLTKE IN RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., was crowned at Moscow on September 7th, 1856, and amongst the princes assembled to witness the coronation was Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, now the Crown Prince of Prussia and the German *Reich*. In attendance on the Prince was Freiherr General von Moltke, now Count von Moltke, who sent his observations and experiences in the form of daily letters, to a lady, his relative, in Copenhagen. By some accident these letters came into the possession of a Copenhagen journal, which published them in a Danish translation. Though read with great interest in Denmark, they would appear to have been overlooked in Germany till February last, when they were re-translated from the Danish, and published, though incompletely, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*. They have now been issued in a permanent form with the permission of their illustrious author. They describe the coronation of the Emperor and the festivities of the time; and contain many remarkable reflections on the public and domestic life of the Russian people, which are applicable to the Russia of this hour in spite of the great reforms introduced by the Emperor.

But the great interest of this little volume is not derived so much from the intrinsic value of its contents as from the fact that it exhibits the renowned soldier in so different a light from that in which he generally appears to the popular mind. The sketches of his character which are current, the anecdotes of his taciturnity, even the countless portraits which represent his features in the cast-iron fashion of photography, seem to have impressed on the public mind the idea of a character unusually stern—almost repulsive.

As we turn over its leaves our surprise increases with each page. This lively gentleman, who enjoys life so thoroughly and describes it so genially, who basks in the sunshine and abominates cold, who sees and sympathizes equally with the emotion of an emperor and the needs of a beggar, who describes like a poet the babbling of a brook, and like a painter both pictures and scenes, who seems to melt into sympathy with the delicious singing he hears in the churches and convents, who withal is full of quaint humour, and does not even forget to notice the ladies' dresses, can this indeed be the stern Moltke—the man who is said to be able to keep silence in ten languages? The popular idea of him is not badly conveyed in a story which was current in Germany after the Austrian war, that a young subaltern having been put by mistake into a carriage with his great chief, ventured on entering and leaving, in the greatest fright, to murmur “Verzeihen Sie, Excellenz” (Pardon, your Excellency), Moltke’s comment on which was a growl of “unerträglicher Schwätzer” (insufferable talker)! Of such harsh taciturnity there is indeed little reflection in the pleasant pages before us.

In making a few extracts from these letters it is difficult to choose, where all, for one reason or another, is interesting; but we shall prefer those passages which illustrate the character of the writer, adding a few which are valuable as giving the opinion of so great a man on matters of universal interest at the present moment.

The Prince and his suite went to Petersburg by sea. After an amusing description of the voyage,—the vexations of sea-sickness, the cabin through which the rudder ran, “creaking con-

tinually in a fearful manner," the monotony broken only by dinners which might have proved "too good, had they not been washed down by very old Malaga, excellent Lafitte, and Champagne *frappé*," Count Moltke goes on:—

"Remember that all this took place with the accompaniments of a pouring rain, a high sea, and fits of sea-sickness, and you will acknowledge that our situation was horrible. But nevertheless we were soon quickly gliding into smooth water towards the nearest coast. To the left shone on the horizon something which, if it were not the middle of the day, might have been taken for a star. It was the golden cupola of the Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. We soon landed on the fine broad steps of Peterhof. The Empress was hurried away through the rows of troops, and there was an indescribable confusion of soldiers and courtiers with stars and epaulettes. We were presently seized upon by servants who placed us in a cab, which made its way to the place of our destination, where a swarm of servants and equipages were placed at our disposal. And now that I have come happily to land, and it is ten o'clock, I will shut up for to-day, wishing you heartily good night. My letter will not go much before mid-day, so that I can tell you in the morning whether my land impressions have overcome my maritime reminiscences. As I have not taken off my clothes for three nights, an elegant bed with good mattresses and silken quilt smiles upon me most pleasantly."

The next morning he continues: "I have a large and pretty room, with a very pleasant green outlook, and, what is priceless in this damp, cold region, on the sunny side of the house. Yet I was glad of my cloak during the night." He describes Peterhof: the palace—white and gold with golden cupola, surrounded with dark fir-trees and a "most peculiar alley of jets of water," between which the sea, and on the horizon the coast of Finland can be seen—making "a most surprising impression," and the park full of cascades, temples, and statues, "recalling Wilhelmshöhe and Sans Souci;" but—

"What pleased and surprised me most in the park was a brook, a real German stream, with crystal-clear water rushing over blocks of granite. I could not have believed there was so great a fall in flat Russia from the Valdai Hills to the level of the sea. It is always perfectly unaccountable to me how

landscape-gardeners in flat countries will contrive waterfalls instead of using their labour to make, at least for a short distance, a splashing, murmuring brook. The artistically victimised water is sent over a plank into a six-feet-deep chasm, whence it seems to creep away ashamed, not knowing where to go! To make the thing complete, the cataract should only be set off when the spectator is standing ready to be astonished! But the brook in Peterhof is nature, and if the trout can make a home in the sixtieth degree of north latitude, they must certainly find it here."

The Empress mentioned as landing at Peterhof was the Dowager Empress, the mother of the Emperor, and of her he says:—

"It was thought hardly possible that this noble lady could live to return from Wildbad to the Neva; but she had determined to bestow her blessing on her son at his coronation, as is the beautiful old custom of this country, even if she should die in consequence. And what this lady once wills, she wills most decidedly."

It is pleasant to know that the courageous lady was rewarded for her brave effort. At Moscow, at the coronation, Count Moltke found it

"fine to see how the aged, stately Empress mother followed all these movements with eager attention. Her youngest son showed much anxiety to support her, and to draw more closely her ermine furs, lest she should feel the cold. The wife of an American diplomatist near me fainted away, and the Princess Helena fell into her husband's arms, but the Emperor's aged mother stood it all out bravely. She rose and advanced with a firm step to the foot of the throne, the sparkling crown on her head and the mantle of gold brocade trailing behind. Here before all the world she embraced her first-born and blessed him. The Emperor kissed her hands. Then all the grand-dukes and princes followed, bowing low; and the Emperor embraced them. Whilst all this was going on, *Domine salvem fac Imperatorem* was sung, the bells in all the churches rang out, a hundred cannon shots shook the windows; and all the spectators bowed three times.

"Next the Emperor, arrayed in all his Imperial robes, stepped down from the throne and knelt in prayer—all the company kneeling or bending low in prayer for the welfare of their new monarch. In the hand of no mortal man is such unlimited power laid as in that of this absolute ruler of the tenth part of the inhabitants of the earth, whose sceptre stretches over four quarters of the world, and who lays

his commands on Christians and Jews, Musselmans and heathen. Who can fail to pray God that His grace may enlighten the man whose will is law to sixty millions, whose word is obeyed from the Wall of China to the Vistula, from the Polar Sea to Mount Ararat, to whose signal half a million of soldiers are obedient, and who even now (1856) has given peace to Europe? May he be victorious in the peaceful conquests he is about to attempt in the interior of his vast kingdom, and remain a firm support of law and order!"

After the exhausting ceremony—

"The Empress seemed to be fatigued, and did not receive us, but the Dowager Empress did so most kindly. She was in simple but rich morning dress, wearing a white Indian shawl with a wide border, and sat, or rather lay, on two arm-chairs. She chatted with each of us, and gave every one her hand to kiss. 'I thought I should have died of joy and excitement at the coronation,' said she, 'but I prayed so earnestly that God has preserved me.'"

Of the Emperor he writes:—

"He makes a very pleasing impression on me. He has not the statuesque beauty nor the marble rigidity of his father, but is an extremely handsome majestic man. He appeared somewhat worn, and one could imagine that events had impressed a gravity upon his noble features which contrasts strongly with the kind expression of his large eyes."

And afterwards:

"He seemed to feel the whole significance of the festival, not because of its extraordinary splendour, but in spite of it."

Count Moltke describes the grand palaces and churches of St. Petersburg in a most picturesque manner, but these descriptions exceed our limits, and we can only give a few of his remarks on the singing in the churches:—

"The Greek Church allows the use of painting in the sacred edifice and singing in the service, but forbids all sculpture and instrumental music. They have the most wonderfully beautiful old hymns, mostly brought from the West, although now forgotten there. Rome has furnished many. . . . The choir sang a truly overpowering melody, with the most perfect execution. Nothing more beautiful than the composition, but nothing also more beautiful than the rendering. . . . But how the voices of the singers were heard as they began one of those wonderful melodies which in Russia alone can be heard in such perfection! Who could have expected to hear in this place such voices, and such execution? We remained motionless till the singing ceased."

He visits a convent:—

"The Igumena or Abbess received us in person. Men were excluded from the service, but the nuns sang at the entrance. Among these poor creatures, entirely clothed in black, some were aged, almost all ugly, with Tartar features, though now and then with beautiful eyes. The novices wear a pointed, the nuns a cylindrical, black hood, a black veil, and long black garments. One of them directed the choir with a little black stick. It is impossible to describe the exquisite beauty of the singing. There were most beautiful voices, and among them some so deep that one might have taken them for men's. I have never heard anything more lovely than these ancient Church melodies. The nuns receive twenty paper roubles yearly—less than a servant-maid gets with us. Everything else they must earn by the work of their own hands. They work with the needle and paint, and the churches contain many beautiful specimens of their skill.

At Moscow, Count Moltke rides in the grand procession to the Kremlin, amongst princes, grand-dukes, and nobles of every country; but his position has its drawbacks.

"One can generally feel happy enough on a strange horse if one is tolerably confident of getting off again without mischief to one's self or others. But here bad riders come up close behind—horses turn up in the most unexpected corners, plunging and kicking in every direction. It is easy enough to ride alone, but in such a crowd, at a sharp trot, on a spirited animal, then indeed, one has to keep one's eyes open. Suddenly the Emperor stops, and all pull up; or he takes a turn, and then the confusion is fearful; or he gallops on, and every one starts forward while his head jerks backward with the sudden movement. Then the fluttering flags, the braying of the trumpets, the rolling of the drums, and the never-ceasing 'Hurrahs!' is something to see! I rode a small black horse which I should have liked for my own, he went just like an East-Prussian, only very eager, taking me more than once in front between the grand-dukes. However I soon got on very well with him, especially after we came to understand one another. He liked an easy seat and light hand, which in such difficulties it was not always easy to get."

The descriptions of Petersburg and Moscow we do not give, as they may be familiar to our readers or be easily found elsewhere, but Count Moltke's impressions of them have a peculiar interest:—

"Any one who stands, as I did, on the top of the Kremlin, and looks down for the first

time on the city of Moscow on a warm, sunny day, will with difficulty realise that he is in the same latitude under which in Siberia the reindeer roams and in Kamschatka dogs draw sledges over fields of ice. Moscow makes a most decidedly southern impression, though at the same time something strange and novel. One fancies one's self in Ispahan, Bagdad, or some place in the *Arabian Nights*. And indeed one cannot easily see anything brighter than this fairy-like city stretched out in the sun, filled with all that is rich and splendid from far and near, with the long procession in which, under a blue sky, among ancient monuments and sacred edifices, the treasures of the Church, the weapons of the Army, and the Regalia of the State, are displayed to greet the new Emperor. I have not yet digested the impression which it has made upon me. I walk about continually in silent astonishment. I try to arrange my thoughts and to make some comparisons between what strikes me as so strange and wondrous, with what I have seen before in other regions. When I stand on the high terrace of the Kremlin and look down on this enormous city, the white houses with bright green roofs, surrounded with dark trees, the high towers and countless churches with golden cupolas, I am reminded sometimes of the view of Prague from the Hradschin, sometimes of that of Pesth from Buda, and again of that of Palermo from Monte Reale. Still everything here is different, and the centre of the whole, the Kremlin, cannot be compared with anything in the world.

* * * * *

"Peter the Great found an inland country entirely without sea coast. He might have chosen either Black Sea or Baltic to bring him into connection with the civilised world, but whichever it might be, it had first to be conquered. The hot-headed King of Sweden drew him into a northern war, and the southern sea was surrounded by barbarians. It is said that he had originally intended to found his new capital on the Black Sea, and even fixed on its site. And indeed the one coast is not much further from the centre of the kingdom than the other. . . . But what a city would St. Petersburg have been if its wide streets had stretched down to Balaklava and the Winter Palace had looked on the deep blue mirror of the Euxine; if the Isaac's Church had stood on the heights of Malakoff, if Alushta and Orianda had been the Peterhof and Gatschina of the Imperial family!"

In one of his letters from Moscow Count Moltke gives an account of the country, its institutions, and its people, so clear and concise, and yet so wise and sympathetic that we would gladly transfer it to these pages; we can, however, only pick out a few

remarks, and these too, not perhaps in themselves the best, but such as will best bear to be separated from the context:—

"When one reflects that the essence of this people—the great Russian nation, thirty-six millions of men of one race, one creed, one tongue, forms the greatest homogeneous mass of men in the world—who can doubt that Russia has a great future before her? It has been said that with increasing population, the enormous kingdom must fall to pieces of itself; but no part can exist without the other, the wooded north needs the corn-growing south, the industrial midland needs them both, while the interior is nothing without the sea-coasts and the mighty Volga. But still more powerful than all these is the community of feeling which binds together even the most distant parts. And of this feeling, Moscow is the centre point, not only of the European empire, but of the old, sacred realm of the Czars, in which the historical memories of the people are rooted, and out of which its future may yet perhaps arise."

Of the people he speaks in an equally pleasant tone:—

"In the evening the city was illuminated. I drove and walked through the surging crowd and marvelled at the intelligence, docility, and quietness. Indeed there cannot be a more gentle and good-natured people than the Russian peasantry. Every household, according to the number of its male members receives a corresponding portion of land. . . . The son does not inherit his father's land. He receives his portion not on the strength of inheritance, but on the strength of his birth as a member of the community. . . . No one is quite poor. A father may lose everything; the children do not inherit his poverty. The increase of the family, which is with us so great a cause of anxiety, is in Russia an increase of riches. All try to marry early, and the introduction of even the poorest daughter-in-law is a festival in the family, for she brings with her a pair of useful hands, and her sons will have their portion of land set apart for them from their birth. . . . But it must be confessed that this division of the land prevents any portion of it from being long in a state of perfection. Who will make improvements, plant trees, or drain land, which, after fifteen years, will perhaps belong to some one else? Personally, the Russian peasant is perfectly free. The aristocracy is not originally a Russian institution, it is, as in England, of German origin. . . . The Russian noble lived and lives still almost entirely in the cities, that is, either in Moscow or St. Petersburg. *On dit que j'ai de superbes terres du côté de Tomsk!* one of them may be heard to say. A member of the Emperor's staff being sent on a mission up the Volga, and much de-

lighted with a certain region, inquired to whom the country thereabouts belonged. The answer was his own name!

"The Russian peasants are extremely good-natured and peaceable. One never sees the people fighting or wrestling. They have no bull-fights or cock-fights. But their feeling for their superiors makes them, much against their inclination, the most obedient and devoted of soldiers. During the flood in St. Petersburg sentries were drowned because they had not been discharged from their posts. As the Winter palace was burning, a priest rescued the sacred vessels from the chapel. In the corridor he found a sentinel and told him the danger of remaining longer at his post. 'Prikass!' (Orders) said the man; received absolution and was burnt."

Of the soldiers he says:—

"The Emperor rode down the whole front of the camp, one (German) mile and a half. The soldiers—seventy-four battalions of eight hundred men—about sixty thousand in all, unmixed, old, bearded, dark-brown faces, stood without arms, with caps uplifted. I will say nothing of the deafening 'hurrahs,' which lasted for two hours, except that one might see in these bearded faces with what joy they greeted their Czar.

"The Emperor spoke to several of them, and they answered their 'batuschka' (their father) without any embarrassment. . . .

"The troops were drawn up in six lines, and the Emperor rode with his enormous suite along the whole front. At the march past there were 75,000 men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—the Guard corps and one division of the Grenadier corps. If these troops had been set out in line they would have covered a (German) mile in length. . . . I could not have believed it possible that after their long marches the troops could have turned out in such perfect order.

"We rode into the camp of the infantry and foot artillery, a town, of fifty thousand inhabitants, under canvas, with broad, regular streets, on a treeless plain. It is well suited for its purpose. Fourteen of these military monks sleep in one cell; they lie on wooden beds, with a little straw, and cover themselves with their long gray cloaks. The knapsack is their pillow, and their arms stand in the middle of the tent, which is surrounded by a little wall of earth. . . . The food was very good; each man has three pounds of good black bread a-day, baked by the companies themselves, and half a pound of meat. Sauerkraut soup and buck-wheat groats are their favourite luxuries. Dinner is eaten in the open air in companies, planks being used for forms and tables, weather not being taken into consideration. When asked, the men answered loudly, and all together, like a

battalion salvo, that they were doing very well. But they are very quiet—no singing or joking as amongst our men. They like to get behind the camp where their superiors do not come. Then they sit down on the ground in their much-loved cloaks, and talk till the Cossacks come and drive them away.

" . . . The Russian must have a master. If he has not one already, he will seek one.

"Our land is good, but we have no one over us. Come and govern us," was the message of the Communes to Rurik. So with the soldiers. They would be in the greatest distress without their captain. Who would look after them, lead them, punish them? They may, perhaps, think that he has appropriated their property, or ill-treated them in anger, but they love him more even than the Germans do who are chastised with justice and consideration. If a European soldier saw an officer in a state of drunkenness, there would be an end of discipline; but a Russian soldier puts him to bed, wipes off the dust, and obeys him in the morning, when he has slept himself sober, with the same devotion as before."

The Prince and his retinue left Moscow on the 12th September, and by the help of 2,000 horses the party reached Warsaw on their homeward journey. The Count chronicles the misery of forty-eight hours of incessant rain and wind. Bad weather seems indeed to have marred his pleasure from the beginning to the end of the journey. Even in the *entrée joyeuse* into Moscow on the 29th of August, when, as he says, "it being the dog-days fine weather might have been expected," lords and ladies in court attire had to go in procession amid rain and wind, under dark clouds instead of bright sun; but about mid-day a bit of blue sky was visible, "*large enough*," says the Count, in his own English, "*for a pair of marine trousers*." Our readers will smile at the illustrious soldier's transformation of one of our homely proverbs, but as we take leave of the Count and his pleasant little volume we are tempted to sound a warning against the too adventurous use of foreign sayings, for if a Moltke can thus blunder, what may not be done by those who have neither his caution nor his cultivation?

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

WHEN young Lord Stanton left his own house with Wild Bampfylde there was a tingle of excitement in the young man's veins. Very few youths of his age are to be found so entirely home-bred as Geoff. He had never been in the way of mischief, and he had no natural tendency to lead him thitherward, so that he had passed these first twenty years of his existence without an adventure, without anything occurring to him that might not have been known to all the world. To leave your own house when other people are thinking of going to bed, for an expedition you know not where, under the guidance of you know not whom, is a sufficiently striking beginning to the path of mystery and adventure, and there was a touch of personal peril in it which gave Geoff a little tingle in his veins. His brother had been killed by some one with whom this wild fellow was closely connected; it was a secret of blood which the young man had set himself to solve one way or other; and this no doubt affected his imagination, and for a short time the consciousness of danger was strong in him, quickening his pulses and making his heart beat. This was increased by a sense of wrong-doing in so far as Geoff felt that

he might be exposing the tranquil household he had left behind to agonies of apprehension about him, did he not return sufficiently early to escape being found out. Finally, on the top of this consciousness of conditional fault, came a feeling, perhaps the most strong of all, of the possible absurdity of his position. Romantic adventure, if it never ceases to be attractive to the young, is looked upon with different eyes at different periods, and the nineteenth century has agreed to make a joke of melodrama. Instead of being moved by a fine romantic situation, the modern youth laughs; and the idea of finding himself in such picturesque and dramatic circumstances strikes him as the most curious and laughable, if not ridiculous, idea. To recognize himself as setting out, like the hero of a novel or a play (of the old school), to search out a mystery—into the haunts of a law-defying and probably law-breaking class, under the guidance of a theatrical vagrant, tramp, or gipsy, to ask counsel of the weird old woman, bright-eyed and solemn, who held all the threads of the story in her hands, filled Geoff with mingled confusion and amusement. He had almost laughed to himself as he realised it, but with the laugh a flush came over his face—what would other people think? He thought he would be laughed at as romantic, jibed at as being able to believe

that any real or authentic information could really be obtained in this ridiculous way. 'Lizabeth Bampfylde in the witness-box would no doubt be valuable, but the romances she might tell in her own house, to a young man, evidently so credulous and of such a theatrical temperament—these two things were certainly different, and he would be thoroughly laughed at for his foolishness. This consciousness of something ridiculous in the whole business reassured him, however; and better feelings rose as he went on with a half-pleased, half-excited exhilaration and curiosity. The night was fine, warm, and genial, but dark; a few stars shone large and lambent in the veiled sky, but there was as yet no moon, so that all the light there was was concentrated above in the sky, and the landscape underneath was wrapped in darkness, a soft, cool, incense-breathing obscurity—for night is as full of odours as the morning. It is full of sounds, too, all the more mysterious for having no kind of connection with the visible; and no country is so full of sounds as the North country where the road will now thread the edge of a dark, unseen, heathery, thymy moor, and now cross, at a hundred links and folds, the course of some invisible stream, or some dozens of little runlets tinkling on their way to a bigger home of waters. Now dark hedgerows would close in the path; now it would open up and widen into that world of space, the odorous, dewy moorland; now lead through the little street, the bridge, the straggling outskirts of a village. Generally all was quiet in the hamlets, the houses closed, the inhabitants in bed; but sometimes there would be a sudden gleam of lightness into the night, a dazzle from an open door or unshuttered window. The first of these rural places was Stanton, the village close to the great House, where Geoff unconsciously stole closer into the shadow, afraid to be seen. Here it was the smithy that was still open, a dazzling centre of light in the gloom. The smith

came forward to his door as they passed, roused by the steady tread of their footsteps, and looked curiously out upon them, his figure relieved against the red background of light. "What, Dick! is't you, lad?" he said, peering out. "Got off again? that's right, that's right; and who's that along with you this fine night?" Bampfylde did not stop to reply, to Geoff's great relief. He went on with long, swinging steps, taking no notice. "If anybody asks you, say you don't know," he said as he went on, throwing back a sort of challenge into the gloom. He did not talk to his companion. Sometimes he whistled low, but as clearly as a bird, imitating indeed the notes of the birds, the mournful cry of the lapwing, the grating call of the corn-crake; sometimes he would sing to himself low crooning songs. In this way they made rapid progress to the foot of the hills. Geoff had been glad of the silence at first; it served to deliver him from those uncomfortable thoughts which had filled his mind, the vagabond's carelessness reassuring and calming his excitement; for neither the uneasy sense of danger he had started with, nor the equally uneasy sense of the ludicrous which had possessed him were consistent with the presence of this easy, unexcited companion, who conducted himself as if he were alone, and would stop and listen to the whirr and flutter of wild creatures in the hedgerows or on the edge of the moor, as if he had forgotten Geoff's very presence. All became simple as they went on, the very continuance of the walk settling down and calming all the agitation of the outset. By and by, however, Geoff began to be impatient of the silence, and of the interest his companion showed in everything except himself. Could he be, perhaps, one of the "naturals" who are so common in the North, a little less imbecile than usual, but still incapable of continuous attention? Thus after his first half-alarmed, half-curious sense of the solemnity of the

enterprise, Geoff came back to an everyday boyish impatience of its unusual features and a disposition to return to the lighter intercourse of ordinary life.

"How far have we to go now?" he asked. They had come to the end of the level, and were just about to ascend the lower slopes of hilly country which shut in the valley. The fells rising before them made the landscape still more dark and mysterious, and seemed to thrust themselves between the wayfarers' eyes and that light which seemed to retire more and more into the clear pale shining of the sky.

"Tired already?" said the man with a shrug of his shoulders. He had stopped to investigate a hollow under a great gorse bush, just below the level of the road, from which came rustlings and scratchings indistinguishable. Bampfylde raised himself with a half laugh, and came back to Geoff's side. "These small creatures is never tired," he said; "they scuds about all day, and sleep that light at night that a breath wakes them; and yet they're but small, not so big as my hand; and knows their way, they does, wherever they've got to go."

"I allow they are cleverer than I am," said Geoff, good-humouredly, "but then they cannot speak to ask their way. Men have a little advantage. And even I am not so ignorant as you think. I have been on the fells in a mist, and knew my way—or guessed it. At all events, I got home again, and that is something."

"There will be no mist to-night," said Bampfylde looking up at the sky.

"No; but it is dark enough for anything. Look here, I trust you, and you might trust me. You know why I am going."

"How do you trust me, my young lord?"

"Well," said Geoff; "supposing I am a match for you, one man against another, how can I tell you have not got comrades about? My brother lost his life—by some one connected with you. Did you know my brother?"

The suddenness of this question took his companion by surprise. He wavered for a moment, and fell backward with an involuntary movement of alarm.

"What's that for, lad, bringing up a dead man's name out here in the dark, and near midnight? Do you want to fley me? I never meddled with him. He would be safe in his bed this night, and married to his bonnie lady, and bairns in his house to heir his title, and take your lordship from you, if there had been nobody but me."

"I believe that," said Geoff, softened. "They say you never harmed man."

"No, nor beast—except varmint, or the like of a hare or so—when the old wife wanted a bit o' meat. Never man. For man's blood is precious," said the wild fellow with a shudder. "There's something in it that's not in a brute. If I were to kill you or you me in this lonesome place, police and that sort might never find it out; but all the same, the place would tell—there would be something there different; they say man's blood never rubs out."

Geoff felt a little thrill run through his own veins as he saw his companion shiver and tremble, but it was not fear. The words somehow established perfect confidence between himself and his guide; and he had all the simplicity of mind of a youth whose faith had never been tampered with, and who believed with the unshaken sincerity of childhood. "The stain on the mind never wears out," he said, thoughtfully. "I knew a boy once who had shot his brother without knowing it. How horrible it was! he never forgot it; and yet it was not his fault."

"Ah! I wish as I had been that lucky—to shoot my brother by accident," said Wild Bampfylde, with a long sigh, shaking into its place a pouch or game-bag which he wore across his shoulder. "It would have been the best thing for him," he added, in answer to Geoff's cry of

protest; "then he wouldn't have lived—for worse——"

"Have you a brother so unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! I don't know if that is what you call it. Yes, unfortunate. He never meant bad. I don't credit it."

"You are not speaking," said Geoff, in a very low voice, overpowered at once with curiosity and interest, "of John Musgrave?"

"The young Squire? No, I don't mean him; he's bad, and bad enough, but not so bad. You've got a deal to learn, my young lord. And what's your concern with all that old business? If another man's miserable, *that* don't take bit or sup from you—nor a night's rest, unless you let it. You've got everything as heart could desire. Why can't you be content, and let other folks be?"

"When we could help them, Bampfylde?" said Geoff. "Is that the way you would be done by? Left to languish abroad; left with a stain on your name; and no one to hold out a hand for you; nobody to try to get you righted; only thinking of their own comfort, and the bit and the sup and the night's rest?"

"You've never done without neither one nor t'other," came in a hoarse undertone from Bampfylde's lips. "It's fine talking; but it's little you know."

"No, I've never had the chance," said Geoff. "I can't tell what it's like, that's true; but if it ever comes my way——"

"Ah, ay! it's fine talking—it's fine talking!"

Geoff did not know how to reply. He went on impatiently, tossing aloft his young head, as a horse does, excited by his own words like the playing of a trumpet. They went on so up a stiff bit of ascent that taxed their strength and their breathing, and made conversation less practicable. The winding mountain road seemed to pierce into the very fastnesses of the hills, and the tall

figure of the vagrant a step in advance of him appeared to Geoff like the shadow of some ghostly pioneer working his way into the darkness. No twinkle of a lamp, no outline of any inhabited place looming against the lighter risings of the manifold slopes, encouraged their progress. The hills, which would have made the very brightness of the morning dark, increased the gloom of the night. Only the tinkle of here and there a little stream, the sound of their own footsteps as they passed on, one in advance of the other, the small noises which came so distinct through the air—here a rustle, there a jar of movement, something stirring under a stone, something moving amid the heather, were to be heard. Bampfylde himself was stilled by these great shadows. His whistle dropped; and the low croon of song which he had raised from time to time did not take its place. He became almost inaudible, as he was almost invisible; only the sound of a measured step and a large confused outline seen at times against the uncertain openings and bits of darkling sky.

When they came abreast again, however, on a comparatively smooth level, after a stiff piece of climbing, he spoke, suddenly, "It's queer work going like this through the dark. Many a night I have done it with no company, and then a man's drawn out of himself watching the living things; one will stir at your foot, and one go whirr and strike across your very face, for they put more trust in you in the dark. You see they have the use of their eye-sight, and the like of you and me haven't. So they know their advantage. But put a man down beside another man, and a's changed. I cannot understand the meaning of it. It puts things in your head, and it puts away the innocent creatures. Men's seldom innocent, but they're awful strange," said the vagrant, with a sigh.

"Do you think they are so strange? I am not sure that I do," said Geoff,

bewildered a little. "They are just like other people—one is dull, one is clever; but except for that——"

"Clever! it's the creatures that are clever. Did you ever see a peewit make a fuss to get you off where her nest was? A woman wouldn't have sense to do that. She'd run and shriek, and get hold of her bairns; but the bird's clever. That's what I call clever. It's something stranger than that. When a man's beside you, all's different; there's him thinking and you thinking; and though you're close, and I can grip you"—here Bampfylde seized upon Geoff with a sudden, startling grasp, which alarmed the young man—"I can't tell no more than Adam where your mind is. Asking your pardon, my young lord, I didn't mean to startle you," he added, dropping his hold. "Now the creatures is all there; you know where you have 'em. Far the contrary with a man."

Geoff was not given to abstract thoughts, and this sudden entry into the regions of the undiscovered perplexed him. "You like company, then?" he said, doubtfully. He knew a great deal more than his companion did of almost everything that could be suggested, but not of this.

"Like company? it's confusing, very confusing. But the creatures is simple. You can watch their ways, and they're never double-minded. They're at one thing, one thing at a time. Now, a man, there's notions in his head, and you can never tell how they got there."

"I suppose," said young Geoff, perplexed yet reverential, "it is because men are immortal; not like the beasts that perish."

"Ay, ay—I suppose they perish," said Bampfylde. "What would they be like us for, and sicken, and pine? They get the good of it all the time; run wild as they like, and do mischief as they like, and never put in gaol for it. You think they're sleeping now? and so they are, and waking too—as still as the stones and as lively as the stars

up yonder. That's them; but us, if we're sleeping, it's for hours long, and dreams with it; one bit of you lying like a log, t'other bit of you off at the ends of the airth. So, if you're woke sudden, chances are you aren't there to be woke—and there's a business; but the creatures, they're always there."

"That is true," said Geoff; who was slightly overawed, and thought this very fine and poetical, finer than anything he had ever realised before. "But sometimes they are ill, I suppose, and suffer, too?"

"Then them that is merciful puts them out of their pain. The hardest-hearted ones will do that. A bird with a broken wing, or a beast with a broken leg, unless it be one of the gentlefolks' pets, that's half mankind, and has to suffer for it because his master's fond of him (and that's funny too)—the worst of folks will put them out of their pain. But a man—we canna' do it," cried the vagrant; "there's law again' it, and more than law. If it was nothing but law, little the likes of me would mind; but there's something written here," he said, putting his hand to his breast; "something as hinders you."

"I hope so, indeed," said Geoff, a little breathless, with a sense of horror; "you would not take away a life?"

"But the creatures, ay; they have the best of it. You point your gun at them, or you wring their necks, and it's all over. I'm fond of the creatures, creatures of all kinds. I'm fond of being out with them on a heathery moor like this all myself. They knows me, and there's no fear in them. In the morning early, when the air's all blue with the dawn, the stirring and the moving there is, and the scudding about, setting the house in order! A thing not the size of your hand will come out with two bright eyes, and cock its head and look up at you. A cat may look at a king; a bit of a moor chicken, or a rabbit the size o' my thumb, up and faces you, and

‘who are you, my man?’ That is what they looks like; but you never see them like that after it’s full day.”

“Then is night their happy time?” said Geoff, humouring his strange companion.

“Night, they’re free. There’s none about that wishes them harm; and though I snare varmint, and sometimes take a hare or a bird, I’ll not deny it, my young lord, though you were to clap me in prison again to-morrow—they’re not afraid o’ me; they know I’ll not harm them. Even the varmint, if they didn’t behave bad and hurt the rest, I’d never have the heart. When you go back, if you do go back——”

“I must go back,” said Geoff, very gravely. “Why should not I? You don’t think I could stay up here?”

“I was not thinking one thing or another. The like of you is contrary. I’ve little to do with men; but when you go, if you go, it might be early morning, the blue time, at the dawn. Then’s the time to see; when there’s all the business to be done afore the day, and after the night. Children is curious,” said Bampfylde, with a softening of his voice, which felt in the darkness like a slowly dawning smile; “but creatures is more curious yet. I like to watch them. You’ll see all the life that’s in the moors if it’s that time when you go.”

“I suppose if there is anything to tell me I cannot go sooner,” said Geoff. His tone was grave, and so was his face, though that was invisible. “Then it will be day before I get home, and they will all know—perhaps I was a fool.”

“For coming?” said the man, turning round to peer into his face, though it was covered by the darkness; and then he gave a low laugh. “I could have told you that!”

For a moment Geoff’s blood ran colder; he felt a little thrill of dismay. Was this strange creature a “natural” as he had thought, or did what he said imply danger? But no more was said for a long time. Bamp-

fyldy sank back again all at once into the silence he had so suddenly broken, or rather into the low crooning of monotonous old songs with which he had beguiled the first part of the journey. There was a kind of slumberous power in them which half-interested, half-stupefied Geoff. They all went to one tune, a tune not like anything he knew—a kind of low chant, recalling several airs, that did not vary from verse to verse, but repeated itself, and so lulled the wayfarer that all active sensation seemed to go from him, and the monotonous, mechanical movement of his limbs seemed to beat time to the croon of sound which accompanied the gradual march. There was something weird in it, something like “the woven paces and the waving hands” of the enchantress. Geoff felt his eyes grow heavy, and his head sinking on his breast, as the low, regular tramp and chant went on.

At length, all at once, the hills seemed to clear away from the sky, opening up on either hand; and straight before them, hanging low, like a signal of trouble, a late risen and waning moon that seemed thrust forward out into the air, and hanging from the sky, appeared in the luminous but mournful heaven in front of them. There is always something more or less baleful and troublous in this sudden apparition, so late and out of date, of a waning moon; the oil seems low in the lamp, the light ready to be extinguished, the flame quivering in the socket. Between them and the sky stood a long, low cottage, rambling and extensive, with a rough, gray, stone wall, built round it, upon which the pale moonlight shone. Long before they reached it, as soon as their steps could be audible, the mingled bay-ing and howling of a dog was heard, rising doleful and ominous in the silence; and from under the roof—which was half rough thatch, and half the coarse tiles used for labourers’ cottages—a light strangely red against the radiance of the moon, flickered with a

livid glare. A strange black silhouette of a house it was, with the low moonlight full upon it, showing here and there in a ghostly full white upon a bit of wall or roof, and the red light in the window: it made a mystic sort of conclusion to the journey. Bampfylde directed his steps towards it without a word. He knocked a stroke or two on the door, which seemed to echo over all the country, and up to the mountain tops in their great stillness. "We are at home, now," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FELS.

THERE was a sound of movement within the house, but no light visible as they stood at the door. Then a window was cautiously opened, and a voice called out into the darkness, "Is that you, my lad?" Geoff felt more and more the little thrill of alarm which was quite instinctive, and meant nothing except excited fancy; such precautions looked unlike the ordinary ease and freedom of a peasant's house. A minute after the door was opened, and 'Lizabeth Bampfylde made her appearance. She had her red handkerchief as usual tied over her white cap, and the flash of this piece of colour and of the old woman's brilliant eyes, were the first things which warmed the gloom, the blackness and whiteness and mystic midnight atmosphere. She made an old-fashioned curtsey, with a certain dignity in it, when she saw Geoff, and her face, which had been somewhat eager in expression, paled and saddened instantly. The young man saw her arms come together with a gesture of pain, though the candle she held prevented the natural clasp of the hands. She was not glad to see him, though she had sent for him. This troubled Geoff, whom from his childhood most people had been pleased to see. "You've come, then, my young lord?" she said with a half-suppressed groan.

"Indeed, I thought you wanted

me to come," he said, unreasonably annoyed by this absence of welcome; "you sent for me."

"You thought the lad would be daunted," said Wild Bampfylde, "and I told you he would not be daunted if he had any mettle in him. So now you're at the end of all your devices. Come in and welcome, my young lord. I'm glad of it, for one."

Saying this, the vagrant disappeared into the gloom of the interior, where his step was audible moving about, and was presently followed by the striking of a light which revealed, through an open door, the old-fashioned cottage kitchen, so far in advance of other moorland cottages of the same kind, that it had a little square entrance from the door, which did not open direct into the family living-room. This rude little ante-room had even a kind of rude decoration, dimly apparent by the light of 'Lizabeth's candle. A couple of old guns hung on one wall, another boasted a deer's head with fine antlers. Once upon a time it had evidently been prized and cared for. The open door of the room into which Bampfylde had gone showed the ordinary cottage dresser with its gleaming plates (a decoration which in these days has mounted from the kitchen to the drawing-room), deal table, and old-fashioned settle, lighted dimly by a small lamp on the mantelpiece, and the smouldering red of the fire. 'Lizabeth closed the door slowly, and with trembling hands, which trembled still more when Geoff attempted to help her. "No, no; go in, go in, my young gentleman. Let me be. It's me to serve the like of you, not the like of you to open or shut my door for me. Ah, these are the ways that make you differ from common folk!" she said, as the young man stood back to let her pass. "My son leaves me to do whatever's to be done, and goes in before me, and calls me to serve him; but the like of you—. It was that, and not his name or his money that took my Lily's heart."

Geoff followed her into the kitchen.

It was low and large, with a small deep-set window at each corner, as is usual in such cottages. Before the fire was spread a large rug of home manufacture, made of scraps of coloured cloth, arranged in an indistinct pattern upon a black background, and Bampfylde was occupying himself busily putting forward a large high easy-chair in front of the fire, and breaking the "gathered" coals to give at once heat and light. "Sit you down there," he said, thrusting Geoff into it almost with violence, "you're little used to midnight strolling. Me, it's meat and drink to me to be free and aneath the stars. Let her be, let her be. She's not like one of your ladies. Her own way, that's all the like of her can ever get to please them—and she's gotten that," he said, giving another vigorous poke to the fire. Up here among the fells the fire was pleasant, though it was the middle of August, and Geoff's young frame was sufficiently unused to such long trudges to make him glad of the rest. He sat down and looked round him with a grateful sense of the warmth and repose. A north-country cottage was no strange place to young Lord Stanton, and all the tremor of the adventure had passed from him at the sight of the light and the homely, kindly interior. No harm could possibly happen in so familiar an atmosphere, and in such a natural place. Meantime old 'Lizabeth, with a thrill of agitation in her movements which was very apparent, busied herself in laying the table, putting down a clean tablecloth, and placing bread, cheese, and milk upon it. "I have wine, if you like wine better," she said. "He will get it, but he takes none himself, nothing, poor lad, nothing. He's a good son and a good lad—many a time I've thanked God that he's left me such a lad to be the comfort of my old age."

Wild Bampfylde gave a laugh which was harsh and broken. "You were not always so thankful," he said, producing out of some unseen corner a black bottle; "but the milk is better

for you, my young lord, than the wine."

"Hush, lad; milk is little to the like of him; but *that's* good, for I have it here for—a sick person. Take something, take something, young gentleman. You can trust them that have broken bread in your presence, and sat at your table. Well, if you will have the milk, though it costs but little, it's good too; I would not give my brown cow for ne'er a one in the dales; and eat a bit of the wheaten bread, its baker's bread, like what you eat at your own grand house. I would not be so mean as to set you down, a gentleman like you, to what's good and good enough for us. The griddle-cake! no, but you'll not eat that, my young lord, not that; its o'er homely for the like of you——"

"I am not hungry," said Geoff, "and I came here, you know, not to eat and drink, but to hear something you had to tell me, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"My name is 'Lizabeth—nobody says mistress to me."

"Well; but you have something to tell me. I left home without any explanation, and I wish to get back soon, that they—that my mother," said Geoff, half-ashamed, yet too proud to omit the apparently (he thought) childish excuse, since it was true, "may not be uneasy."

"Your mother? forgive me that did not mind your mother! Oh, you're a good lad; you're worthy a woman's trust that thinks of your mother, and dares to say it! Ay, ay—there's plenty to tell; if I can make up my mind to it—if I can make up my mind!"

"Was not your mind made up then," said Geoff with some impatience, "when in this way, in the night, you sent for me?"

"Oh lad!" cried 'Lizabeth, wringing her hands. "How was I to know you would come, the like of you to the like of me? I put it on Providence that has been often contrary—oh, ay, contrary, to mine and me. I shouldn't have tempted God. I said to myself if

he comes it will be the hand of Heaven. But who was to think you would come? You a lord, and a fine young gentleman, and me a poor auld woman, older than your grandmother. I thought my heart would have sunk to my shoes when I saw he had come after a'!"

"I told you he would come," said Bampfylde, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece. He had taken his bread and cheese from the table, and was eating it where he stood.

"Of course I would come," said Geoff. "I could not suppose you would send for me for nothing. I knew it must be something important. Tell me now, for here I am."

'Lizabeth sat down, dropping into a wooden armchair at the end of the table with a kind of despair, and throwing her apron over her head, fell a crying feebly. "What am I to do? what am I to do?" she said, sobbing. "I have tempted Providence—Oh, but I forgot what was written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

For a minute or two neither of the men spoke, and the sounds of her distress were all that was audible. One or twice, indeed, Geoff thought he heard a faint sound, like the echo of some low wail or moan come through the silence. Not the moan itself but an echo, a ghost of it. But his companions took no notice of this, and he thought he must be mistaken. Everything besides was still. The fire by this time had burned up, and now and then broke into a little flutter of flame; the clock went on ticking with that measured steady movement which 'beats out the little lives of men;' and the broken sobs grew lower. An impatience of the stillness began to take possession of Geoff, but what was he to say? He restrained himself with an effort.

"You should make a clean breast," said Bampfylde, munching his bread and cheese as he spoke, with his eyes fixed on the fire, not looking at his mother. "Long since it would have been well to do it and an ease to your mind. I would make a clean breast now."

"Oh lad, a clean breast, a clean breast!" she said rocking herself. "If it was only me it concerned—if it was only me!"

"If it was only you what would it matter?" said the vagrant, with a philosophy which sounded less harsh to the person addressed than to him who looked on. "You—you're old, and you'll die, and there would be an end of it; but them that suffer most have years and years before them, and if you die before you do justice——"

"Then you can tell, that have aye wanted to tell!" she cried with a hot outburst of indignation mingled with tears. Then she resumed that monotonous movement, rocking herself again and again, and calmed herself down. It is not so intolerable to a peasant to be told of his or her approaching end as it is to others. She was used to plain speech, and was it not reasonable what he said? "It's all true, quite true. I'm old and I cannot bide here for ever to watch him and think of him—and I might make a friend, the Lord grant it, and find one to stand by him——"

"You mean another, a second one," said her son. He stood through all this side dialogue munching his bread and cheese without once glancing at her even, his shoulders high against the mantelpiece, his eyes cast down.

After a moment's interval 'Lizabeth rose. She came forward moving feebly in her agitation to where Geoff sat. "My young lord," she said, "my young gentleman, if I tell you that that I would rather die than tell—that that breaks my heart: you'll mind that I am doing it to make amends to the dead and to the living—and—you'll swear to me first to keep it secret? You'll swear your Bible oath? without that, not another word."

"Swear!" said Geoff, in alarm.

"Just swear—you can do it as well, they tell me, in one place as another, in a private house or a justice court. I hope we have Bibles here—Bibles enough if we but make a right use of them," said the old woman, per-

plexed, mingling the formulas of common life with the necessities of an extraordinary and unrealised emergency. "Here is a Testament, that is what is given in the very court itself. You'll lay your hand upon it, and you'll kiss the book and swear. Where are you going to, young man?"

Geoff rose and pushed away the book she had placed before him. He was half indignant, half disappointed. "Swear!" he said; "do you know what I want this information for? Is it to lock it up in my mind, as you seem to have done? I want it for use. I want it to help a man who has been cruelly treated between you. I have no right to stand up for him," said Geoff, his nostrils expanding, his cheeks flushing, "but I feel for him—and do you think I will consent to put my last chance away, and hear your story for no good? No, indeed; if I am not to make use of it I will go back again—I don't want to know."

The old woman, and it may be added her son also, stood and gazed upon the glowing eager countenance of the young man with a mingling of feelings which it would be impossible to describe. Admiration, surprise, and almost incredulity were in them. He had not opposed them hitherto, and it was almost impossible to believe that he would have the courage to oppose them so decidedly; but as he stood confronting them, young, simple, ingenuous, reasonable, they were both convinced of their error. Geoff would yield no more than the hill behind. His very simplicity and easiness made him invulnerable. Wild Bampfylde burst into that sudden broken laugh which is with some the only evidence of emotion. He came forward hastily and patted Geoff's shoulder, "That's right, my lad, that's right," he cried.

"You will not," said old 'Lizabeth; "not swear?—and not hear me?—oh but you're bold—oh, but you've a stout heart to say that to me in my ain house! Then the Lord's delivered me, and I'll say nothing," she said with a sudden cry of delight.

Her son came up and took her by the arm. "Look here," he said, "it was me that brought him. I did not approve, but I did your bidding, as I've always done your bidding; but I've changed my mind if you've changed yours. *I'm taking an interest in it now.* Make no more fuss but tell him; for, remember, I know everything as well as you do, and if you will not I will. We have come too far to go back now. Tell him; or I will take him where he can see with his own eyes."

"See? what will he see?" cried 'Lizabeth, with a flush of angry colour. "Do you threaten me, lad? He'll see a poor afflicted creature; but that will tell him nothing."

"Mother! are you aye the same? Still *him*, always him, whatever happens. What has there been that has not yielded to him? the rest of us, your children as well, and justice and honour and right and your own comfort, and the young Squire's life. Oh, it's been a bonnie business from first to last! And if you will not tell now, then there is no hope, that I can see; and I will do it myself. I am not threatening; but what must be, must be. Mother, I'll have to do it myself."

When he first addressed her as mother, 'Lizabeth had started with a little cry. What might be the reason that made this mode of expression unusual it was impossible to say; but it affected the old woman as nothing had yet done. She looked up at him with a wondering wistful inquiry in her face, as if to ask in what meaning he used the word—kindly or unkindly, taunting or loving? When he repeated the name she started up as if the sound stung her, and stood for a moment like one driven half out of herself by force of pressure. She looked wildly round her as if looking for some escape, then suddenly seized the lighted candle, which still burned on the table. "Then if it must be, let it be," she said. "Oh, lad! it's years and years since I've heard that name! you that would not, and him that could not, and her that was far

away. Was there ever a mother as sore punished?" But it would seem that this expression of feeling exhausted the more generous impulse, for she set down the light on the table again, and dropping into her seat, threw her apron over her head. "No, I canna do it; I canna do it. Let him die in quiet. It canna be long."

The vagrant watched her with a keen scrutiny quite unlike his usual careless ways. "It's not them as are a burden on the earth that dies," he said. "You've said that long—let him die in peace; let him die in peace. Am I wishing him harm? There's ne'er a one will hurt *him*. He's safe enough. Whoever suffers, it will not be him."

"Oh, lad, lad!" cried the mother, uncovering her face to look at him. At 'Lizabeth's age there are no floods of tears possible. Her eyes were drawn together and full of moisture—that was all. She looked at him with a passion of reproach and pain. "Did you say suffer? What's a' the troubles that have been into this house to his affliction? My son, my son, my miserable lad! You that can come and go as ye like, that have a mind free, that have your light heart—oh ay, you have a light heart, or how could you waste your days and your nights among beasts and wild things? How can the like of you judge the like of him?"

During this long discussion, to which he had no sort of clue, Geoff stood looking from one to another in a state of perplexity impossible to describe. It could not be John Musgrave they were talking of! Who could it be? Some one who was "afflicted," yet who had been exempt from burdens which had fallen in his stead upon others. Young Lord Stanton, who had come here eager to hear all the story in which he was so much interested, anxious to discover everything, stood, his eyes growing larger, his lips dropping apart in sheer wonder, listening; and feeling all the time that these two peasants spoke a different

language from himself, and one to which he had no clue. Just then, however, in the dead silence after 'Lizabeth had spoken, the faint sound like a muffled cry which he had heard before, broke in more loudly. It made Geoff start, who could not guess what it meant, and it roused his companions effectually, who did know. 'Lizabeth wrung her hands; she raised her head in an agony of listening. "He has got one of his ill turns," she said. Bampfylde, too, abandoned his careless attitude by the mantelpiece, and stood up watchful, startled into readiness and preparation as for some emergency. But the cry was not repeated, and gradually the tension relaxed again. "It would be but an ill dream," said 'Lizabeth, pressing a handkerchief to her wet eyes.

Geoff did not know what to do. He was in the midst of some family mystery, which might or might not relate to the other mystery which it was his object to clear up; and this intense atmosphere of anxiety awoke the young man's ready sympathies. All his feelings had changed since he came into the cottage. He who had come a stranger, ready to extract what they could tell by any means, harsh or kind, and who did not know what harshness he might encounter or what danger he might himself run, had passed over entirely to their side. He was as safe as in his own house; he was as deeply interested as he would have been in a personal trouble. His voice faltered as he spoke. "I don't know what it is that distresses you," he said; "I don't want to pry into your trouble; but if I can help you you know I will, and I will betray none of your secrets that you trust me with. I will say nothing more than is necessary to clear Musgrave—if Musgrave can be cleared."

"Musgrave! Musgrave!" cried old 'Lizabeth, impatiently; "it's him you all think of, not my boy. And what has he lost, when all's done? He got his way, and he got my Lily; never

since then have I set eyes on her, and never will. I paid him the price of my Lily for what he did; and was that nothing? Musgrave! Speak no more o' Musgrave to me!"

"Oh, mother," said her son, with kindred impatience, as he walked towards her and seized her arm in sudden passion; "oh, 'Lizabeth Bampfylde! You do more than murder men, for you kill the pity in them! What's all you have done compared to what he has done? and me—am I nothing? Two—three of us! Lily, too, you've sacrificed Lily! And is it all to go on to another generation, and the wrong to last? I think you have a heart of stone—a heart of stone to them and to me!"

At this moment there was another louder cry, and mother and son started together with one impulse, forgetting their struggle. 'Lizabeth took up the candle from the table, and Bampfylde hastily went to a cupboard in the corner, from which he took out something. He made an imperative sign to Geoff to follow, as he hurried after his mother. They went through a narrow winding passage lighted only by the flickering of the candle which 'Lizabeth carried, and by what looked like a mass of something white, but was in reality the moonlight streaming in through a small window. At the end of the passage was a steep stair, almost like a ladder. Already Geoff, hurrying after the mother and son, was prepared by the cries for what the revelation was likely to be; and he was scarcely surprised when, after careful reconnoitring by an opening in the door, defended by iron bars, they both entered hastily, though with precaution, leaving him outside. Geoff heard the struggle that ensued, the wild cries of the madman, the aggravation of frenzy which followed, when it was evident they had secured him. Neither mother nor son spoke, but went about their work with the precision of long use. Geoff had not the heart to look in through the opening which Bampfylde had left free. Why should he

spy upon them? He could not tell what connection this prison chamber had with the story of John Musgrave, but there could be little doubt of the secret here inclosed. He did not know how long he waited outside, his young frame all thrilling with excitement and painful sympathy. How could he help them? was what the young man thought. It was against the law he knew to keep a lunatic thus in a private house, but Geoff thought only of the family, the mysterious burden upon their lives, the long misery of the sufferer. He was overawed, as youth naturally is, by contact with misery so hopeless and so terrible. After a long time Bampfylde came out, his dress torn and disordered, and great drops of moisture hanging on his forehead. "Have you seen him?" he asked in a whisper. He did not understand Geoff's hesitation and delicacy, but with a certain impatience pointed him to the opening in the door, which was so high up that Geoff had to ascend two rough wooden steps placed there for the purpose, to look through. The room within was higher than could have been supposed from the height of the cottage; it was not ceiled, but showed the construction of the roof, and in a rude way it was padded here and there, evidently to prevent the inmate doing himself a mischief. The madman lay upon a mattress on the floor, so confined now that he could only lie there and pant and cry; his mother sat by him motionless. Though his face was wild and distorted, and his eyes gleaming furiously out of its paleness, this unhappy creature had the same handsome features which distinguished the family. Young Geoff could scarcely restrain a shiver, not of fear, but of nervous excitement, as he looked at this miserable sight. Old 'Lizabeth sat confronting him, unconscious of the hurried look which was all Geoff could give. She was clasping her knees with her hands in one of those forced and rigid attitudes almost painful, which seem to give a kind of ease to pain—

and sat with her head raised, and her strained eyes pitifully vacant, in that pause of half-unconsciousness in which all the senses are keen, yet the mind stilled with very excitement. "I cannot spy upon them," said Geoff, in a whisper. "Is it safe to leave her there?"

"Quite safe; and at his maddest he never harmed her," said Bampfylde, leading the way down stairs. "That's my brother," he said, with bitterness, when they had reached the living room again; "my gentleman brother! him that was to be our honour and glory. You see what it's come to; but nothing will win her heart from him. If we should all perish, what of that? 'Lizabeth Bampfylde will aye have saved her son from shame. But come, come, sit down and eat a bit, my young lord. At your age the like of all this is bad for you."

"For me—what does it matter about me?" cried Geoff; "you have borne it for years."

"You may say that: for years—and would for years more, if she had her way; but a man must eat and drink, if his heart be sore. Take a morsel of something and a drink to give you strength to go home."

"I am very, very sorry for you," said Geoff, "but—you will think it heartless to say so—I have learned nothing. There is some mystery, but I knew as much as that before."

Bampfylde was moving about in the background searching for something. He reappeared as Geoff spoke with a bottle in his hand, and poured out for him a glass of dark-coloured wine. It was port, the wine most trusted in such humble houses. "Take this," he said; "take it, it's good, it will keep up your strength; and bide a moment till she comes. She will tell you herself—or I will tell you; now you've seen all the mysteries of this house, she will have to yield; she will have to yield at the last."

Geoff obeyed, being indeed very much exhausted and shaken by all

that had happened. He swallowed the sweet, strong decoction of unknown elements, which Bampfylde called port wine, and believed in as a panacea, and tried to eat a morsel of the oat-cake. They heard the distant moans gradually die out, as the blueness of dawn stole in at the window. Bampfylde, whose tongue seemed to be loosed by this climax of excitement, began to talk; he told Geoff about the long watch of years which they had kept, how his mother and he relieved each other, how they had hoped the patient was growing calmer, how he had mended and calmed down, sometimes for long intervals, but then grown worse again; and the means they had used to restrain him, and all the details of his state. When the ice was thus broken, it seemed a relief to talk of it. "He was to make all our fortunes," Bampfylde said; "he was a gentleman—and he was a great scholar. All her pride was in him; and this is what it's come to now."

They had fallen into silence when 'Lizabeth came in. Their excitement had decreased, thanks to the conversation and the natural relief which comes after a crisis, but hers was still at its full height. She came in solemnly, and sat down amongst them, the blue light from the window making a paleness about her as she placed herself in front of it; the lamp was still burning on the mantelshelf, and the fire kept up a ruddy variety of light. She seated herself in the big wooden arm-chair with a solemn countenance and fixed her eyes upon Geoff, who, moved beyond measure by pity and reverence, did not know what to think.

"He will have told you," she said. "I would have died sooner, my young lord; and soon I'll die—but, my boy, first I pray God. Ay, you've seen him now. That was him that was my pride, that was the hope I had in my life; that was him that killed young Lord Stanton and made John Musgrave an exile and a wanderer. Ay—you know it all now."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EARLY MEETING.

Geoff left the cottage when the sun had just risen. He was half-giddy, half-stunned by the strange new light, unexpected up to the last moment, which had been thrown upon the whole question which he had undertaken to solve. He was giddy too with fatigue, the night's watch, the long walk, the want of sleep. Besides all these confusing influences there is something in the atmosphere of the very early morning, the active stillness, the absence of human life, the pre-occupation of Nature with a hundred small (as it were) domestic cares, such as she never exhibits to the eye of man, that moves the mind of an unaccustomed observer to a kind of rapture, bewildering in its solemn influence. To come out from the lonely little house folded among the hills, with all its miseries past and present, its sad story, its secret, the atmosphere of human suffering in it, to all the still glory of the summer morning was of itself a bewilderment. The same world, and only a step between them: but one all pain and darkness, mortal anguish, and confusion, the other all so clear, so sweet, so still, solemn with the serious beginning of the new day, and instinct with that great, still pressure of something more than what is seen, some soul of earth and sky which goes deeper than all belief, and which no sceptic of the higher kind, but only the gross and earthly, can disbelieve in. Young Geoff disbelieving nothing, his heart full of the faith and conviction of youth, came out into this wide purity and calm with an expansion of all his being. It was all he could do not to burst into sudden tears when he felt the sudden relief—the dew crept to his eyelids though it did not fall, his bosom contracted and expanded as with a sob. To this world of mountain and cloud—of rising sunshine and soft breathing air, and serene delicious silence pervaded by the soft indis-

tinguishable hum of unseen water and rustling grasses, and minute living creatures, unseen beneath the mountain herbage—what is the noblest palace built with hands but a visible limitation and contraction of the world, an appropriation of a petty corner out of which human conceit makes its centre of the earth? Bampfylde, who had come out with him, and to whom the story Geoff had just heard was not new, felt the relief more simply. He drew a long breath of refreshment and ease, expanding his breast and stretching out his arms, and then this rough vagrant fellow, unconscious of literature, did what Virgil did in such a morning for his poet companion; he spread both his hands upon the fragrant grass, all heavy with the early dew, and bathed his face and weary eyes.

“That’s life,” said the man of woods and hills; the freshness of nature was all the help he had, all the support as well as all the poetry his maimed existence could possess.

Bampfylde went with his young companion round the shoulder of the hill to show him the way. It was a nearer and shorter road to the level country than that by which they had come, for Geoff was anxious to get home early. Bampfylde pointed out to him the line of road which twisted about and about like a ribbon, crossing now one slope, now another, till it disappeared upon the shadowed side of the green hill which presided over Penninghame, and beyond which the lake gleamed blue, not yet reached by the sunshine.

“It’s like the story,” he said, “it’s like a parable; ye come by Stanton, my young lord, and ye go by Penninghame. It’s your nearest way; and there, if you ask at John Armstrong’s in the village, ye’ll get a trap to take you home.”

Geoff was not sufficiently free in mind to be able to give any attention to the parable. Those fantastic symbolisms of accident or circumstance which so often would seem to be arranged like shadows of more important

matters by some elfish secondary providence, need a spirit at rest to enter into them. He was glad to be alone, to realize all that he had heard, to compose the wonderful tangle of new information and new thoughts into something coherent, without troubling himself about the fact that he was now bending his steps direct, the representative of Walter Stanton who had been killed, to the house from which John Musgrave had been wrongfully driven for having killed him. He did not even yet know all the particulars of the story, and as he endeavoured to disentangle them in his mind Geoff felt in his bewilderment that absolute want of control over his own intelligence and thoughts which is the common result of fatigue and overstrain. Instead of thinking out the imbroglío and deciding what was to be done, his mind, like a tired child, kept playing with the rising light which touched every moment a new peak and caught every moment a new reflection in some bit of mountain stream or waterfall, or even in a ditch or moorland cutting, so impartial is Heaven; or his ear was caught by that hum of mystic indistinguishable multitude—"the silence of the hills"—so called, the soft rapture of sound in which not one tone is distinct or anything audible; or his eye by the gradual unrolling of the landscape as he went on, one fold opening beyond another, the distant hills on one hand, the long stretch of Penninghame water with all its miniature bays and curves. Then for a little while he lost the lake by a doubling of the path, which seemed to reinclose him among the hollows of the hills, and which amused him with the complete change of its shade and greenness; until turning the next corner, he found the sun triumphant over all the landscape and Penninghame water lying like a sheet of silver or palest gold, dazzling and flashing between its slopes. This wonderful glory so suddenly bursting upon him completed the discomfiture of young Geoff's attempts at thought.

He gave it up then, and went on with weary limbs and a mind full of languid soft delight in the air about him and the scene before his eyes, attempting no more deductions from what he had heard or arrangements as to what he should do. Emotion and exertion together had worn him out.

About the time he resigned himself (with the drowsy surprise we feel in dreams) to this incapable state, his eye was caught by a speck upon the road beneath advancing towards him, so small in the distance that Geoff's languid imagination, capable of no more active exercise, began to wonder who the little pilgrim could be, so little and so lonely, and so early astir. Perhaps it was the distance that made the advancing passenger look so small. Little Liliás at the Castle would have satisfied her mind by the easy conclusion that it was some little fairy old woman, the traveller most naturally to be met with at such an hour and place. But Geoff, more artificial, did not think of that. He kept watching the little wayfarer, as the figure appeared and disappeared on the winding road. By and by he made out that it was either a very small woman or a little girl, coming on steadily to meet him, with now and then an occasional pause for breath, for the ascent was steep. Geoff's mind got quite entangled with this little figure. Who could it be? who could she be? A little cottager bound on some early expedition, seeking some of the mountain fruits, blackberries, cranberries, wild strawberries, perhaps: but then she never turned aside to the rougher ground, but kept on the path; or she might be going to some farmhouse to get milk for the family breakfast: but then there were no farmhouses in that direction. Altogether Geoff felt himself quite sufficiently occupied as he came gradually downwards watching this child, his limbs feeling heavy, and his head somewhat light. At last, after losing sight of the little figure which had given him for some time a sort of distant companionship, another

turn brought him full in sight of her, and so near that he recognised her with the most curious and startling interest. He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. It was the little girl whom he had met at the door of Penninghame Castle, John Musgrave's child, the most appropriate, yet the most extraordinary of all encounters he could have made. He stood still in his surprise, awaiting her; and as for little Liliás she made a sudden spring towards him, holding out her hand with a cry of joy, her little, pale face crimsoned over with relief and pleasure. Her heart and limbs were beginning to fail her; she had begun to grow frightened and discouraged by the loneliness; and to see a face that had been seen before, that has looked friendly, that recognised her—what a relief it was to the little wayfaring soul! She sprang forward to him, and then in the comfort of it fairly broke down, and sobbed and cried, trying to smile all the time, and to tell him that she was glad, and that he must not mind.

Geoff, however, minded very much. He was full of concern and sympathy. He took her hand, and putting his arm round her (for she was still a child), led her to the soft, mossy bank on the edge of the path, and placed her there to rest. He was not at all sorry to place himself beside her, notwithstanding his haste. He, too, was so young and so tired! though for the moment he forgot both his fatigue and his youth, and felt most fatherly, soothing the little girl, and entreating her to take comfort, and not to cry.

"Oh," said little Liliás, when she recovered the power of speech, "I am not crying for trouble, *now*; I am crying for pleasure. It was so lonely. I thought everybody must be dead, and there was no one but only me in all the world."

"That was exactly what I felt, too," said Geoff; "but what are you doing here, so far away, and all alone? Have you lost yourself? Has anything happened? When you have

rested a little, you must come back with me, and I will take you home."

The tears were still upon the child's cheeks, and two great lucid pools in her eyes, which made their depths of light more unfathomable than ever. And after the sudden flush of excitement and pleasure, Liliás had paled again; her little countenance was strangely white; her dark hair hung, loosely curling, about her cheeks; her eyes were full of pathetic meaning. Geoff, who had thrown himself down beside her, with one arm half round her, and holding her small hand in his, felt his young breast swell with the tenderest sympathy. What was the child's trouble that was so great? Poor little darling! How sweet it was to be able to fill up her world, and prove to her that there was not "only me." One other made all the difference; and Geoff felt this as much as she did. Her face had gleamed so often across his imagination since he saw it: the most innocent visitant that could come and look a young man in the face in the midst of his dreams—only a child! He felt disposed to kiss the little hand in half fondness, half reverence; but did not, being restrained by something more reverent and tender still.

"I would like to go with you," said Liliás, "but not home. I am not going home. I am going up there—up, I don't know how far—where the old woman lives. I am trying to find something out, something about papa. Oh, I wonder if you know! Are you a friend of my papa? You look as if you had a friend's face—but I don't know your name."

"My name—is Geoffrey Stanton—but most people call me Geoff. I should like you to call me Geoff—and I am a friend, little Lily. You are Lily, *too*, are you not? I am a sworn friend to your papa."

"Liliás," said the child, with a sigh; "but I don't think I am little any more. I was little when I came, but old; oh! much older than any one thought. They thought I was only

ten, because I was so little ; but I was twelve ! and that will soon be a year ago. I have always taken care of Nello as long as I can remember, and that makes one old you know. And now here is this about papa, which I never knew, which I never heard of, which is not true, I know. I know it is not true. Papa kill any one ? *papa* ? Do you know what that means ? It is as if—the sky should kill some one, or the beautiful kind light, or a little child. All that, all that, sooner than papa ! Me, I have often felt as if I could kill somebody : but *he*—” the tears were streaming in a torrent down the child’s cheeks, and got into her voice ; but she went on, “ he ! people don’t know what they are saying. I do not know any words to tell you how different he is—that it is impossible, *impossible ! impossible !*” she cried, her voice rising in intensity of emphasis. As for Geoff, he held her hand ever closer, and kept gazing at her with the tears coming to his own eyes.

“ He did not do it,” he said. “ Listen to me, Liliás, and if you write to him, you can tell him. Tell him Geoffrey Stanton knows everything, and will never rest till he is cleared. Do you know what I mean ? You must tell him—”

“ But I never write—we do not know where he is ; but tell me over again for me, *me*. He did not do it. Do you think I do not know that ? But Mr. Geoff (if that is your name) come with me up to the old woman, and take her to the tribunal, and make her tell what she knows. That is the right way, Martuccia says so, and I have read it in books. She must go to the judge, and she must say it all, and have it written down in a book. It is like that—I am not so ignorant. Come with me to the old woman, Mr. Geoff.”

“ What old woman ?” he asked. “ And tell me how you heard of all this, Liliás. You did not know till the other day ?”

“ Last night—only last night ; there is a man, an unkind, disagreeable man,

who is at the Castle now. Mary said he was my uncle Randolph. They were in the hall, and I heard them talking. That man said it all ; but Mary did not say no as I do, she only cried. And then I rushed and asked Miss Brown what it meant. Miss Brown is Mary’s maid, and she knows everything. She told me about a gentleman, and then of some one who was mamma, and of an old woman who could tell it all, up, up on the mountain. I think perhaps, it is the same old woman I saw.”

“ Did you see her ? When did you see her, Lily ?”

“ I was little then,” said Liliás, with mournful, childish dignity. “ I had not begun to know. I thought, perhaps, it was a fairy. Yes, you will laugh. I was only not much better than a child. And when children are in the woods, don’t you know, fairies often come ? I was ignorant, that was what I thought. She was very kind. She kissed me, and asked if I would call her granny. Poor old woman ! She was very very sorry for something. I think that must be the old woman. She knows everything, Miss Brown says. Mr. Geoff,” said Liliás, turning round upon him, putting her two clasped hands suddenly upon his shoulder, and fixing her eyes upon his face, “ I am going to her, will you not come with me ? It is dreadful, dreadful, to go away far alone—everything looks so big and so high, and one only, one is so small, and everything is singing altogether, and it is all so still, and then your heart beats and thumps, and you have no breath, and it is so far, far away. Mr. Geoff, oh ! I would love you so much, I would thank you for ever ; I would do anything for you, if you would only come with me ! I am not really tired ; only frightened. If I could have brought Nello, it would have been nothing. I should have had him to take care of—, but Nello is such a little fellow. He does not understand anything ; he could not know about papa as I do, and as you seem to do. Mr. Geoff, when was

it you saw papa? Oh! will you come up, up yonder, and go to the old woman with me?"

"Dear little Lily," said Geoff, holding her in his arms, "you are not able to walk so far; it is too much for you; you must come with me home."

"I am able to go to the end of the world," cried Liliás, proudly. "I am not tired. Oh, if you had never come I should have gone on, straight on! I was thinking, perhaps, you would go with me, that made me so stupid. No, never mind, since you do not choose to come. Good-bye, Mr. Geoff. No, I am not angry. Perhaps you are tired yourself:—and then," said Liliás, her voice quivering, "you are not papa's child, and it is not your business. Oh! I am quite able to go on. I am not tired—not at all tired; it was only," she said, vehemently, the tears overpowering her voice, "only because I caught sight of you so suddenly, and I thought he will come with me, and it made my heart so easy, but never mind, never mind!"

By this time she was struggling to escape from him, to go on, drying her tears with a hasty hand, and eager to get free and go upon her journey. Her lips were quivering, scarcely able to form the words. The disappointment, after that little burst of hope, was almost more than Liliás could bear.

"Lily," he said, holding her fast, despite her struggles, "listen first. I have just been there. I have seen the old woman. There is nothing more for you to do, dear. Won't you listen to me, won't you believe me? Dear little Lily, I have found out everything, I know everything. I cannot tell it you all, out here on the hillside; but it was another who did it, and your papa was so kind, so good, that he allowed it to be supposed it was he, to save the other man——"

"Ah!" cried Liliás, ceasing to

struggle, "ah! yes, that is like him. I know my papa, there. Yes, that is what he would do. Oh, Geoff, dear Mr. Geoff, tell me more, more!"

"As we go home," said Geoff. He was so tired that it was all he could do to raise himself again from the soft cushions of the mossy grass. He held Liliás still by the hand. And in this way the two wearied young creatures went down the rest of the long road together—she, eager, with her face raised to him; he stooping towards her. They leaned against each other in their weariness, walking on irregularly, now slow, now faster, hand in hand. And oh! how much shorter the way seemed to Liliás as she went back. She vowed never, never to tell any one; never to talk of it except to Mr. Geoff—while Geoff, on his part, promised, that everything should be set right, that everybody should know her father to be capable of nothing evil, but of everything good, that all should be well with him; that he should come and live at home for ever, and that all good people should be made happy, and all evil ones confounded. The one was scarcely more confident than the other that all this was possible and likely, as the boy and the girl came sweetly down the hill together, tired but happy, with traces of tears about their eyes, but infinite relief in their hearts. The morning, now warm with the full glory of the sun, was sweet beyond all thought—the sky, fathomless blue, above them—the lake a dazzling sheet of silver at their feet. Here and there sounds began to stir of awakening in the little farmhouses, and under the thatched cottage eaves; but still they had the earth all to themselves like a younger Adam and Eve—nothing but blue space and distance, sweet sunshine warming and rising, breathing of odours and soft baptism of dew upon the new-created pair.

THE TEXT OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

THE object of this paper is to determine the relation between the text of the first quarto (Q_1) and the second (Q_2) of this play. As my desire is to be brief, I shall take the following conclusions of modern criticism for granted :—

1. The first quarto, if read by itself, leaves on the mind the impression that it is a complete play, and it is only on line for line comparison with Q_2 that we seem to find ground for supposing that it is the result of notes taken hurriedly at the performance of the play and afterwards cooked up.

2. Q_2 was printed in many parts from a revised copy of the original source of Q_1 . (See Mr. Daniel's notes and the emendations by him and me in his edition of the play.) I will call the first form of the play from which Q_1 and Q_2 were derived (whether with or without interpolations) Q_0 . It was of course a MS., and is not now known.

3. Q_1 is an *abridgment* of Q_0 .

The problem to be solved is this: was Q_1 a play of Shakespeare's, afterwards revised by him into Q_2 , the shape in which it has always been since reproduced? or was it a play by another hand, altered by him, and by him set forth on the stage? Nearly all our best critics have held the former view. I am bold enough to advocate the latter, and shall try to prove the following propositions :—

1. That there is external evidence in its favour.

2. That Q_1 is an abridgment made for acting purposes, not from passages having been missed by an imperfect note-taker. This will depend on

3. That there are errors in Q_1 which must have arisen from the eye, not from the ear.

4. That the metre of part of Q_1 is essentially different from that of Shakespeare's first and second periods.

5. That the differences between Q_1 and Q_2 increase towards the end of the play, showing that the revision had been partly carried out already in Q_1 .

6. That there are coincidences between Q_1 and *Henry VI.* which do not exist in Q_2 ; and that the kind of alteration resembles that which formed the folio text of *Richard III.* from the quarto.

7. That the metre of part of Q_1 is that of G. Peele, and that Q_2 alters this into Shakespeare's metre.

If I can support even the majority of these propositions it will be clear that my conclusion cannot be avoided. I begin then with the external evidence. The grounds for assigning the play entirely to Shakespeare are two: first that it is included in the folio edition of 1623; secondly, that it is mentioned as his by contemporaneous writers who must have known who was the author. But the folio edition included *Titus Andronicus*, all three parts of *Henry VI.*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Pericles*, *Timon*, and *Henry VIII.*, in every one of which plays there are portions at least not by him. All critics grant this, and this excludes the testimony of the folio as conclusive; the question still remains open. Again, as to contemporaneous allusions, we must remember that the bringer out of an edited play was regarded as its author. If such testimony is to be taken as proof of single authorship in this play we can make out as good a case for *Pericles* as we can for *Romeo and Juliet*, as far as this ground is concerned: nay, a better one, for the quarto edition of that play had Shakespeare's name on its title-page, but *Romeo and Juliet* had not. Four editions were published in Shakespeare's lifetime, three of these were subsequent to 1598, and not one of these had his name inscribed; yet

of the twenty-nine quartos published of his genuine plays between 1598 and 1616 (the time of his death) not one omits this inscription. The plays that do omit it are the *True Tragedy, The Contention, the spurious Henry V., and Titus Andronicus*. This omission is absolutely fatal to his claim to sole authorship in all these instances, unless the strongest internal evidence can be adduced. Nay more, Mr. Halliwell has pointed out the fact that after a few copies of an undated quarto (Q_4) of *Romeo and Juliet* had been issued with the name, the title-page was altered and the name suppressed. On what possible ground can we conceive this unusual step to have been taken except the reluctance of Shakespeare to admit the authorship of this tragedy, so unlike the tragedies which we know he did produce? In the case of the historical play of *Richard III.* he seems not to have felt the same scruples. It is noticeable that Smethwicke the publisher of Q_3 , Q_4 , of *Romeo and Juliet*, being one of the proprietors of the folio, was likely to be in closer communication with the king's company of players than Wise or Law, the publishers of the quartos of *Richard III.* On the whole, while the positive evidence cannot well be held to show more than that Shakespeare produced the play and was known to have a hand in it, the negative evidence is extremely strong that he refused to claim the authorship or even to have it attributed to him. Let us now look into the play itself. The following misprints occur with a few others in Q_1 ; "honor" for "humour" (twice); "hopes" for "hours;" "hart" for "breast;" "you" for "I;" "they" for "you;" "now," omitted; "*Mer*," omitted; "*Montague*" for "*Capulet*;" "young" repeated wrongly from previous line; "more," omitted; "so," omitted; "darke" for "danke;" "hart" for "part;" "faire" for "farre;" "fiter" for "fitter;" "house" for "houses;" "epitaph" for "epitaph;" "he" for "be;" "so," omitted; "a," omitted. These,

with a few single letters dropped out in the middle of words, are all the printer's errors that occur. Instead of Q_1 being a surreptitious hurriedly printed play, it is one of the most accurately printed editions that we have of any early drama. Moreover, there is not one single error that would arise from mishearing, as would inevitably be the case in a copy produced from imperfect notes taken at a theatre: the errors are all such as would occur from the MS. of Q_1 being imperfectly written by a scribe whose hand was not over legible. Comparison with texts really obtained in such a surreptitious manner, for instance with the first quarto of *Hamlet* will show this at once. Nay, the text of Q_1 , as regards these minor faults, is better than Q_2 , in which exactly the same kind of error occurs frequently. Thus Q_2 gives "Neronas" for "Veronas;" "is" for "his;" "A sick man makes his will" for "Bid a sick man make his will;" "fennell" for "female;" "and," omitted; "houre" for "honor" (twice); "dum" for "dun;" "you" for "your;" "lights" for "like;" "suit" for "saile;" "showes" for "shines;" "'tis" for "this" (twice); "provaunt" for "pronounce;" "day" for "dove;" "wene" for "were;" "more," omitted; "injured" for "inured;" "your," omitted; "end" for "eyed;" "kisman" several times for "kinsman;" "aged" for "agile;" "and" inserted; "upon" for "on;" "dimme" for "damned;" "shot" for "short;" "mishaved" for "misbehaved;" "puts" for "pouts;" "pardon" for "pardon him;" "I," omitted; "Father" for "*Father*;" "obsolved" for "absolved" (twice); "care" for "cure" (twice); "tomb," omitted; "stay" for "slay;" "breast" for "breath;" "go," omitted; "father" for "faith;" "And doleful dumps the mind oppress," omitted; "pray" for "pay;" "young" for "yeugh" (twice); "I will believe," inserted; "where is my Lord?" inserted; two passages of four lines each, repeated; "two," repeated;

"shrike" for "shrieked;" "slaughter" for "slaughtered;" "earling" for "early:" besides omissions of single letters, and the very important misplacings and manglings of whole passages pointed out by Mr. Daniel and myself in the notes to his edition. If misreadings are to be taken as evidence of a play's being surreptitiously printed from notes taken down by hearing, Q₂ has more evidence against its genuineness than Q₁. It is only from critics coming to this play with prejudices derived from the study of the early quarto of *Hamlet* and *Henry V.* that they have fancied they could see indications of either abridgment (other than that so often made for acting purposes) or surreptitious production.

That Q₁ was not a mere corruption or imperfect representation of Q₂ is demonstrable; for it can be shown that the correcting process was not finished before Q₂ was printed, but only in progress. The following instances among others may be adduced in proof of this assertion. Act iii., Scene 3, L. 35—45, stands thus in Q₁ :—

"More courtship lives

*In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of fair Juliet's skin,
And steal immortal kisses from her lips;*

1 *But Romeo may not he is banished.*
2 *Flies may do this, but I from this must fly."*

In Q₂ they are replaced by :—

"More courtship lives

*In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.*

3 *This may flies do, when I from this must fly,
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?*

1 *But Romeo may not, he is banished.*
2 *Flies may do this, but I from this must fly;*
4 *They are free men, but I am banished."*

I imagine there can be no doubt that this is the case of revision, and that the lines I have marked 3, 4 were meant to replace the lines 1, 2. Yet the editors almost unanimously retain 1; and many of them 4 also. I have not the slightest hesitation in cancelling 1, 2, and retaining 3, 4. Mr. Daniel may be right in placing

4 immediately after 3; but it is of more importance to note the rejection of the phrase "immortal kisses" so familiar to the readers of Shakespeare's predecessors. It tells strongly against Q₁ being his composition in its entirety.

Again in Act v., Scene 3, Line 103, Q₂ :—

"I will believe

Shall I believe that," &c.

No editor has doubted that "I will believe" should be deleted; it is clear that the writer corrected his first draft and forgot to erase what he replaced. But Q₁ following probably Q₀ has "O, I believe."

And a few lines further on :—

"And never from this pallet of dim night
Depart again. Come lie thou in my arm.

1 Here's to thy health where'er thou tum-
blest in.

O true apothecary,
Thy drops are quick, thus with a kiss I die.
Depart again: here, &c.

2 *Here's to my Love. O thou apothecary
Thy drops are quick. Thus with a kiss I
die."*

Q₁ has only the two last lines, with *swift* for *quick*. Q₀ probably had the lines as first given, marked (1); but with *swift* for *quick*. These were corrected into the Q₁ form, and the transcript made for printing that edition; but enlarged into the form now usually adopted for Q₂. The corrector has again forgotten to erase the (1) first form. The repetition of "depart again" shows correction. It cannot be a printer's blunder.

In Act iv. Scene 1, Line 3, we meet with three versions of a line, two in Q₂, one in Q₁. The evidently correct and fullest version of the three is :—

"Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient
vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie."

An intermediate form is that in Q₁ :—

"And when thou art laid in thy kindred's
vault."

And the form of original production (Q⁰) is doubtless the line left in Q₂, uncanceled by mistake :—

"Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

A careful study of this passage, with its context in Q_1 and Q_2 , will show that a form of the whole speech now lost must have originally existed, for the line in the shape last quoted will not fit in grammatically with the other lines of Q_1 or Q_2 , or any combination of them. It can only be explained on my assumption of a form from which Q_1 and Q_2 are both derived.

In Act ii. Scene 2, near the end:—

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frown
ing night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks
of light;
And darkness flecked like a drunkard reels,
From forth day's pathway made by Tytan's
wheels."

is misplaced in Romeo's speech; it should begin the next scene where it stands in Q_1 with the readings—

"Flecked darkness;
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery
wheels."

Q_2 repeats it in its proper place as Q_1 has it, but reads *flecked*, *checking*, *burning*. In *England's Parnassus* there is a fourth version which agrees with the first here given except in reading *cheering* and *streams* for *checking* and *streaks*. The repeated lines in Q_2 are here probably the original as written in Q_0 ; the lines in Q_1 a first correction; the lines inserted by the printer in the wrong place the final revision; and those in *England's Parnassus* a corruption of that.

Mr. Daniel has here, and in other places, rightly divined the cause of the duplication; indeed, in most critical questions of this nature I agree with his results. We only differ in general theory on this play because he holds that a multiplication of causes (shorthand note taking, abridgment for other than acting purposes, making insertions, revising, &c.) are to be assumed; and I hold it a fundamental principle that one cause (revision of Peele's play by Shakespeare) will account for all the phenomena. There are other passages explicable on this hypothesis (and only on it as I think), but for these I must refer to Mr. Daniel's notes. Of course,

we both admit abridgment for the requirements of the stage.

Similar examples to the above may be collected from other plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c., but not from any play of Shakespeare's where there is not independent external evidence that it has been revised and altered after its first composition.

Note also that in every instance where we get two versions of a passage in Q_2 the version in Q_1 lies between them; differing from either less than they differ from each other. If this is to be explained on the shorthand note taking system, either the piratical reporter must have had a supernatural insight into the corrections that were to appear in Q_2 , or the theory of probabilities must be discarded; unless, indeed, it is to be supposed that the pirated version in every instance gave rise to the corrected one; a theory which would perhaps suit those editors who adopt many readings from Q_1 , not because they have evidence in their favour, but because they commend themselves to the æsthetic sense as being better. To those who, like myself, form their judgments entirely on objective evidence, it is clear that these passages show that Q_2 was the result of a revision subsequent to Q_1 .

I come next to the differences of metre. I shall not dwell on the fact that Q_1 has many Alexandrines, as well as lines deficient by a foot or a head syllable, because these might be true on either theory as being due either to the original writer, or to the copyist if the edition were issued without revision. It would be reasoning in a circle to use these as an argument either one way or the other. But there are peculiarities that cannot be mistaken, and which must have existed in the original MS. of Q_0 . Thus we have "fire" rhyming to "liers;" "meeting" to "greetings;" "how" to "vowes;" "fate" to "mates;" "bring" to "things;" all except in one instance carefully corrected or avoided in Q_2 ; and in that exception (the first instance mentioned) "fire" is apparently a misprint for "fires."

Did the supposed "pirate" of this play invent all the lines in which this peculiarity occur? Did he also alter the many plurals which occur in Q_1 when Q_2 has singulars, and change whole lines on purpose to introduce them? Thus Q_1 has "cheekes," "directions," "compliments," "twenty years," "heavens," "tiptoes," "immortal parts," "beggarily accounts," "the streets," "a means," "these letters," where Q_2 has the singular. The converse never happens. Moreover that these plurals were intentionally corrected in Q_2 , such cases as the following make manifest:—

“But where unbrused youth with unstuff
braines,
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep
remaines.”

So $Q_1; Q_2$ alters this to

“ Doth couch his limbs there golden sleep doth
raigne ; ”

and similarly in other passages. Again in Q_1 , we find *r's*, *n's*, *l's*, forming separate syllables to an extent unknown in any of Shakespeare's writings; he pronounces *emp'ress*, *sett'led*, and the like; but such instances as *mor'ning*, *kin'sman*, *Thur'sday*, *packth'red* and the like, which occur in Q_1 as trisyllables, are utterly unknown to him, though common enough in his contemporaries Marlow and Peele. All the above instances and others are accordingly corrected in Q_0 . Thus:—

"Old ends of packth'red and cakes of roses,"
is changed into

“Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses.”

These details, however, are becoming tedious. Let us look at a passage or two in themselves interesting, as well as bearing strongly on our argument. In v. 3, when Paris enters with flowers for Juliet's tomb, he says in Q₁ :—

" Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed.

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain,
The perfect model of eternity.
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands
That living honoured *thee* and being *dead*,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

This is, as poetry, much finer than the regular six-lined stanza substituted for it in *Q₂*; at the same time, from the six italicised syllables, it is pretty clear that it is an unfinished sketch, meant to be ultimately fashioned into a stanza of six lines with three pairs of rhymelines. Was this lovely bit the production of an obscure note-taker? ¹ Surely not. Was it an early draught by Shakespeare, discarded for

“ Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew.

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by
moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and
weep."

I do not think it possible that he should either have issued an unfinished dirge, or have substituted one so very inferior. It seems to me that he objected to the form of the one he found done to his hand, and found it easier to write a new one than to re-model the other; thus obtaining the form he wanted, though with inferior matter.

A still more important passage is that in Act iv., Scene 5, where in Q₂ the lamentations for Juliet's supposed death run as follows :—

“*Cap. Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies, Why to this day have you preserved my life? To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life, Deprived of sense, of life, of all, by death; Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies.*”

"*Par.* O sad-fac'd sorrow, map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desir'd to see?
This day, this unjust, this impartial *day*,
Wherein I hoped to see my comfort full,
To be depriv'd by sudden *destiny*."

"Mother. O woe, alack, distrest, why should
I live

To see this day, this miserable day?
Alack the time that ever I was born,
To be partaker of this *destiny*,
Alack the day, alack and well a day."

¹ Danter the printer of Q₁ was partner of Chettle, author of *Hoffmann*, or *Revenge for a Father*. To him Danter would probably apply for literary help. But Chettle certainly did not write the stanza in the text. It is worth notice that Danter's edition was entered in the Stationers' books in the name of E. White, the publisher of *Andronicus* Q₁, 1600.

Any one familiar with the sestines and dizanes in Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which every verse repeats the endings of the preceding, will, I think, agree with me that we have here a series of three verses of five lines each, meant to be ultimately cast in that form of composition; three of the endings being the words I have italicised, *day*, *see*, *destiny*; the other two being perhaps *time* and *unjust*. In any case it is certain that such a form of composition as this, even as it now stands, with its accompanying chorus, where all cry out,

"And all our joy and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled,"

is nowhere used by Shakespeare, and is essentially discordant with the genius of his dramatic writings. The suspicions as to the unity of authorship excited by these and other passages are fully confirmed if we look for a distinctive test. The one, of several, which I have chosen, is that of superfluous strong syllables; such as

"Where's he | that slew | Mercu | tio Ty | -
bält that vill | ain ?
Whēn yōung King | Cophet | ua lov'd | the
beg | gar wench."

Of these I have found fifty-six instances in *Q*₁. Now, Shakespeare never uses an extra syllable except (1) where a glide or *apoggiatura* is possible, (2) after a pause.

"1. Makes thee | the hap | pīer; Hea | vens
deal | so still.
"2. To sleep | in qui | et. || O how | my
heart | abhors."

And the latter of these first appears to any great extent in the recast *All's Well that Ends Well* and in *Measure for Measure* (1603) at the beginning of his *Third Period*. The lines of this play (*Q*₁) cannot be paralleled in any of his works before or after; nor in any other writer before 1600 except Peele. Every one of these instances in *Q*₁ is corrected into Shakespearian metre in *Q*₂ by omission or recasting. Thus the above lines in *Q*₂ run thus:—

- '1. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
2. When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar
maid."

I do not find parallel cases to these in any of the really surreptitious copies, such as *Hamlet Q*₁, *Lear Q*₁, *The Contention*, or *The True Tragedy*. Leaving the metrical evidence, then, not as exhausted (far from that), but to avoid tediousness; the next point is that the revision had been partly carried out in *Q*₁. The merest glance will show this. The first nine scenes in the two quartos are substantially the same in both; the slight differences between them are only such as we find in the differences between the quarto and folio of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet* (*Q*₂), with a few omissions of passages for theatrical reasons. The last seven scenes, on the other hand, are so altered that there is scarcely a passage of three lines together that stands alike in the two versions; and large segments are entirely rewritten.¹ The intermediate eight scenes oscillate in character; in some parts they agree with the early scenes in being substantially alike in both versions; in others they have not been rewritten for *Q*₁, but evidently were for *Q*₂. Even the advocates of the theory that I am now opposing are obliged to admit this. They are, in fact, obliged to adopt three separate and scarcely consistent hypotheses. (1) That much of the early part (Acts i. ii.) is the result of carefully taken notes. (2) That much of the latter part (Acts iv. v.) is the result of carelessly taken notes. (3) That some parts (ii. 6; iv. 5; v. 3) are not derived from notes at all, but from an earlier copy, which, in these portions, was rewritten by Shakespeare. They have also to maintain that all these alterations were made, within a year of the original production of the play, by him who scarcely ever blotted a line.

I may here notice the external evidence as to the date of this play. It is proven that it was first acted at the

¹ It is remarkable that the type of *Q*₁ and the running title are changed just at this point, at the end of Act ii., Scene 3. Does this indicate that the first revision was stayed here and only occasionally reappears in the rest of the play?

Curtain in 1596,¹ and yet there is a strong presumption that it was written in 1593; for that the earthquake spoken of by the Nurse happening when Juliet was one year old and therefore thirteen years before the date of her speech, would be referred by the audience to the earthquake of 1580, which was so violent in the locality of the Curtain Theatre, can hardly be doubted. Drake has clearly shown this. Malone saw the difficulty of reconciling it with the 1596 date of representation. But if the play was originally written in 1593 by Peele, and passed at his death, in 1595 (?), into the hands of the Chamberlain's men, it is quite intelligible that it should have remained unrevised for a year or so. It is not so easy to understand that Shakespeare, if he wrote in 1593, should not have revised his own play till after its being acted in 1596, and after its being put upon the stage should have been in such a hurry with his alterations. This is unlike his way of work. Perhaps his first production in 1593 may have been hindered by the closing of the theatres on account of the plague; and we know that Shakespeare (whether with L. Strange's or the Chamberlain's company) was "travelling" in 1594.

Another evidence in my favour is only admissible if my theory of *Richard III.* having been partly of Peele's production is granted me. It is of course impossible to do more than allude to it here. It has been proved by Spedding, and confirmed by independent investigations by me that the folio edition of that play is an alteration of the quarto. Now the alterations are exactly of the same character as those in *Romeo and Juliet*. The number of Alexandrines and four feet lines is enormously reduced, and the lines with extra strong syllables are altered so as to replace Peele's usual metre by Shakespeare's. It is also very likely that *Richard III.*

is by the same hand as the bulk of *Henry VI.* (parts 2 and 3), and that this hand was Peele's there can be little doubt. There are also numerous coincidences of language between all these plays in their original shape; I have only space here for one from *Romeo and Juliet* which will indicate their nature; to give them in full is impossible except in an annotated edition.

At the end of ii. 5, Juliet says—

"How doth her latter words revive my heart!"

this and the succeeding lines are replaced, Q₂, by

"Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell."

But in 3 *Hen. VI.*, i., 1, the very words occur,

"How do thy words revive my heart."

The phrase does not occur in any play undoubtedly written by Shakespeare, but it is common in his predecessors.

The numerous repetitions of lines and phrases in different parts of Q₁ only tend to show the same result. These are pointed out by Mr. Daniel, and I need not dwell on them here. As far, then, as these narrow limits will allow, I have indicated proofs that exist that external and internal evidence alike lead us to conclude that the first draft of this play, Q₀, was made about 1593, probably by G. Peele; that after his death it was partially revised by Shakespeare, and produced at the Curtain Theatre in 1596 in the shape that we find it as printed in Q₁; and that he subsequently revised it completely as we read it in Q₂. It has been shown that his name was not attached to it in his lifetime; that the external evidence for his authorship is less than that for other plays of which he is acknowledged to have been only in part originator; that the unrevised parts of Q₁ are unlike his work in metre, style, and general form; that the unlikenesses are of the same character as those in *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, and that if Q₁ is a surreptitious copy some theory more satisfactory than any yet pro-

¹ This confirms Mr. Hales in placing *Romeo and Juliet* between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (1595), and *The Merchant of Venice* (1596) on æsthetic grounds.

pounded must be given to account for its errors being errors of eye, not of ear. It is, I think, impossible to resist these arguments, even in the extent here presented. How much more, then, in their totality, as for instance in the notes of the edition of *Q₁*, which I prepared in 1874 for the New Shakspeare Society, in which every peculiarity was noted of spelling, metre, and language, and the inference from each pointed out; with illustrations from Peele's acknowledged works.

Assuming, then, for an instant, that this theory is correct, it may be said that it is an ungrateful task to diminish the laurels of our greatest poet even by a leaf; that it is an odious work (however just) to try to bring him nearer on a level with the lower playwrights of his time; that if the "onliness" of Shakespeare is an illusion, we had rather keep the illusion in its beauty than give it up for the truth in its ugliness. The answer to which is, Do right, though the sky fall. But it may yet be worth while to point out that such investigations do not lessen Shakespeare, though they advance other men who have hitherto been far too much neglected. We do not measure his greatness by the extent of his work, but by the height he attained in his best productions. The great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, are all his; the great histories, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, are all his; the great comedies, the *Tempest*, *As you Like It*, the *Merchant of Venice*, are all his; the great tragi-comedy, *Winter's Tale*, is all his. It is in the lesser plays that other men's work has been found; and what men! Had Marlow and Peele lived, Shakespeare would probably not have been the unique phenomenon that he is to us. The hand that painted the death-scene of Faust, at an age when Shakespeare had, at most, given us two or three of his earliest comedies; the ear that first formed for us a perfect medium for dramatic poetry by organising our blank verse in harmonious rhythm; the genius that first saw the capability of historic themes to excite pity and terror in

theatric representation—were extinguished by the ignoble brawl in which Marlow met his death. At that date he was certainly the equal, if not the superior, of Shakespeare. George Peele, also, the author of the *Old Wives' Tale* and *David and Bathsheba*—the only fairy tale and the only scriptural theme that have been treated dramatically with success by the Elizabethans—he whom Greene ranked even above Marlow, whose delicate work, in the portions that have come down to us, is so exquisitely finished—he, too, if he did no more than is commonly attributed to him, was no mean competitor with Shakespeare for supremacy. Shakespeare did not show his greatness till his second period; until he produced his *Merchant of Venice* and his *Henry IV.* he was not recognizable as taller than his brethren by the head and shoulders. And who can say that, had Peele and Marlow lived, they would not have attained an equal height? Of Marlow there can be little doubt that, although he would probably not have been so genial, so human, so comprehensive, he might yet have touched the springs of sorrow and fear as deeply as *Lear* or *Macbeth*. And Peele, if, as I believe, he wrote great part of *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, stood so nearly on an equality with Shakespeare, that their work has been confused and mistaken for two centuries and more. The features of the young giant-race are hard to discriminate; they are all of one family, and their birth-dates are not far asunder. The surviving brother is the greatest, in virtue of his survival, but had they all lived it would have been hard indeed to prognosticate on which brow the highest crown should ultimately have rested. Meanwhile let us try to be just to all, and if any fame is due to the earlier dead, let us not shrink to give it them: even if in doing so we may seem for an instant to be invidious to its former possessor, let our admiration of Shakespeare be freed from silly idolatry and unfair adulation.

June, 1875.

F. G. FLEAY.

THE ANCIENT ORGANISATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It is only natural that Oxford, abounding as it does in traces of the past, should be a favourite field of archaeological investigation. The interest of the subject, after centuries of labour bestowed upon it, is indeed far from being exhausted. Not only has the mass of antiquarian material collected by the diligence of such men as Wood and Hearne and their worthy successors to be re-examined and treated critically, but much new material, only recently made accessible, has to be collected and utilised.

One topic in particular—some knowledge of which one might suppose would be especially desirable at a time when the University is about once more to be reformed—has by no means received the attention which its intrinsic interest demands. The constitution of the University as an organised body of teachers and learners is far from being generally understood. It is hardly too much to say that the average undergraduate passes through Oxford without any reflection upon the historical significance of its organisation. He looks upon it as a large school for adults, where all sorts of subjects are taught by a rabble of professors and tutors. He perhaps knows that, now and then, while he is on the river or in the cricket-field, these same professors and tutors transact some unintelligible business in the Convocation House, but he finds that none of these things produce much practical effect upon himself. His business is to pass the examinations, with honours if he can, and receive the title of B.A. If the new-made bachelor leaves the university, he looks back upon it only as the large school for adults, where he played cricket and made friends, and obtained the

title of Bachelor, which, after an interval and on payment of a fee, was transmuted into the title of Master, of Arts; but of what “arts” he was made a bachelor, or in what sense he subsequently became a “master” of them, he has no suspicion.

Nearly the same assertions may indeed be made of the graduate who stays at Oxford. Instead of a learner he has become a teacher, and he takes part in the well-intended legislation of the Convocation House, but the University continues to be in his eyes a large, and no doubt very ancient, school, where very promiscuous subjects are taught, and which conducts its business in accordance with a procedure which, knowing nothing of its significance, he regards with but scant respect.

The ordinary fellow and tutor may not be devoid of archaeological tastes; but he finds their sufficient satisfaction in ascertaining how much bread and cheese was allowed *per diem* to the labourers who built the college hall, in collecting materials for biographies of the boys who have sung in the college choir for 300 years past, and pulling down, or as he calls it “restoring,” his college chapel. I venture to think that, laudable as these recreations may be, it would be well if some attention were now diverted from the Colleges, the interest of which is after all chiefly local, to the University itself, which besides being older than any of them, is one of a sisterhood of similar institutions which are to be found in every country of Europe, and in most others which have a tincture of European civilisation.

A good book upon the subject of Universities generally has yet to be written, and could only be written

after an examination of a very voluminous and scattered literature. The subject might, however, be dealt with piecemeal. An important work might be produced upon the Natural History of Universities, in which they would be grouped according to affinity of organisation, the affiliation of one to another would be shown, and their bodies of statutes would be traced to a few types of which the rest are copies. Among the smaller questions which would well deserve attention are the relation of Universities to the Papal See, the migration of students from one country to another, and the consequent formation of foreign "nations," the origin of degrees and the nature of the privileges which they conferred, the development of any given department of study, the relation of academical studies to the professions.

Some, at least, of these topics one may hope will eventually be treated of by those who have leisure for such inquiries. We must confine ourselves on the present occasion to the narrower question of the organisation of the University of Oxford; leaving out of consideration how far that organisation is shared by similar bodies elsewhere. Is Oxford, as some persons who should know better really seem to suppose, merely a great school, in which a number of isolated teachers are engaged, each upon his own subject, without reference to the rest? Or is there a plan, and that a grand and historically instructive one, in accordance with which the University not only was, but still is, arranged?

The answer to that question is written in two documents, composed as we now see them at about the same date, but each preserving, with little essential alteration, evidence of a state of things far older than itself. The date is the early part of the seventeenth century, and the two documents are—the Quadrangle of the Schools, and the Corpus Statutorum.

The Schools, begun in 1613, and

finished in 1617, merely embody in a grander pile of buildings arrangements which are older than the sixteenth century.

The Statute Book, completed in 1633 and published by authority in 1636, is an orderly digest, with very slight alteration, of the laws which had been made by the University for its own government during the three previous centuries.

Both the Schools Quadrangle and the Corpus Statutorum preserve for our instruction at the present day the University of the Middle Ages. As it was stereotyped in these two monuments, so has its legal organisation remained substantially to our own day. It is archæologically fortunate that the University legislated very little between the date of the Corpus and that of the Commission of 1852.

I. Now what is the picture of the constitution of the University which is presented to us by the Schools Quadrangle?

To see that picture in its true perspective, one must enter the building by its principal gateway—the gateway by which processions are admitted on state occasions; that is to say, one passes in under the tower which faces towards Hertford College. One then sees right opposite the School of Divinity, enthroned, as it were, as the *mater scientiarum*. On the proper right of the Divinity School is the old School of Medicine; on the proper left is the old School of Law.

These three occupy the west side of the quadrangle. The south and north sides, and the east side, where you are supposed to be stationed, are occupied by the Schools of Metaphysic, Logic, Geometry, and other sciences.

For many years the inscriptions over the doors¹ of several of the schools had become illegible. They have recently been restored by the pious care of a late senior proctor, and now once more enable us to see the image of the University as it presented

¹ As to which see Reg. N. fol. 94, in the archives of the University.

itself to the minds of Oxford men of the early years of the seventeenth century.

The schools were not merely places for holding the disputations which answered the purpose of our present examinations, but also lecture rooms; and a special school was assigned to each of the sciences then taught in the University.

The place of honour was given to the school of divinity, next to that of medicine, thirdly to that of law.

Less honourably placed, but far more numerous, were the schools belonging to the great faculty of arts;¹ i.e. as we may see from the inscriptions over their doorways, schools for each of the seven liberal arts, viz., grammar, rhetoric and logic (the trivium); arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy (the quadrivium); for the three sciences—metaphysics, moral philosophy and natural philosophy; also for the tongues, viz. Greek and Hebrew; and lastly for history.

Lectures and exercises in divinity, before the erection of the present magnificent building in the fifteenth century, took place in St. Mary's Church, and in various religious houses. There were several schools of physic; and there were numerous schools of law, most of them in the Jews' quarter, near the modern post-office. The schools of arts (to the number of thirty-two in 1408) had been mainly in Schools' Street (running between St. Mary's and Brasenose College), till in 1439, the Abbot of Osney, *ad captandum benevolentiam universitatis*, built the block of arts schools which gradually superseded the rest. It contained ten rooms, one for each of the seven arts, and the three sciences. These "new schools," as they were called, stood in front of, and transversely to, the divinity school. They were purchased in 1554 by the University, which in 1557 placed appropriate inscriptions over the door of

each school: over that of grammar, *litteras disce*; of dialectics, *imposturas fuge*; of rhetoric, *persuadent mores*; of arithmetic, *numeri omnia constant*; of music, *ne tibi dissideas*; of geometry, *cura quæ domi sunt*; of astrology, *altiora ne quæsieris*.²

It is to be observed that though these arts-schools were pulled down in order to complete the quadrangle of which Bodley's library formed the western side, their arrangements were substantially reproduced in the grander edifice which rose in their place.³

II. Much may be readily inferred as to the character of the University from the arrangement of this venerable building; but for more articulate information we must turn from its dumb walls to the pages of the *Corpus Statutorum*. Many interesting matters are touched upon in that curious volume;⁴ but our attention must be confined to what concerns the distribution of studies, and the organisation of the teaching, which is also the governing body of the University.

The studies of the place, and the degrees which attest capacity to teach, are distributed into the five faculties of theology, medicine, law, arts, and music. The precedence of those qualified to teach in each of those faculties is minutely regulated in accordance with a scale which had not been acquiesced in without debates extending over centuries, and sometimes determined only by the interposition of the king.

The duties of the teachers of each subject, and the studies qualifying for the position of teacher—in other words, for the attainment of a degree, are prescribed with great minuteness.

² German Traveller in Gutch's Wood, iii. p. 764.

³ Let us hope that the old traditions may not be entirely lost sight of in the structure which is now rising from its foundations in the High Street.

⁴ Which its compilers admit to be expressed in a style *horrida, impeza et barbarismis et solacismis scatens*. For the history of its compilation see its preface and A. Wood.

¹ *Scholæ Facultatis Artium*. Stat. Tit. vi. § 3.

At a time previous to the compilation of the *Corpus*, but of which abundant traces remain in it, all graduates became teachers, and they were the only teachers recognised by the University. The degree of Master or Doctor implied a fitness to teach the subject in which the Master or Doctor had graduated, and the formula by which the degree was conferred was in effect a license to teach that subject, or, as the phrase ran, to read, or lecture upon it (*legere*).¹

The degrees of Doctor of theology, medicine, or civil law, need no further explanation. The meaning of degrees in arts is, however, not so obvious. A master in the faculty of arts was one whose right and duty it was to teach "the three philosophies" (natural, moral, and metaphysical), and "the seven liberal arts" (grammar, logic, philosophy; arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy) — to which subjects were later added certain languages and history.² Minor degrees were sometimes granted in one or other of the studies which went to make up the full arts curriculum; e.g. in music, which has thus survived to the present day as a sub-faculty; in grammar and rhetoric;³ and in logic, proficient in which became *sophistæ generales*.

Newly-made M.A.'s, like all other graduates, were obliged to teach their subject, *regere scholas*, for two years, during which time they were therefore described as "necessary regents." Afterwards they might teach or not as they pleased, and were accordingly described as *regentes ad placitum*. An elaborate scheme may be found in the older statutes for distributing the

seven liberal arts among the M.A.'s of the year.⁴ Under this system all graduates became *ipso facto* professors in their respective faculties, and the terms master doctor and professor were synonymous, as is testified to the present day by monumental inscriptions which describe a Doctor of Divinity, as S.T.P., Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor.

We find in the *Corpus* the transition from this state of things to a delegation of the teaching office to specially appointed professors.

All this is clear from the fourth title of the statute book, *De Lectoribus Publicis*, which begins by reciting that "it is the duty, by ancient and unabrogated custom, of the regent masters to lecture upon and teach in the public schools all the faculties or sciences in which they have graduated, in pursuance of the forms used at graduation." Then comes a recital, that "in certain sciences and faculties, public readers have been provided with liberal stipends by the special munificence of certain benefactors, with the sanction of the university, but the rest of the faculties and sciences remain without endowed teachers." And then the statute provides that (till endowments shall come in) due provision shall be made for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics by prælectors to be appointed for two years by the colleges which supply the proctors of the current and next ensuing year. A part of their stipend is to be borne by a tax of two shillings on all inceptors, *quibus antiquitus ordinarie legendi onus incubuit*.

The next section goes through the public readers of the University in order, beginning at the bottom of the faculty of arts, and mounting upwards to the top of the highest faculty—that of divinity. The list is as follows. It contains, of course, only such studies or chairs as were recognised at the

¹ See Tit. ix. § 7, e.g. for the degree of B.A. the formula was: "Ego admitto Te ad Lectionem cujuslibet libri Aristotelis et insuper earum artium quas et quatenus per Statuta audivisse teneris."

² Stat. ix. § 6, p. 99. Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee were ordered to be taught by a Bull of Clement V., in 1311.

³ One R. Whittington describes himself upon a title-page, in 1513, as "Grammatices Magister in Acad. Oxon. Laureatus."

⁴ Ainstie, *Monumenta Academica*, p. 272 (anno. 1420).

date of the publication of the *Corpus* in 1636 :—

FACULTY OF ARTS.

The Trivium.

Grammar.
Rhetoric.
Logic.
Philosophy, Moral (White 1621).

The Quadrivium.

Arithmetic } (Saville 1619).
Geometry }
Astronomy } (Saville 1619).
Music . . . (Heyther 1626).
Philosophy, Natural (Sedley 1621).
Philosophy, Metaphysical.
History (Camden 1622).
Greek (H. viii.)
Hebrew (H. viii.)

FACULTY OF LAW.

Civil Law (H. viii.)¹

MEDICINE.

Anatomy (Tomlins 1624).
Medicine (H. viii.)

THEOLOGY.

Margaret (1502).
Regius (H. viii.)

It should be remarked that in this list a new study at once finds its proper place ; e.g. the anatomy chair, which was not founded till 1624, is, as a matter of course, ranked with, but in subordination to, the chair of medicine. More recent editors of the Statute Book having failed to grasp the method of the University, leave the older chairs properly arranged as they stood in the Laudian Code, but put down professorships subsequently founded merely in order of date, without reference to subject.² The order of the grouping of studies having become thus confused, it is perhaps not surprising that the notion of there being any proper order has been very much lost sight of. The result has been :—1. That chairs are entered in almanacs or calendars either alphabetically, or according to the dates of their foundation. 2. That when an attempt was recently made to group the lecture notices of the teachers of the several branches of knowledge in the University Gazette, those who

are responsible for the arrangement seem to have been unconscious that the principles by which they ought to be guided had been established centuries ago, and are clearly deducible from still binding statutes.

This is, I think, to be regretted, not only because the method of late casually followed is practically inconvenient, but also because it obscures the organisation of the University, and thus tends to efface the distinction between a University and other institutions for the furtherance of adult education.

Just as the teachers of the Universities were, and still are, statutorily organised in faculties, so were and are the learners.

The ordinary Undergraduate, if described by his full title, would be called “*scholaris in facultate artium.*” The Bachelor of Arts, or person otherwise qualified, who wishes to commence the study of medicine, law, or divinity, is a “*scholaris*” or “*studiosus*” in these faculties. Till a few years ago he might have been formally admitted to the *status* of student of law or medicine.

According to the system of which the *Corpus Statutorum* presents us with the picture, every scholar was bound to attend lectures in his proper faculty, besides performing exercises in the school assigned to it.

A scholar of the Faculty of Arts spent four years in hearing lectures, always at 8 A.M.

During his first year—on rhetoric (on Mondays and Thursdays); on grammar (on Tuesdays and Fridays).

His second year was devoted in the same way to dialectic and moral philosophy.

In his third and fourth years, during which he was a “*sophista generalis*,” his eight o’clock lectures were on Mondays and Thursdays on dialectic, on Tuesdays and Fridays on moral philosophy; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays on geometry. On the last mentioned days he had also an afternoon lecture on Greek.

A Bachelor of Arts must work three

¹ The Faculty of Canon Law had been suppressed in 1535.

² See Stat., Ap. p. 46.

years more to become a Master. During the first of which his lectures were in the morning on metaphysics and geometry, in the afternoon on history, Greek, and Hebrew. During his second and third years he heard astronomy, metaphysics and natural philosophy in the morning; history, Hebrew and Greek in the afternoon.¹

The intention was that he should have studied, and be fit to teach, the seven arts, the three philosophies, the tongues and history: all the elements of a liberal education even as conceived of at the present day. He could then be presented in congregation to the Vice-Chancellor, who would, in the form of words still in use, grant him a licence *incipiendi in artibus*, i.e. of commencing to teach. He could not actually incept till the next Comitia, held always at the beginning of July,² after which he would be admitted to sit in congregation and "regere scholas."

The student, who, after completing his more general studies, proceeded in law, medicine, or divinity, passed through the same stages of hearing lectures, presentation, inception, and admission to regency.

We have seen that both in the Schools Quadrangle and in the *Corpus Statutorum*, there is ample testimony to the organisation of the University as a body of teachers and learners. The building, eloquent of itself, becomes still more instructive if we mentally people it, as we learn from the statute-book that it was annually peopled at the time of the Comitia or Act.

The inconvenience, says the statute,³ of the solemn inceptions in the different faculties taking place at different times, had caused the University to set apart one day in the year for them, namely the first Monday after the 7th of July.⁴

¹ The fine for missing a lecture in arts was 2*d.*; history or Greek, 4*d.*; in the three Superior Faculties, 6*d.*—Tit. v. § 4.

² Since 1868 the graduates of each term are considered to have incepted as soon as it has come to an end (Stat., Add. p. 76).

³ Tit. vii. § 1.

⁴ The day was altered in 1808 to the first Tuesday in July.

The Saturday preceding was to be that of the "Vesperiae."

The proceedings on Saturday were, "in accordance with old custom," as follows:—All the "Prælectores in Artibus," after service at 8 a.m. in the north chapel of St. Mary's, marched in procession to the schools, preceded by their Bedells.⁵ Each Prælector entered the school assigned to his particular subject and began to lecture.

In the course of the morning the professors in the other faculties were also to lecture, each in his own school. In the meantime all the inceptors (i.e. candidates for the full degree) were to go round to the various schools and, by the mouth of the Bedells, request the professors to take part in the Vesperiae and Comitia. The candidates in medicine and law and divinity were also to ask the blessing of their respective professors.

In the afternoon there were solemn disputations; by the "artists" in St. Mary's, by candidates in law, medicine, and divinity, in their several schools. In the evening the senior inceptor in each faculty gave a supper to the rest.

On Sunday, two University sermons.

On Monday, the small bell of St. Mary's summoned the inceptors, headed by their respective Bedells, to a service in the eastern chapel, after which the comital exercises took place in the nave,⁶ where we must suppose the Vice-Chancellor seated at the east end, below him the Regius Professor of Divinity with his inceptors. On their right (the north side of the church) sat the Professor of Medicine, and on their left (the south side of the church) the Professor of Law, each with his flock of inceptors. The Musical Professor and his candidates were in the gallery, *juxta organa pneumatica*, while the two

⁵ Till 1870, when their number was reduced to four, there were six Bedells, viz., two of theology, two of law, two of medicine and arts jointly. Their maces bear inscriptions appropriate to their respective faculties.—*Corpus*, p. 174.

⁶ They were transferrel to the theatre in 1667.

proctors, with the crowd of inceptors in arts, occupied *suggesta* at the west end of the church. The relative grouping of the faculties is, it will be observed, precisely the same as that still to be seen in the quadrangle of the schools.

Then began the disputations, on questions previously approved by congregation.¹ First the disputations in arts, under the direction of the senior proctor, who, so far as regards this part of the proceedings, is *pater comitiorum*, and admits the candidates to incept, "*tradendo librum, imponendo pectus, impertiendo osculum.*"

Then came the musical performances, and the admission of Doctors in Music by the professor.

Then "*monitu procuratorum*" followed in succession the disputations in medicine, law, and theology, after which the candidates in each of these faculties were admitted to incept by their respective Regius Professors; who in each case handed a book to the new-made doctor, placed a cap on his head, and a ring on his finger, and kissed him. Then the Vice-Chancellor made a speech on the events of the year, and the assemblage moved off into the Congregation House, where the new graduates were admitted to regency.

The quaint ceremonial just described is now no more to be seen, for the act is a mere formality which takes place when Oxford men are more likely to be found at Chamouni than in the High Street; but the organisation of the University to which it gave a vivid expression is, though sometimes lost sight of, its statutory organisation still.

The great faculty of arts is the foundation of the whole. It comprises, now as formerly, all those studies which from time to time are thought fit to be parts of systematic general culture. Those persons, and those only, who have acquired a sufficiency of this general culture are allowed to

enter one of the three professional faculties, and superadd to their previous acquirements the knowledge of the professional sciences of law, medicine, or divinity.

The imperfect faculty of music, a degree in which gives no vote in convocation, is the only surviving instance of a sub-faculty granting degrees for proficiency in one only of the liberal arts, proficiency in all of which was required for the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

The statutory organisation of the University is worth attention for two reasons.

The first is a sentimental one. It is surely undesirable that any changes which may be made in the constitution of Oxford should be so made as to dissociate us unnecessarily with our own past history or with the other universities of Europe. It has been shown that the system of the faculties is the predominant idea of our own statute book. It is predominant as a matter of fact in every continental university at the present day. Nowhere does one enter a university building, whether at Leyden, Heidelberg, or Bologna, without seeing four black boards for notices relating to the respective faculties of divinity, medicine, law, and philosophy. Nowhere does one take up a lecture-sheet or calendar which is not arranged in accordance with the same division.

Now, while mere antiquarianism should not stand in the way of such a well-considered development of the University as may be demanded by changed circumstances; and while no one would wish to revive those tedious and superfluous formalities which have been dispensed with as unsuited to a busy age like the present, there can be no reason for any such violent break in the continuity of our academical history, as would be immediately resented in a question of architecture.

Llandaff cathedral having become ruinous, the authorities of the day repaired its shattered nave into the

¹ Tit. vii. § 2. They must be conducted *memoriter*, or will be at once stopped by the proctors.

similitude of a Greek temple. The proceedings of some would-be university improvers are scarcely less shocking. Such a one *diruit ædificat*, or would like to be allowed to do so, intent upon some petty improvement, and careless, indeed wholly ignorant, of the havoc which he may be making in a structure, the proportions of which are in their way no less beautiful and significant than those of a mediæval abbey.

The second reason is a practical one.

It may be supposed that the classification which, in so many different countries, has stood the wear of so many centuries, gives a just view of the relations of the branches of knowledge.

The distinction between general culture and professional education is no artificial one, and the learned professions will probably continue to be divinity, law, and medicine.

The impatience to begin professional life is now so great that it has been thought desirable to permit the study of the more general parts of such subjects as law and divinity as an alternative mode of completing the course in arts; and the range of general culture is now so wide that the arts graduate can no longer be expected to have made some acquaintance with the whole of it. University reformers would, however, do well to learn, before attempting to deal with the course in arts, what was the list of topics originally comprised in it, and how that list has been gradually modified both at Oxford and in other Universities.

The original list, it is to be remembered, comprised—

The *Trivium*, or literary arts, with the two “philosophies,” moral and metaphysical, and the “tongues.”

The *Quadrivium*, or mathematical arts, with natural philosophy.

The whole of these philosophies and arts were included in the original course of general culture; the graduate in which is with us a “Master of Arts,” or, according to the fuller expression used in some continental universities, *Doctor Philosophiæ et magister liberalium artium*.

We find traces in the examination statutes of the first year of the present century of the examiners being allowed, at their discretion, to test the candidate in some only of the matters with which he is supposed to be acquainted, viz. for the degree of B.A., in Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectic, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, and the Elements of Physics; for the degree of M.A., in Mathematics, Physics, Metaphysics, History, and Hebrew. “*Nihil enim triste aut asperum molimur.*”

In 1807 the subjects of examination were divided into two groups, viz., *literæ humaniores* and *scientiæ mathematicæ et physiciæ*. The distinction between the two great departments of study—man and nature—which is traceable in the difference between the old *trivium* and *quadrivium*, has long been recognised in France by the granting of distinct degrees in “letters” and in “science,” and several German Universities have formally divided the philosophical, or arts, faculty into a faculty of philosophy proper, and a faculty of mathematical and natural science. The same course has been adopted in the University of London. It may be hoped that those who will have to discuss the propriety of introducing similar changes into the two older English Universities will bring to the task not only some acquaintance with the development of Universities generally, but also some knowledge of and respect for the historical constitution of Oxford and Cambridge in particular.

T. E. HOLLAND.

THE STORY OF FLAMENCA.

THE north of France was the birth country and chief seat of epic poetry in the middle ages. The *chanson de geste*, the *roman*, the *fabliau*, frequently bear witness to a consummate grace of narrative diction. Even the lyrical effusions of the *trouvère* not seldom take the form of the monologue or dialogue. The poet loves to hide his personality under the mask of a fictitious character. Sometimes he is the maiden longing for love and spring, who from the seclusion of her cloister raises her voice against the robbers of her liberty: "Malois soit de deu ki me fist nonnete;" sometimes, like Rutebœuf, he listens to the vulgar quarrels of "Charlie and the barber," or, like Charles d'Orleans the sweet *chansonier* in French and English, holds converse with:

" . . . l'amoureuse déesse,
Qui m'apela, demandant ou j'aloie."

The narrative and dramatic instincts of modern French writers are distinctly manifest in their mediæval *confrères*.

It is different with the troubadour, the poet of southern France. He is the lyrical singer *par excellence*, speaking in his own undisguised person and of his own subjective passion. Hence the truth and intensity, but hence also the monotonous and conventional phraseology of passion alternately characteristic of the Provençal love song. But the narrative instinct was not entirely wanting in the poets of the *langue d'oc*. The great wave of epic song which kept continually crossing the Channel from the Celt to the French-Norman, and back again to the Saxon and Anglo-Norman, left its flotsam on the shores of Southern France. Neither did the half-mythical glory of Charlemagne and his peers fail to impress the imagination of the

chivalrous troubadours. We possess, or at least know of, the existence of Provençal epics from both the Carolingian and Arthurian circles. Although comparatively small in number and importance, these deserve a passing mention.

The epic poetry of southern, like that, and on the same principles as that, of northern France, may be broadly divided into the popular and the artistic or individual narrative. The two classes differ as widely as possible both as regards metrical form and poetical treatment. The popular epic was sung or chanted to a monotonous tune, the artistic was recited. The former uses frequently the assonance (identity of vowels, but difference of consonants), in strophes or tirades of varying length: the latter exclusively rhyme in couplets. The popular epic poet is fond of introducing standing formulas and epithets, and the recurrence of similar situations or motives is marked by the naive repetition of the identical phrase. The poet himself disappears behind his work; he is nothing but the mouthpiece of popular feeling and tradition. Different from this, the artistic poet takes individual part in his work. He groups his material with conscious study of narrative effect, frequently adds new inventions to the legend he treats, and is fond of interrupting the narrative by reflections of his own, moral or otherwise, as the case may be.

Of the popular epic, very few specimens remain, and of these few, one at least, the *Ferabras*, seems a translation from the North-French. The only representative poem of the class is the old Provençal epic, *Girart de Rossilho*, a splendid example of early mediæval spirit, crude in sentiment and diction, coarse and irregular in its metrical

structure, but powerful and of sterling quality, like the hero it celebrates. Like the *Chanson de Roland*, the representative epic of northern France, *Girart de Rossilho* belongs to the Carolingian circle of legendary lore. But there is a considerable difference between the two poems as regards the conception of the Carolingian idea, if that modern term may be allowed. The older French poem shows the great Emperor in full possession of his power, and surrounded by his loyal peers. The younger Provençal epic reflects the revolutionary spirit of the great vassals under the weak descendants of the great Charles. Its hero, indeed, Girart of Rossilho, is the head of these rebellious barons, and his brave deeds in the wars with his feudal lord are held up to admiration, while on the other hand the Emperor Charles Martel (evidently a mistake on the part of the minstrel for Charles the Bald, correctly reintroduced in a later French version) is made the embodiment of meanness and treachery. After perusing Girart's exploits—some of them of a rather doubtful character, according to our notions—it is satisfactory to know that he at least departed life with a clean bill of morality. The author himself seems to feel somewhat uneasy on the subject. "But," he argues, "if Girart did great evil at first, he made full and speedy compensation at last, for he did great penance in a cloister, which he himself built beautifully and at great cost." There he is said to have supported, amongst other pious personages, "one hundred maidens." "And the priests," the manuscript continues, "do nothing but pray God for him and the Lady Bertha, his wife. And he gave them a thousand marks, free of taxes; and one can see well that he means to go there." Thus Holy Church was the gainer, and having, as Mephistopheles says, "a good stomach, able to digest ill-gotten pelf," she may, for all we know, have long rejoiced in the prosperity of the holy damsels. Whether Girart actually entered his pious in-

stitution, the manuscript does not say; but such a close of such a career was by no means rare in the middle ages.

The remains of the artistic epic, although scanty, are more numerous than those of popular origin. They were held in greater estimation, and therefore naturally stood a better chance of being saved from oblivion. Moreover, the fact of their being recited without the aid of music made the reference to a written text more desirable than was the case with the popular tales, which were chanted to popular tunes, and for the sole enjoyment of popular and uncritical audiences, not likely to resent arbitrary variations or slips of memory. Amongst courtly productions might be named the celebrated *Roman de Jauffre*, describing his love affair with the beautiful Brunesen, and other adventures; also the story of Guillem de la Bar, not long ago made public by M. Paul Meyer from the sole manuscript in the possession of the Marquis de la Grange. The author of the latter poem is Arnaut Vidal, remarkable as the first winner of the golden violet at the "Jeux Floraux" of Toulouse, the prize being justly awarded to him for a sweet song in praise of the Virgin, still extant.

But all these attempts are thrown into the shade by a work which, quite apart from its philological and literary interest, is invaluable to the student of mediæval manners and customs. This is *Flamenca*, a narrative poem in octosyllabic couplets, dating, most likely, from the first half of the 13th century. Copious extracts, and an analysis of the work, have been given by Raynouard, in the first volume of his *Lexique Roman*; and the whole has since been edited from the only manuscript in existence, at Carcassonne, by M. Paul Meyer, who has added a translation into modern French (Paris, 1865). Unfortunately, the beginning and the end of the poem are missing, and with the former the name of the author, frequently mentioned in the introductory lines of

mediæval romances, has most probably been lost. It is therefore to an anonymous entity alone that we are able to concede the attributes of a scholar well versed in antique and contemporary literature, of a man of the world, who knew the manners and morals of society, and of a poet of genius.

The technical Provençal name of a poem like *Flamenca* would be *nova*, and, with a slight variation of the final syllable, the word will serve the same turn in our language. For *Flamenca* in all essential points answers to our definition of novel. It is a picture of contemporary society in the same sense, and quite as close, as are *Tom Jones* or *Vanity Fair*. From the popular epic it naturally differs as widely as can be imagined, but, even with the artistic romances of the same period, it has little in common. These latter depend for their interest chiefly on a number of adventures more or less loosely strung together. In *Flamenca* there is a plot, in our modern sense, artistically worked up to a climax and illumined by cleverly-drawn characters and psychological observations. It is indeed evidently the author's intention to delineate, and point out the evil consequences of, certain psychological phenomena, and in this respect *Flamenca* might indeed almost be described as a "novel with a purpose," the "purpose" leading the poet much beyond the limits of probability and narrative economy, as "purposes" are apt to do. The plot of *Flamenca*, moreover, is evidently a pure invention, while the authors of ordinary chivalrous romances always rely more or less on legendary sources.

Flamenca, the lovely daughter of Count Gui de Nemours, is wooed by the King of Hungary and by Lord Archimbaut, Count of Bourbon. Her father prefers the latter suitor, who is said to be one of the best and most valorous knights in the world, an important circumstance which the reader is asked to remember. Count Archim-

baut, on being told of the decision in his favour, makes preparation on the grandest scale to visit his bride, whom he has never seen, but of whom the descriptions of her beauty given by his messengers have deeply enamoured him. The festivities arranged for his reception at the Court of Nemours are described at some length, and give the poet an opportunity of deploring the decay of liberality, of courtesy, of love, and of chivalry amongst the great nobles of his time, a complaint frequently met with in the works of the late troubadours.

Early on a Sunday morning Count Archimbaut is introduced by her father to Flamenca, who, like a well-educated young lady, "did not pretend to be doleful, but was a little shamefaced." "Here is your bride," Count Gui says; "take her if you like." "Sir," answers the bridegroom, "if she does not gainsay it, I never was so willing to take anything in my life." Then the lady smiled, and "Sir," she said, "one can see that you hold me in your power as you give me away so easily, but as it is your will, I consent." This "I consent" throws Archimbaut into a transport of joy, and he presses her hand passionately. But here the interview ends. The gentlemen retire, Archimbaut taking leave of her with his eyes at the door, while Flamenca "did not show pride, but gave him good countenance, frequently saying, 'God be with you!'"

What can be prettier than this quaint picture of mediæval wooing, and what more magnificent than the wedding ceremony performed in the presence and with the assistance of five Bishops and ten Abbots, and lasting much too long for the impatience of Archimbaut "for it was past the sixth hour (noon) before he had married her"? At the banquet the bridegroom and the father of the bride have to wait at table according to ancient custom, but the eyes of the former always go where his heart is, and invariably he curses the appetite

of the guests and the long-winded songs of the joglars. After nine days' feasting he hurries home to prepare his house for his bride. All this looks auspicious enough for the happiness of the couple. But this bright beginning is but a clever trick on the narrator's part to show in its darkest dye the monstrous vice which turns brightness itself into night. This vice is jealousy.

The king of France himself, to do honour to his trusty baron Gui of Nemours, escorts his daughter to her husband, and attends with his wife and his court the festivities arranged by Archimbaut to celebrate the occurrence. At the tournament which takes place, the king carries on the point of his lance, by way of *gage d'amour*, the sleeve of a lady's dress. "I don't know whose it was," the poet adds diplomatically. The queen's jealousy suggests Flamenca, and she loses no time to impart her suspicion to Archimbaut, who immediately takes fire at the thought. He keeps his countenance while his guests are present, but inwardly he feels sad and tormented by "a burning sickness, called jealousy." "What was I thinking of," he frequently says to himself, "when I took a wife? God! I was mad. Was I not well off and happy before? Evil befall my parents for having counselled me to take what did never good to any man." The symptoms of the "burning sickness" are described with graphic vivacity. Archimbaut shuts himself up; in every visitor he suspects a suitor of his wife; he pretends to be very busy, and adds in a whispered aside, "I should like to kick you out headforemost." He then calls to his servants for water to wash for dinner, in order to make people go, and if this does not avail he will say, "Dear sir, will you have dinner with us, for it is time? I hope you will; there will be a good opportunity for flirting," looking all the while like a dog who shows his teeth.

So far so good; but we can hardly believe that a noble and gallant knight should lose all sense of decency so

entirely as to go about unwashed and unshaven, letting his beard grow long and matted "like a badly-made sheaf of oats," except in places where he had torn out the hair and stuffed it in his mouth. The poet here decidedly makes a concession to his courtly audience, who naturally were delighted to hear a jealous husband likened to a "mad dog." At last Archimbaut resolves to keep his wife a close prisoner in a tower, and "may I be hanged by the throat," he says, "if ever she go out without me, even to church to hear mass, and that only on high feast days." So poor Flamenca is shut up in the tower with only two devoted maidens, Alice and Margarida, to comfort her in her misery. And here the poet takes the opportunity of indulging in a psychological excursion which one would expect in Feydeau or the younger Dumas, rather than in a *romancier* of the thirteenth century. As she could not love her husband, and had no child to be fond of, he suggests, it was a blessing—or, as he puts it, "a great favour of God"—for Flamenca that the feeling of love entirely ceased in her for a season. For if she still had had love in her heart with no object to centre it upon, her condition would have been infinitely more unhappy.

But Flamenca's fate is not to last, nor are Archimbaut's misdeeds to be left unpunished for ever. The avenger is nigh. He takes the form of a perfect beau of the period, described by the poet in the most glowing colours; with his riches, his valour, his courteous demeanour, his love of poetry and song, his scholarship—for he has gone through his *trivium* and *quadrivium* at the University of Paris—and last, not least, his beauty, down to the whiteness of his skin and the very shape of his mouth and ears. Guillem de Nevers, for such is his name, hears of Archimbaut's jealous atrocities, which have become the butt of all the gay troubadours of the country, and at once resolves to com-

fort the lady and punish the monster. The question is how to baffle the watchfulness of this Argus and Cerberus combined. The manner in which this question is solved is a marvel of ingenuity.

The first and greatest difficulty is to establish communication with the imprisoned lady. The tower is watched against any possibility of approach, and she never leaves it except to go to church. The church, therefore, must be the scene of operation.

Guillem de Nevers ingratiates himself with the priest, who accepts him as his clerk, and in this disguise the lover succeeds in entering the private pew, from which, thickly veiled and concealed by a trellis work, Flamenca is allowed to attend mass. When the clerk approaches the lady to let her kiss the mass book, according to sacred rite, she is struck with his beauty, and still more astonished when, instead of a sacred formula, he breathes a suggestive *ailas* (alas)! More than these two syllables he dare not utter in the presence of the watchful Archimbaut. Flamenca on her return home begins to muse on the strange behaviour of the clerk. At first she feels almost aggrieved at his exclamation. What right has he, she says, to be miserable? he is strong, and free, and happy. May be he is mocking my own suffering. And why should he be so cruel as to add to my grief? Tears and sighs are my lot. A slave compelled to carry wood and water is enviable compared with me. "My fate could not be worse, if I had a rival and a mother-in-law." But her two maidens know better. With the sagacity of their class, they at once fathom the mystery. "Your beauty," Margarida suggests, "has ravished his heart, and as he has no other way of speaking to you, he has exposed himself to great peril to let you know the state of his feelings."

An answer has now to be thought of, and the united wisdom of the three fair conspirators decides upon the query "*que plans?*" (what is your

complaint?) and these two syllables, softly whispered, gladden the heart of Guillem on the ensuing Sunday. His immoderate rapture on seeing his passion noticed by its fair object gives rise to a remark on the part of the poet which strangely foreshadows the celebrated dying speech of Cardinal Wolsey. "If Guillem," the passage runs literally, "had served God as he served Love and his lady, he would have been the lord of Paradise."

Flamenca on her part is most anxious to be certain that her frightened whisper has been understood, and the poet describes with masterly touches a charming scene in the lady's closet, when Alice has to take a book—it is the romance of *Blanchefleur*—and hold it exactly in the position and at the distance that Guillem has presented the missal. The lady then bending over the pages whispers the two syllables, and inquires whether she has been heard, which question the obliging maiden answers with an "Oh, certainly, madam, if you have spoken in such a tone he must have understood you."

In this matter the lovers continue to correspond, a week elapsing between each question and answer, unless a devoutly wished-for saint's day shortens the interval. A lover who for months feeds his passion on disyllables sweetened only by an occasional lifting of Flamenca's veil or a surreptitious touch of her fingers, deserves at any rate the praise of constancy. Does the reader care to hear the dialogue in which this extraordinary intrigue is carried on? Here is the series of questions and answers, divided it must be remembered by an interval of several days and exchanged under the very eyes of the jealous husband, who mistakes for pious mutterings of the Catholic ritual, what in reality is offered at a very different shrine.

"Guillem (in answer to Flamenca's question above cited). Muer mi (I die).
Flamenca. De qui (of what)?
G. D'amor (of love).

- F.* Per cui (for whom) ?
G. Per vos (for you).
F. Quen puese (how can I help it) ?
G. Garir (heal me).
F. Consi (how) ?
G. Per gein (by subtle craft).
F. Pren li (use it).
G. Pres l'ai (I have).
F. E cal (what craft) ?
G. Iretz (you must go).
F. Es on (where to) ?
G. Als banz (to the baths).

This requires a word of explanation. Bourbon in Auvergne, the seat of Count Archimbaut, was then, as it is now, a well known spa, of the arrangements of which the author gives rather a curious description. "Here," he says, "every one, stranger or native, can bathe in excellent fashion. In each bath you can see written up for what malady it is good. No lame or gouty person would come there but he would go away quite cured provided he stopped long enough. Here one can bathe when he likes, provided he have come to terms with the landlord who lets the bath. And in each of the cells there is to be found boiling water and in another part cold. . . . Rooms are connected with these baths where people can lie down and rest, and refresh themselves as they like." There is also a capital portrait of the typical lodging-house keeper, who—wonderful touch of nature which makes Margate and Bourbon akin—recommends a particular apartment, "because Count Raoul takes it every time he comes to Bourbon."

With this worthy and his wife, Dame Bellepille, Guillem has made himself exceedingly popular. He has paid his bills without haggling, has dined at their table and taken *absinthe* (*de bon alusne*) with the husband. At last he has persuaded the couple to decamp for a season, and leave him in sole possession of their house,—for a consideration it need hardly be added. This house, he has had connected by a subterraneous passage with one of the bathing cells, and to the latter Flamenca is summoned by the mysterious phrase alluded to. The lady

understands the hint, and at once takes the necessary measures for carrying out the scheme. She feigns sleeplessness and pain, nothing but a bath can cure her. Archimbaut, anxious for her safety, gives his consent, and himself conducts her to the arms of her expectant lover, who receives her with knightly courtesy, and leads her together with her two faithful damsels through his subterraneous passage to a room splendidly adorned to receive such a visitor. The jealous husband in the meantime keeps watch before the door of the bath-room, with the key in his pocket, while the careful damsels have not forgotten to bolt the door inside.

Such is the just and inevitable punishment of jealousy according to the doctrine of the troubadours. But strange enough this punishment, although ignored by himself, ultimately works Archimbaut's cure. He notices the change in his wife's manner; she shows no affection for him, and even neglects the ordinary forms of politeness. At last he gets tired of his suspicions, and accepts a compromise proposed by his ill-treated wife, to the effect that the lady is to be restored to liberty on her own solemn promise of faithfulness to her husband. And here, I fear, that poor Flamenca will forfeit the claim to the reader's lenient sympathy, to which the cruelty of her husband has hitherto entitled her. With a virtuosity of mental reservations worthy of any Jesuit she swears by all the saints, and in the presence of her inwardly chuckling damsels, that "henceforth I will guard myself quite as well as you (Archimbaut) have hitherto guarded me." On this happy turn in her affairs the lady takes leave of her lover for a season. He must resume his rank and add to his fame by new deeds of valour. But she agrees to see him again at a tournament which Archimbaut proposes to hold in celebration of his happy recovery. In answer to his lady's command Guillem goes to the war and makes the country ring with his

prowess. Archimbaut becomes acquainted with him, and eagerly invites him to attend at his feast where he himself introduces the valorous and renowned young knight to his wife. The lovers keep their countenance and greet each other in distant politeness, but in secret they meet again and renew their bliss. At the tournament Guillem carries all before him, but second to him alone shines Archimbaut, who has become again the valorous and accomplished knight he was before the fell disease attacked him. In the midst of their joustings and feasting the manuscript breaks off evidently not long before the end of the poem.

Such is the story of *Flamenca*. Its moral tone is certainly not high, although not worse than that of the typical French novel. But few modern writers could successfully compete with the natural grace and perfect workmanship of the mediæval poet.

The plot too, although simple, is well constructed, and the story develops itself rapidly and consistently. The characters, moreover, are drawn with consummate skill. They are both types and individuals, a criterion of high-art creation. It is true that the effects of jealousy on Archimbaut are exaggerated to the verge of caricature; the poet here bowed to the prejudice of his time. At the same time the minutest symptoms of the disease are laid bare with an astounding acuteness of psychological diagnosis. But more than all this, there is true passion in the work in spite of occasional concessions to the allegorical and hyperbolical tendencies of romantic feeling. And the whole is transfused with the splendour of southern sunshine—with the joy, and life, and love of beautiful Provence.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

THE ITALIAN DRAMA.¹

IV.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY DURING THE
SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH
CENTURIES; SCIPIONE MAFFEI
AND ALFIERI.

A.D. 1600—1800.

“The verse adorn again,
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by Fairy Fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast.”

GRAY, *The Bard*.

THE consideration of the melodrama, in the attractive form presented to us by Metastasio, has caused us to pass by, for the time, those dramatists who laboured during the seventeenth century to restore the legitimate drama to the position whence it had been driven by its more fascinating sister. Martelli, Scipione Maffei, and Conti form the connecting links between the *Teatro Italiano* and the great dramatic poets of the eighteenth century. Upon them, as forerunners of Alfieri, Monti, and Goldoni, devolved the arduous task of reasserting the claims of tragedy and comedy on the public attention. It was no easy matter to contend with the prevailing preference for the musical dramas; a preference so marked that the great public theatres—the “Aliberti” of Rome, the “San Petronio” of Bologna, the “San Carlo” of Naples, and the “Fenice” of Venice—were appropriated to their sole use. The actors were in the pay and formed part of the establishment of the respective Courts, while the ordinary tragedies and comedies were excluded from the royal stages, and driven back on the minor theatres of the cities. They were performed by strolling players,

¹ Continued from October, 1876.

who wandered from city to city, turning everything into the lowest farce as the surest method of gaining the popular applause, on which their very existence depended. Ignorant and ill educated, these actors of Bolognese, Lombard, or Genoese origin spoke a garbled mixture of dialects, and had no notion of pronouncing the pure Tuscan of “*Il bel paese là dove il Sì suona*.” Nor could any grace or dignity of gesture be expected from players of this class, to make up for the defects of their pronunciation. Such was the state of the Italian drama at the end of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The merit of having raised it from so ignominious a position belongs chiefly to the “Accademia degli Arcadi,” founded at Rome by Vincenzo Leonio (1690), and one of the most famous of these literary institutions which flourished all over Italy during this century. The beneficial influence exercised by the “Arcadi” over literature in general was especially centred in the reform of the drama; and, under the shadow of this great literary society, the dramatic writers once more ventured upon the abandoned field of tragedy. Pier Jacopo Martelli (b. 1665; d. 1727), a member of this Accademia, is the first to claim our notice. Fired by emulation of the French stage, he thought, by taking the great writers who had formed it for an exact model, he could produce dramas equal to theirs in his own language. He did not even confine his imitation to the general method of developing the plot, but carried it so far into detail as to copy faithfully the metre they employed, with its rhymes in stiff couplets—a kind of verse hitherto unknown to the Italian stage, and ever afterwards called from him *Martelliani*. One example will serve to show how ill

the long Alexandrine metre agrees with the spirit of the Italian language :—

“ Signor vedi a’ tuoi piedi, il tuo fedel Rustano,
Che t’annuncia vicino, l’arrivo del Sultano.”

Even as a novelty this metre had little charm for the Italians, and very soon they discovered how wearisome was the “*monotonia della cesura e la rima troppo frequente, e sempre accoppiata.*” Martelli himself, when he perceived their unpopularity, observed that—“With a pair of scissors the mistake could be remedied ; for, by dividing the verses exactly in the middle, they could be reduced to the short metre employed by the old tragedians, pre-eminently by Speroni in his *Canace.*”¹ Martelli’s Theatre was published at Rome in 1715. Its merits were recognised by no less a critic than Goldoni, who observes “that Martelli might have endowed his country with a *teatro completo* had he not had the folly to introduce a new kind of versification into Italy.”² Nevertheless, fifty years afterwards, Goldoni employed the same metre in his play of *Molière*, for the singular reason that in a drama of which Molière was the hero it was fitting to imitate the metre so often employed by the French dramatists.

The compositions of Martelli embrace every kind of drama ; and it is to be regretted that, after all his efforts to improve the Italian stage, and the sterling merit of many of his tragedies, he should have so far stooped to the depraved taste of the age as to write a farce called *Lo Sternuto d’Ercole*, to be played with wooden figures ! Goldoni describes how, in his youth, he himself represented this comedy with a puppet-show which had been given to him for his amusement. The plot is simple. Hercules is represented as travelling through the country of the Pigmies. The little people, terrified at the aspect of what appeared to them a moving

mountain with arms and legs, hide themselves in the clefts of the rocks, till, perceiving the giant asleep on the plain, they emerge from their hiding-place, and, armed with pigmy weapons, march in myriads over the body of their sleeping enemy. He awakes with a sneeze, which, like that of Gulliver, terrifies and disperses the invading army. “Ecco,” says Goldoni, “la commedia finita e scommetterei che nessun altro fuori di me s’immaginò di eseguire la *Bambocciata* del Signor Martelli.”³ Gian Vincenzo Gravina, already alluded to in the preceding paper as the patron of Metastasio, immediately followed Martelli, and laboured conscientiously at the task of restoring the fallen drama. But in this respect his rules were of more use than his actual compositions ; for, by adhering to a stiff imitation of the classical models, he fell into the same error which had marred the works of so many of his fellow-dramatists.

A decided success was, however, destined to attend the next dramatic production of Italy, the *Merope* of Scipione Maffei, which marks a distinct epoch in the reform of her tragedy. Verona, the birthplace of Scipione Maffei (b. 1675 ; d. 1755), has good reason to be proud of her distinguished son, more especially when he devoted so large a portion of his labours and talents to the honour of his native city. It does not come within the scope of this paper to treat of Maffei’s *Verona Illustrata*, with its exhaustive account of her celebrated Roman remains, and of her history from the time of Charlemagne ; nor yet of his other great archæological and literary works, save where they touch upon the drama. In his treatise on the *Teatri Antichi e Moderni*, Maffei defended the existence and use of theatres with successful eloquence against the indignant attack of a Dominican padre, Concina, who looked upon them as the primary cause of the vicious social condition of Italy. Maffei’s triumph was sealed when the Pope (Benedict XIV.) addressed him

¹ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, vol. ii. p. 622.

² *Memorie del Sig. Goldoni*, p. 68.

³ *Memorie del Sig. Goldoni*, p. 68.

a formal epistle expressing entire approval of Maffei's defence, and his opinion that, in such hands, the drama might be made to fulfil a useful and edifying purpose. Maffei laments in his treatise over the *Pasticci drammatici*, as he called them, of the day, which, he said, "do not deserve the name of either tragedy or comedy, and, worse than that, they propagate vice by the bad examples they represent." He first compiled his *Teatro Italiano*, consisting of the best dramas of the sixteenth century, and some of them he caused to be represented on the stage. But they only served to convince him of the inferiority of the Italian drama as compared with that of other European nations, and, in the determination to wipe away this reproach from his country, he composed his *Merope*. Although not free from defects, this tragedy, for the beauty and force of the argument, the happy development of the plot, and the careful, sustained style, became universally popular; and a decided change for the better in the dramatic taste of Italy may be fairly said to date from its first representation at Venice, in 1713. It was repeated forty times in one carnival, and has since passed through sixty editions. Nor was its fame confined to Italy, for it spread all over Europe, and was translated into many languages. The greatest tribute paid to Maffei was the adaptation of *Merope* to the French stage by Voltaire. Persuaded, however, that in its native simplicity it would not have the same charm for a Parisian as for an Italian audience, Voltaire composed a *Merope* of his own, rearranging the scenes, and adding a few incidents to increase the interest. Then, preserving all the grand passages, which he rendered in his own language, while he pared away what was harsh or abrupt, he produced one of the most striking tragedies that have ever been represented on the stage. In the letter prefixed to the first edition of his *Merope*, Voltaire acknowledges his debt to Maffei:—"Si la *Merope* française a eu le même succès que la *Merope* italienne, c'est à vous, monsieur, que je le

dois; c'est à cette simplicité dont j'ai toujours été idolâtre, qui dans votre ouvrage m'a servi de modèle. Si j'ai marché dans une route différente, vous m'y avez toujours servi de guide."¹ But this handsome recognition is marred by subsequent conduct more in keeping with the spiteful wit of Voltaire, when, under the feigned name of De la Lindelle, he addressed a letter to himself, in which he reviles the Italian *Merope*, and takes occasion to point out all its vulnerable points. Goldsmith pronounces Maffei's *Merope* to be "the most finished tragedy in the world,"² and "supposes that the author learned from the *Samson* of Milton, and the *Athalie* of Racine, to construct a tragedy without a love intrigue." It is a strong proof of the power of Maffei's mind that, without such an episode, he should have succeeded in winning the public favour at a period when a romance of some kind was considered indispensable to any drama. Maffei wrote his *Merope* with the intention of proving that it was possible to excite the sympathy and sustain the interest of the audience by a plot depending entirely on the strong affection existing between mother and son, when brought out and placed in a vivid light by situations of extreme peril. Some of the scenes show great power and force of contrast. Yet it must be owned that there is something revolting in the fury of a queen who wishes to kill the murderer of her son with her own hands—something to excite horror rather than sympathy, and not to be excused even by the force of the situation, when the supposed murderer proves to be her son himself, whom she is about to destroy. Voltaire contrives to soften the impression conveyed by the queen's violence in this scene, till it merely appears undignified; but with Maffei her conduct appears in all its rude barbarity. Eager in the pursuit of learning, and anxious to compare the literature of other nations with his own, Scipione

¹ *L'Italia letteraria artistica*, p. 207.

² Goldsmith, *Present State of Polite Literature*, p. 48.

Maffei travelled all over Europe. Frederick Prince of Wales welcomed him to England with marked courtesy, and in return he dedicated to the Prince the first book of his translation of the *Iliad* into Italian. He visited Pope at his villa on the Thames, and found him engaged in the study of *Merope*. The University of Oxford conferred a degree on the illustrious Italian, with an elaborate public oration in his praise, from which, however, says a satirical biographer, "he could not have derived much gratification, as, owing to the barbarous English method of pronouncing Latin, he did not understand a word they said."¹ He died at Verona in 1775, in the eightieth year of his age. His *Merope* raised the whole tone of the Italian stage, and the tragedians who succeeded him set it steadily before them as a standard of excellence. But they were not equally successful in gaining the popular applause; and the only tragedies which in any way rivalled that of Maffei were those of *Giulio Cesare* and *Giunio Bruto*, by Conti. Antonio Conti, a Venetian nobleman (b. 1677; d. 1748), was a contemporary of Maffei; but it was only in the decline of life that he turned his mind to the drama; and so it came to pass that his *Giulio Cesare* was not represented till 1743, whereas *Merope* had appeared in 1713. The former of these two tragedies was highly popular when first performed at Venice, and the critics praise the simple grandeur of his characters by contrast with the affectation which clings to the modern dramatists in their treatment of classical subjects. "The true Roman speaks with natural nobility of character, beautiful because it is unconscious; but in our modern tragedies the heroes are great and noble with so vast an effort that they collapse, and become mean and little in the attempt, displaying their foreign origin when they most wish to appear as Romans. The great merit of Conti consists in a wise adherence to those details of the manners and customs of the time which

stamp the character of the piece, and in which the French dramatists are often very deficient."² A few tragedians, whose names we must refrain from inserting from want of space, stimulated by the examples of Maffei and Conti, continued to cultivate the tragic muse with praiseworthy zeal worthy of better success.

Translations of French and English plays were also written in great numbers at this time. Among others, the *Mahomet* and *Sémiramide* of Voltaire were rendered into Italian by Cesarotti. But such foreign aid could not impart sufficient life to sustain the tottering native drama. On the contrary it only served to confirm the prevailing opinion, that although here and there an occasional good tragedy might give promise of better things, Italy would never possess a permanent tragic theatre; that tragedy was not in accordance with the genius and character of her language. This despairing verdict was destined to be immediately called in question, and afterwards completely overthrown by the genius of Alfieri. "Why," he asks, with all the passionate eagerness of his character, "must our divine language, so bold and vigorous in the mouth of Dante, become languid and effeminate on the tragic stage; why should Cesarotti, whose poem of *Ossian* is full of life and fire, become at once tame and insipid in his tragedies of *Semiramide* and *Mahomet*? Of one thing I am sure, that, wherever the fault lies, it is not in our beautiful, flexible, ever-varying Italian speech." He proved the truth of his own words; for, after the publication of his tragedies this reproach could never again be cast upon the dramatic literature of Italy. His immediate predecessors had laboured vainly in the same cause, copying, now the classic and now the French stage, but to no purpose. He bent his genius to the task, and it was done. Despising the mere surface work of imitating the foreign drama, he began by making himself thoroughly acquainted with his own language in its finest models, and then moulded it with masterly vigour

¹ *L'Italia lett.*, ed. Ar., p. 208.

² Maffei, vol. ii. p. 624.

to serve the great end he proposed to himself. But this result was only accomplished by years of labour. His early education was little calculated to develop his talents. He was born at Asti, January 17, 1749, of noble parents; and it was the opinion of those days that for that class of life the smallest amount of education would suffice—that “*ad un signore non era necessario di diventare un dottore.*” Eight years of “ineducation,” as he himself terms it, had their fruit in a wild ungoverned youth; but with this period of his life we have no concern. It occupies three epochs of his autobiography, and the fourth, which embraces thirty years of manhood and middle life, gives a faithful account of the studies of his maturer years and of their fruit in his works. The representation of *Cleopatra*, his earliest tragedy, performed in Turin in 1775, brought out forcibly its many defects, and made manifest to Alfieri the necessity of retracing his steps in those paths of learning from which in youth and indolence he had turned aside. “The thick veil,” he says, “which had hitherto so effectually blinded me fell from my eyes, and I made a solemn vow to spare myself neither pains nor trouble, until, like a true son of Italy, I had mastered my own language.” Beginning literally with the grammar, he proceeded steadily, verse by verse, through the Italian classics. Dante was too difficult at the outset, and was laid aside for Tasso; Ariosto succeeded; then Dante without the help of commentaries, followed by Petrarch, diligently noting the fine passages of each, and never pausing in his work; so that in a year he had an accurate knowledge of these, the four great poets of Italy. And for sixteen years they continued to be his daily study. To his mind they contained all the elements of poetry, with the exception of the actual mechanism of blank verse, which, he observes, “can be easily extracted from the combination of the four, when taken together and manipulated with a little art.”¹ Later

¹ Alfieri, Opere, vol. ii. p. 109.

in life he found another model for blank verse in the *Ossian* of Cesarotti, which had a great attraction for him. His friends, who watched his labours with interest, next recommended a study of the best prose writers; and finally, still in the pursuit of his language in its purest form, he betook himself to Tuscany to accustom himself “*a parlare, udire, pensare, e sognare in Toscano, e non altrimenti mai più.*” Like all true Italian scholars he could not away with the French Italian, which in his time, as now, prevailed in Italy; and which has such a mischievous effect upon the language, weakening its fine nervous idioms, and spoiling all its originality. Against these “gallicismes” Alfieri waged a ceaseless warfare, more especially because, owing to his Piedmontese birth and education, they were a special stumbling-block in his own path. The first use he made of the knowledge of his own language was to re-write the two tragedies of *Filippo* and *Polinice*, which in his youth he had written in French. *Filippo* is now considered one of his best tragedies, and the dialogue between the King of Spain and his minister (Act ii. Sc. 5), as a masterpiece of vigour and brevity, rivals Corneille’s famous challenge scene in the *Cid*. The hateful character of Philip II. is portrayed with a powerful hand. To the study of his own literature succeeded that of the ancient classics; and the result of this was the tragedy of *Antigone*. *Antigone* offers another striking instance of conciseness (Act iv. Sc. 1). The second scene of the second act is one of great power, and is famous for the one sentence: “*Il reo d’un delitto è chi l’ pensa.*” Still keeping on classical ground, he wrote *Agamennone*, and pursued the narrative in the tragedy of *Oreste*. Aware that the subject had already been treated by Voltaire, he endeavoured to borrow the French tragedy from a friend, who refused to lend it, advising him to write his own play first, on the ground that, in that way his *Oreste*, whether better or worse than the French one, would be at all events his own. “I took

this excellent advice," says Alfieri, "and it ever afterwards became a rule with me, if I wrote on a subject already treated by modern writers, never to read their tragedies till I had composed my own. Thus I preserved an originality which none can dispute." However, every rule requires an exception to prove it, and, in the case of *Merope*, Alfieri had read Maffei's tragedy on the same subject before composing his own. And his wonder that such a tragedy should have obtained so great a reputation induced him to see whether he could not do more justice to the subject. Like Maffei, he dedicated his tragedy to his mother in token of filial affection; and by a few masterly strokes he adds vigour to a subject which seemed to have reached its culminating point of interest in the hands of former tragedians. *Sofonisba* and *La Rosmunda*, the earliest tragedies of the *Teatro Antico*, were again invested by him with their "sceptred pall." He relates with much candour how, on reading his first *Sofonisba* to a friend, it was such an evident failure that he threw it into the fire. He afterwards re-wrote it, though never to his entire satisfaction. *La Congiura dei Pazzi* was next suggested to him as a subject for a tragedy, by his friend Il Gori. Alfieri read the account of this conspiracy for the first time in Machiavelli's History, and was so enraptured with the vigorous style of the narrative as to lay aside his dramatic works for the time, and to write a treatise on *La Tirannide*, which he published in later years. Although his more mature judgment taught him to look upon the subject of his work in a modified light, and to wish that his wild invectives against princes and potentates had been strengthened by reasonable arguments, he would not allow himself to temper with "*il gelo degli anni*" the passionate cry for liberty which breathes in this ardent work of his youth. No one desired more earnestly than he did the freedom of his country, no one was more intolerant of the yoke of oppression under which Italy had groaned so

long. Of the sincerity of these convictions he gave a remarkable proof. There was a law at that time in Piedmont that subjects of Alfieri's position and station in life might not leave the kingdom without permission of the Government. This was sufficiently galling to a man of Alfieri's restless independent spirit; but another law, which prohibited, under penalty of a heavy fine, the publication of any books out of the kingdom unless revised by the State, touched him still more nearly. "In these circumstances," says Alfieri, "it was evident that I could not be both an author and a subject of His Piedmontese Majesty. Of the two I chose to be an author." He was also aware that the principles of liberty which he insisted upon so earnestly in his writings—in the *Tirannide*, for example, and in his tragedy of *Virginia*, one of his most powerful compositions—were not calculated to win the approbation of the Piedmontese Government. His proud, independent genius could brook no restraint of this nature, and he resolved to shake off the galling chains at whatever cost; to bid adieu to his country; in short, to make use of the word which he coined for the occasion—"di spionmentazzarmi." This self-banishment involved the renunciation of his inheritance and all other worldly possessions; but the greatness of the sacrifice did not stagger his purpose. He deliberately made over to his sister Giulia (wife of the Conte di Cumiana) the whole of his property, on condition of her allowing him an annual pension of fourteen thousand lire. At one time it seemed doubtful if the Government would allow him to draw this pension, and the chapter which he devotes to this extraordinary incident,¹ relates in an amusing manner the various economies he strove to practise, and his calculations as to what profession would best secure him a livelihood. His passion for horses—second only to his love of literature—and his great gift for managing them, led him seriously to consider whether the trade of a horse-breaker would not

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 58-71.

suit him. It was, he considered, one of the least servile of occupations, and most easily combined with that of a poet, "since a tragedy may be as well written in a stable as in a court."¹ But at length his affairs were arranged, and his sister, deeply lamenting the step he had taken, was allowed by the Government to pay him the annual pension he had asked for. Alfieri was now free. His movements were no longer restrained by arbitrary rule. His writings might express his bold uncompromising sentiments without fear of restraint. The completion of the *Congiura dei Pazzi*, hitherto only planned, was the first fruit of this liberty, written, as he himself expresses it, with "*febbre frenetica di libertà*." But this cannot excuse the false colours in which, to serve the cause of freedom, Alfieri represents an action acknowledged by all historians to have been the most dastardly of crimes. To borrow the words of Roscoe—for none more forcible could be found—"What shall we think of a dramatic performance in which the 'Pazzi' are the champions of liberty? in which superstition is called in to the aid of truth, and Sixtus consecrates the holy weapons devoted to the slaughter of the two brothers? in which the relations of all parties are confounded, and a tragic effect is attempted to be produced by a total dereliction of historical veracity, an assumption of falsehood for truth, of vice for virtue?"² Still, while lamenting the general principles it inculcates, we must not be deterred from pointing out the beauty of some of the individual parts. The scene of the two Medici brothers, Lorenzo and Giuliano,³ which contains a tribute to the founder of their family, the great Cosmo, and a masterly description of a tyrant's method of crushing his people into submission—displays his great gift of eloquence in a striking manner. *Don Garzia* followed the *Congiura*, and is again made the engine for an attack upon the Medici. His next tragedy, *Maria Stuarda*, he

wrote for the singular reason that he did not like the subject; but with that indomitable will, so characteristic of him, he determined to see if he could not do justice to it, in spite of his disinclination. The experiment failed as a whole, although the principal characters, Queen Mary, Darnley, and Bothwell, are well drawn. The subordinate parts of Ormond and Lamorre are creations of his fancy, for it is in vain to seek them in history. He continued his work with astonishing rapidity; in ten months (1782) he wrote seven tragedies, arranged the plan of two new ones, and revised and corrected the fourteen which he had composed altogether. From time to time he judged of their effect by reading them aloud in a mixed society, inviting the criticisms of the learned, profiting even by the "yawns, coughs, and restlessness" of the rougher or more ignorant elements of his audience, to note for alteration such passages as were dull and heavy, and could not command general interest. But hitherto, with the sole unfortunate example of *Cleopatra*, none of his tragedies had been put upon the stage. At last he was stimulated to make the attempt by the representation of a version of Thomas Corneille's *Conte d'Essex*, by a company of dilettanti in the private theatre of the Duca Grimaldi, at Rome. Poor in the original, the play appeared even worse in a translation; and Alfieri longed to substitute one of his own, written with native fire, in his own beloved Italian language. He offered his *Antigone* to the amateur *corps dramatique*. It was readily accepted, and the company not being sufficiently strong for all the parts, that of Creonte, usurper of the throne of Thebes, fell upon himself. The success of the piece surpassed his expectations, and induced him to venture on what he terms the *terribile prova* of printing and publishing his works. The first edition consisted of one volume, containing his first four tragedies, published at Rome in 1783, and followed immediately by six more tragedies published in two volumes at Siena. He was immediately assailed by the

¹ *Ibid.* p. 68.

² Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, note to p. 212.

³ *Cong. dei Pazzi*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

fire which he had expected of literary criticism, correspondence, and newspaper comments. The *pedanti Fiorentini*, as he calls them, gave him to understand that, if his manuscript had been corrected by their Academy, it would have had a better chance of success. An exception must be made in favour of Il Calzabigi's just and enlightened criticisms, which, far from angering the author, were of great service to him in his subsequent compositions. To this critic Alfieri wrote a reply, and the correspondence serves as an admirable preface to the first volume.¹ After the publication of these tragedies, Alfieri paused in his labours, and set out on extensive travels to France and England, not, as he tells us, from any curiosity or wish to see either of those countries, but partly from sheer restlessness, and partly for the purpose of buying English horses. This passion, already alluded to, was sufficiently strong to supersede for a period of eight months at a time the books and poetry which were at other times of such absorbing interest. During his sojourn of four months in London (1784) he bought fourteen horses (as many horses as he had written tragedies), which, with infinite labour, he transported to Siena. He feelingly describes all the miseries the poor animals suffered in the transit, and his careful passage of Mont Cenis, which offered no small difficulties and danger to the high-bred English horses, "*vivaci e briosi oltre modo*."² On his way through Piedmont, the reigning King of Sardinia, Vittorio Amadeo II., sought in vain to lure the voluntary exile back to his native country. Liberty of thought and liberty of action were more than ever prized by Alfieri after his sojourn in England, and the royal courtesies were in vain, although later, in 1796, when the king was hard pressed by the French arms, Alfieri would have been glad had it been possible to render him any service. Breathing more freely when he had left Piedmont behind him, Alfieri began anew his rambles over Italy and Europe.

The fame of Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus* stirred up a spirit of rivalry in the Italian tragedian. "Voltaire write on Brutus!" he exclaims; "I will have a Brutus of my own; nay, I will have two; and we will see if I cannot outdo this Frenchman of plebeian origin." And so *Bruto Primo* appeared, dedicated to Washington, followed by *Bruto Secondo*, dedicated to "Il libero Popolo Italiano." They are noisy and tumultuous tragedies, where the stage is perpetually crowded with Roman citizens clamouring for freedom; and although they contain some fine declamations in favour of liberty, they are the least happy of Alfieri's works. His tragedies were now nineteen in number, and Alfieri, who had originally intended to limit their number to twelve, resolved to abstain from writing any more, and to publish them all in a new and complete edition. He was in Paris at the time of this resolution (1787), so he entrusted the publication of the new edition to Didot, a Frenchman of whose taste and talents the fastidious author had a high opinion. It was three years in preparation, owing to the care and pains which were lavished upon it, and it was still in type when Didot's press suddenly stopped for want of hands. The workmen, plunged deep in the politics of that exciting time, spent "whole days," says the indignant author, "in reading the newspapers and expressing their ideas as to the government of the kingdom, instead of attending to their business of setting up the types." But these were only the first signs of the awful storm of the Revolution from which Alfieri on his return to Paris, in 1792, narrowly escaped with his life. His *Memoirs* describe the well-known events of the 10th of August, the massacre of the Swiss Guard, the pitiless treatment of the Royal Family; his own flight, accomplished five days afterwards with the utmost difficulty.³ The atrocities he had himself witnessed, supplemented each day by some new tale of horror as it reached Italy, filled to overflowing the measure of Alfieri's hatred of and contempt for

¹ Alfieri, *Tragedie*, vol. i. pp. 1-92.

² Alfieri, *Vita*, vol. ii. p. 123.

³ Vol. ii. pp. 188, 207.

the French. It was not till he had relieved his mind by an apology for the unhappy Louis XVI., then a prisoner, and a furious invective against the whole nation, entitled *Il Misogallo*, that Alfieri could again turn his attention to Italian literature. Still it was his unhappy fate twice before he died to see the objects of his especial hatred enter Florence—once in 1799, and again in 1804, when he peremptorily refused the French general's request to make his acquaintance. In the spring of 1793 we find him aiding personally in the recital of his tragedies by a society of dilettanti in Florence. He made great progress in the art of declamation, giving the light and shade, inflection of voice, and variety of action necessary to make the characters he personated stand out distinctly and vividly before his audience. *Saul* was his favourite tragedy. After reciting it several times, he was prevailed upon to play the part of the Hebrew king, in a private theatre at Pisa, and there he tells us "*rimasi quanto al teatro, morto da Rè.*" Authors do not always give the preference to their best works, but the Italian critics confirm Alfieri in his predilection for *Saul*, esteeming it the best and most powerful of his tragedies. Alfieri made a previous study of the character of Saul in Holy Writ, and the inspired language seems to have been present to his mind throughout the composition of the piece. We recognize it in the beautiful song of David, which stills for a while the king's madness, of which we can only give a faint idea in translation :—

" O Thou who in eternal power dost reign
O'er all created things dread Lord Divine,
Thou, at whose word I was from nothing
ta'en,
How dare I lift my trembling eyes to Thine !
Thou, from whose gaze the depths of earth
contain
No secret paths, and night as day doth
shine :
Speak but Thy word, and worlds in chaos
close,
Stretch forth Thine arm, and scatter'd flee
Thy foes.
Borne earthwards on the rushing fiery wings
Of myriad cherubims Thy chariot stayed,
And with Thy Word, which mightiest power
brings,
Didst Israel's leader once vouchsafe to aid ;

Wisdom and speech didst give from living
springs,
And Thou Thyself his sword and buckler
made.

Let but one ray of Thine effulgent light
Pierce through the clouds and strike our
dazzled sight." *Saul*, Act. iii. Sc. 4.

Again, we frequently find it in the expression of the deep religious feeling which is the mainspring of each and all of the characters. "*Miseri noi! che siam, se Iddio ci lascia,*" David exclaims, in his pity for Saul (Sc. 1). "*Col Rè sia pace*" is Jonathan's salutation to his father. "*E' sia col Padre Iddio,*" adds Michal. "*Meco è sempre il Dolore,*" replies the unhappy king. The dream of Saul, the departure of David on the eve of the battle, are worth referring to, as they abound in the rich metaphors which give such an Eastern colouring to the drama.

An interval of ten years elapsed between the nineteen tragedies which were published by Didot and the two last compositions, the *Alceste Prima* and *Seconda*. These were the results of his Greek studies late in life, and Alfieri was not a little vain of having learnt Greek at the age of forty-six. "Better late than never," he observes in the chapter devoted to the account of this new accomplishment ; and in his mature years he read for the first time, in the original, the story of Alcestis "brought from the grave." It took such a hold of his imagination, that he breaks the vow which he had solemnly made never to write another tragedy, and gives us a finished composition remarkable for a soft delicacy foreign to his other works. The return of Alcestis to life in the concluding scene is beautifully told, recalling by its tender feeling the last scene of the *Winter's Tale*. When, like Hermione, Alcestis

" Bequeaths to death her numbness,
For from him dear life redeems her,"

and is reunited to her husband, for whose sake she had laid down her life, while her children cling round her in rapt and wondering delight, the pathos of the scene is unrivalled. "*Eccola ; mira ; Alceste viva è questa !*" and Alfieri puts the finishing touch when he

makes the sight draw tears from Hercules, the mighty hero, who had snatched her from the very grasp of death.

"It was the crowning grace of that great heart

To keep back joy ; procrastinate the truth,
Until the wife, who had made proof and found
The husband wanting, might essay once more,

Hear, see, and feel him renovated now,
Able to do, know, all herself had done,
Risen to the height of her : so hand in hand
The two might go together, live and die."¹

Thus once again embarked in literary labours, Alfieri, at the close of his career, wrote six comedies, and was engaged in revising them when the illness overtook him of which he died at Florence, October 4, 1804. But these comedies did not add to his reputation, nor did the rather "puerile vanity," as he terms it, which prompted him to celebrate his lately acquired Greek scholarship by the invention and self-investment of an Homeric Order of Merit. This consisted of a chain, or collar, from which hung a cameo representing Homer, and bearing on the reverse a Greek distich, invented by Alfieri, and translated also by him into Italian rhyme :—

"Forse inventava Alfieri un ordin vero,
Nel farsi ei stesso Cavalier d'Omero."

But as the most eminent tragic writer of Italy he is worthy of the highest honour. Full of vigour and power, he breathes new life into the languid scenes of Italian tragedy. He will have no imitation of French gallantry, no Spanish rhodomontades. Italy must have a theatre of her own, speaking her pure idiom, and representing her own ideas on either classical or modern subjects. With one sweep he clears the stage of all confidants and secondary personages ; so that, if you run your eye down the list of characters, you see that they rarely exceed six or seven, and are generally limited to four. "In my tragedies," he says, "you will find no convenient eavesdropper ready to hear and reveal the secret on which the whole plot depends, no mysterious characters

(with the one exception of Egisto, in *Merope*) unknown either to themselves or to others. I have not availed myself of either supernatural or physical aid ; no flitting ghosts haunt my scenes ; no thunder and lightning enhance my catastrophes. I have abstained from unnecessary murders and massacres. In short, I have rigidly denied myself the usual license permitted to dramatic writers." But the very simplicity of his tragedies laid him open to attack on account of their uniformity of method ; and the author does not deny that he pursues the same system with each and all alike, trusting to the variety of subject and character to obviate this monotony. His own opinion of his works, as deliberately expressed as if he was discussing those of another author, was constantly corrected by contemporary criticism. He recognised the justice of the enlightened comments of Il Calzabigi and of Cesarotti, whose blank verse had served him for a model ; but to the captious fault-finding of the Florentine Academy he was perfectly indifferent.

"Uom se' tu grande o vile ?
Mori e il saprai,"

are the concluding words of the sonnet in which he describes for posterity the strange mixture of good and evil in his character. And if the critics busied themselves with his works during his lifetime, they dissected them after his death in the most unsparing manner. The French revenge themselves with bitter invective for the abuse Alfieri had heaped upon their nation. Schlegel is scant of his praises, and only selects the *Saul* as worthy of favourable comment ; but the opinion of his own nation, as summed up in the discourse of Pietro del Rio, is of more consequence. "You must not look," he says, "for dazzling variety of metaphor, nor yet for persuasive forms of speech ; but you will always find a magnificent power in the style, life and vigour in the action of the drama, force in the dialogue, vivacity and truth in the characters, and occasional passages of astounding eloquence."

CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE.

¹ *Balaustion's Adventure*, Robert Browning, p. 147.

THOROUGH ANTI-RESTORATION.

SIR,—On reading Mr. Loftie's article on "Thorough Restoration," in last month's *Macmillan*, my first reflection was that I had never felt more pointedly the truth of the injunction, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," since, after having for years been amongst the most earnest of protesters against the system he condemns, I find my sentiments and almost my very words taken out of my mouth, and adduced to my own condemnation.

This is the more excruciating, when I find in a list of damaged churches one at least which had filled me with such wrath as to provoke me (though without expressly naming it) to introduce a most pungent paragraph into my inaugural address, when elected President of the Institute of British Architects; and—then find one of my own (which I had rather plumed myself upon) introduced in the same list. This, however, is a mere flea-bite; for, while Mr. Loftie does not think it worth while to say much about the common run of restoration, such as those which have provoked my most earnest protests, he devotes himself with a special *gusto* to writing down some of my own which I had flattered myself were unassailable, or to which I had at least devoted special love and earnest anxiety.

Now, how am I to account for this? Am I really such a self-deceiver as to fancy my own works to be honest and conscientious, while in fact they are just as bad as those against which I have been crying out "in season and out of season" for so many years?—or do I look at matters from a different stand-point from Mr. Loftie?—or is that gentleman's perception warped or obscure? I cannot answer these questions. There is only one test that

I can think of. It is clearly useless to discuss the abstract merits or demerits of works. I can, however, examine into questions of *fact*, and by inference from these it is possible that some aid may be obtained in judging of questions of *opinion*. Anyhow, it will be the better for the general subject that it be divested from any palpable errors of this nature.

Mr. Loftie lays great stress upon the restoration, ten years back, of the church of St. Michael, near St. Alban's. "A very bad case, indeed," says he, "where one of the oldest churches in England has been deliberately ruined." The excellent incumbent, who is absolutely devoted to his church, and well knows every stone and brick of it, says on the contrary, "I consider the restoration of the church as thoroughly conservative, and often point out to visitors evidences of your great anxiety that every old feature should be distinctly shown. . . . Pray accept my best thanks for your true and careful restoration of the dear old church of St. Michael's."

Another competent person, who watched the work throughout, says:—"I have no hesitation in saying that a more careful restoration was never carried out, special care to preserve every portion of the building being taken by Sir Gilbert Scott." For my own part I can assert the same. I took a very special interest in the building and its conservation; and even walls which it seemed at first impossible to save, were bolstered up and embalmed, one may say, against the common decay of nature, by being saturated internally with cementing matter; so that their surface remained identically as I found it, with

all its strange intermixture of flint, stone, and Roman tile. In this course of laborious conservation, work, apparently Saxon, constructed in Roman brick, has been discovered throughout the church. An arch and doorway on the north of the chancel, and windows on either side the nave, of this age and material, have been discovered and carefully opened out to view, cut through and ignored by the Norman arcade, itself so old that Clutterbuck says of the arches, that "they bear a striking resemblance to those in part of the nave in the Abbey Church." The old roofs of the nave, the north aisle, and the south chapel of the nave have been cleared from the lath and plaster which largely concealed them, carefully repaired without in the least disturbing their antiquity, and exposed again to sight. The half-timber work of the south chapel has been opened out to view; while not a wall or a bit of wall has been disturbed or renewed except a small amount of reparation imperatively demanded for safety. Windows of later date, long walled up, have been opened out again and, where necessary, repaired. None, however, have been renewed excepting the east window of the chancel, which had fallen out and was replaced by a wooden frame; and, even in this single renewal, the jambs, &c., are the old ones, and the arch contains the only old stone which could be found of it. In fact, the loving pains taken to preserve and hand down in its identity this ancient fabric, with all the changes in its history not only retained, but rediscovered and brought again to light, was beyond what I can describe. And this is what Mr. Loftie calls being "deliberately ruined"!

Hitherto, however, difference of view may be pleaded. Let us come, then, to more palpable questions of fact. He says—still speaking of St. Michael's—"the Elizabethan entrance ceiling and pews were all relics of his [Lord Bacon's] time, and were all swept away, and the chapel reduced to the level of an ordinary chancel

aisle." These expressions evidently took their rise from Mr. Thorne, who probably trusted too much to his memory, and similarly speaks of the "Elizabethan porches, ceilings, and fittings" as "strengthening Baconian associations;" and further says: "The Verulam Chapel opposite the tomb, with its Elizabethan entrance, ceiling, and pews, had quite a Baconian character before the recent restoration when . . . the chapel was reduced to an ordinary chancel aisle." I learn also that Mr. Loftie speaks of a "ceiled pew," as being the very seat in which Bacon sat, "alluded to in the touching epitaph"—the epitaph containing the words, *Sic sedebat*.

Now, all this is most perplexing. In the first place, the "ordinary chancel aisle" into which I have succeeded in reducing the "Bacon chapel" or "ceiled pew"—neither exists nor ever did exist. The chancel has not and never had an aisle! Clutterbuck correctly describes the church, as it was then and now is, as consisting (besides the tower), of "a nave, north side-aisle, a south chapel of the nave, and a chancel;" but no chancel aisle was there. Again, there was no ceiled pew or anything of the kind; nor was there any form of "Elizabethan ceiling" whatever. The chancel, it is true, was ceiled—but how? Let us hear from the clerk of the works. "The roof was for the most part *fir*, some of the rafters were *chestnut*. The whole of it is in such a rotten state, it was found impossible to do anything with it; and but for the *modern ceiling shaped in fir to form* the same must have collapsed." This "Elizabethan ceiling" was probably put up "during the repair of the church," which Clutterbuck mentions "in the year 1808." Mr. Thorne mentions "new roofs." The only new roof takes the place of this, which was so rotten as only to be held up by a modern ceiling!

Let us come, however, to the "Bacon chapel" or pew. I never heard of its having anything to do with Bacon, nor did any one I have

inquired of, and I *utterly disbelieve it*. Even Mr. Loftie can hardly believe it to be identical with (hardly that it contained) the handsome arm-chair referred to in the "*Sic sedebat*"! It was a common, ordinary pew, bearing no signs of antiquity, and was about one-third of it in the chancel, and two-thirds in the nave; as a consequence, if it is older than 1808, it was severed in two by the chancel screen, which it seems was only removed in that year. Besides this *frustum* of the Gorhambury pew, the main portion of which (with its fireplace) was in the nave, the chancel contained "three ordinary square seats for the Gorhambury servants," of which the incumbent says: "My own opinion is that the pews were made by some of the members of the family of the present owners of Gorhambury, the Grimstons."

In corroboration of this opinion I have (in addition to my own memory and that of a most trustworthy assistant) the testimony of the clerk of the works that "no remains of posts were found which could have supported such a covering [or 'ceiling'], but only a curtain on brass rods; that the framing was part deal, and some few panels on sides in wainscot, but quite modern; not small, square panels, with moulded styles and rails like Queen Anne's period, but simply coarse moulding." He gives the section, which is of quite modern character.

So much for the "Bacon chapel," which I, for one, never till last month heard of. The "Elizabethan porch" or "entrance" consisted of jambs and lintel of Portland stone, in section like the nosing of a stone step, which the clerk of the works from its own evidence, states to have been "*re-used*"—that is removed here from some place where it had been previously employed. "The insertion of it," he says, "caused the destruction of one half of the decorated canopy of a tomb found in the south wall of the chancel," and now opened out to view. I do not know that Portland stone was brought into

the neighbourhood of London till Inigo Jones's time,¹ which hardly allows of these pieces having been used and re-used before Bacon's decease in 1626. The fact is that this entire Baconian theory is a mere *mare's nest*. Neither "chapel," "ceiled pew," "porch," "entrance," nor "ceiling" of Bacon's time, existed, save in the fertile imaginations of these zealous gentlemen! Nor had the church ever exhibited its antiquities so profusely or so plainly as has been the case since (in Mr. Loftie's language) it has been "*deliberately ruined*."

I now come to the glorious abbey church (now happily the cathedral) of St. Alban's.

I may begin by saying (at the risk of egotism) that for scarcely any church have I so strong and earnest a love as for this. It was the day-dream of my boyhood to be permitted to visit it, and on the earliest opportunity which offered—only a year less than half a century back—I made, with a palpitating heart, my first pilgrimage there. This was before the repairs were undertaken by Mr. Cottingham, and while the small leaded spire, so characteristic of the district, still crowned the central tower. Ever since that time I have been a not unfrequent visitor and student, and my various reports, as well as, to those who recollect them, my many peripatetic lectures, will show how earnest have been my feelings towards this, probably the most interesting of all English churches; and I can scarcely think it possible for any one to believe (whatever may have been my errors of judgment) that I should have purposely injured a building so dear to me.

Mr. Loftie begins by saying that "the works, as carried out, have already been the subject of controversy." No one knows this better than himself, for it was he who raised

¹ Mr. Hull, the geologist, in his *Treatise on Building Stones*, says of Portland stone: "previously to 1623 this stone does not appear to have attracted any attention."

that controversy and was, as I think, signally discomfited.

He begins with a thrice-told tale about the tower having been "stripped of its original plaster." This has been more than once fully explained, but is too good a stone to remain unthrown. Mr. Loftie has, however, in the interval of fight, forgotten his tale. It is clear that he now thinks that it was internal plaster which was thus stripped, for he goes on to say of the exterior of the tower that "*the exquisite weathering of the old bricks*" has been "*rudely removed*" and, again, that "*there was a venerable bloom on the bricks.*" Now, will it be believed that this "exquisite weathering" and "venerable bloom" are ascribed to brickwork which I was the first to expose to view, and which had never known what weather was since the days of Henry I., when the walls were coated with the mortar with which my critic accuses me of having "daubed" them "everywhere"? I can hardly be blamed for destroying beauties which existed in Mr. Loftie's brilliant imagination—and nowhere else.

The facts of the case are these: The tower, like the rest of the Norman structure, was built of Roman bricks from Verulam, and coated all over with plastering. This plastering had often gone out of repair, and been patched again and again in a not very sightly manner. It was once more in bad order, and was falling off in large flakes when I was repairing the tower, so much so that it was found necessary to remove it, with the full intention of repeating it. Here I suppose came in what he alludes to as "the wishes of the townsmen," for I recollect arguing against some one's wishes, and urging that the tower was always meant to be plastered. So far, however, was I from being "led by them," that I obstinately persisted in my own way, and began to replaster the walls, when on my next visit I was so horrified at their hideousness, that I at once re-stripped my own plaster, and have

exposed to view the entire structure of Roman brick. The "pointing" alluded to was simply to protect the decayed mortar-joints. I do not ask Mr. Loftie's opinion as to its necessity, he has no means of judging—while I have. Whether the Roman brick or the plastering which covered it be the best looking, I leave to others; but this being the largest structure in England of the Roman brick, the interest attached to that material, and the fact that the construction is now visible, at least make some amends for the loss of its coating of mortar.

As a matter of taste, pure and simple, there is room for two opinions. Sir Edmund Beckett likes it, Mr. Stevenson does not, and while Mr. Loftie is not quite sure what we have done (whether plastering or unplastering) he dislikes it, whatever it may be. We find the editor of Mr. Murray's *Guide to St. Alban's Cathedral* saying that "the tile-work, which is the great feature of St. Alban's, is thus shown in its integrity, and the tower has infinitely gained in beauty of tone and colour," and the editor of his *Handbook to the Environs of London* (Mr. Loftie's text-book for St. Michael's) saying that "lastly, to the great improvement of its appearance, the remaining cement was stripped from the exterior, the mortar repointed, and the structural character fairly exposed to view."

Mr. Loftie next attacks the interior, which he says has been "simply gutted." By this he means that the pewing, galleries, &c., have been removed. He omits, however, to give the reason for their removal. This was not done, in the first instance, with any notion about the incongruity of such fittings, but simply because the central tower, under or near which most of them were placed, threatened to fall, and the space occupied by them was imperatively required for the timber shoring, excavations, and new foundations requisite to render it secure. Mr. Loftie mentions the "Georgian oak panelling." Any one

who looks at Neale's view of the interior of the choir, will at once observe that this panelling inclosed the two eastern piers of the tower in which the chief danger existed. How, then, let me ask, were these pillars to be repaired (one of them was crushed for seven feet deep into its substance) without removing the panelling? The same was the case with the adjoining walls of the presbytery. One, at least, of them was crushed throughout its length beneath the casing of this "Georgian panelling." How was it to be rendered safe while this remained? It was as much as we could do to save it at all. If the panelling had remained the tower would probably not now be standing.

"But," it will be asked, "why not have refixed this panelling when the work was done?" One reason why was that it covered up on either side the ancient doorways into the presbytery, the beautiful tabernacle-work over which had been ruthlessly hewn down, probably to make way for it. New openings had been rudely cut through the walls to the eastward of these, and it became necessary to security that these should be solidly walled up, and consequently that the older ones should be re-opened just where the wainscoting was. But "why not refix the old pewing, galleries, &c.?" Our work had been begun for the safety of the building, but it had grown into restoration. A bishopric was hoped for and then promised. The galleries, &c., had already partly disappeared before we began, and the organ shown at the west end of the choir in Neale's view had yielded to one (on a sufficiently absurd design) in the transept. But what need is there of explanations? Let any reasonable being take a glance at Neale's or Clutterbuck's views, and ask himself whether, when the Abbey Church should become a cathedral, it would be possible to retain such fittings? They dated, I believe, from 1716 to 1801, with other parts erected within the last fifteen

years. I know of no "Elizabethan" work or "traces of the Stuart period" earlier than Queen Anne's time. The pulpit will, no doubt, be retained.

I may add that Mr. Loftie speaks of the oak as "black with age." He is not perhaps aware that oak does not get black with age, but with oil and varnish. The "Watching Loft" is of far greater age than the work he laments, but shows more disposition to become *white* than *black* with age.

Mr. Loftie winds up his remarks on this most venerable building by saying that "it would have been impossible, three years ago, to believe that it could be made to look so new by any expenditure of thought or money."

I write while fresh from St. Alban's, and I simply meet this statement by denying it. True, that where the tower piers have been repaired to save the building from destruction their new plastering necessarily "looks new." True, that where stone details of windows had so perished that it had for many years been thought hopeless to glaze¹ them, the renewal or repair of such portions must necessarily look in part new. True, that where dirt has given place to cleanness, it may look newer for the operation, just as any other building, when repaired, looks fresher than before. But I assert that not only the real antiquity, but the old *look* of the building has been thoroughly respected. Wherever the whitewash is scraped off old paintings and inscriptions appear; and, contrary to what is usual, where stonework is divested of its whitewash, its darker colour gives it a look of even increased age. The building was in a degree a ruin, and *must* be repaired. Five whole bays of the nave clerestory had scarcely a square yard of old stone surface remaining, while the aisle roof below

¹ The glass had been replaced by open brickwork which Mr. Loftie has, I believe, elsewhere called Elizabethan lattice work, but which has been shown to have been put in by a man now living.

them was after each successive winter strewn thickly with the *débris* annually brought down. Is this state of things to remain because, forsooth, some can be found to prefer ruin to reparation? This glorious temple *must* not, and so far as I am concerned *shall* not, be left to crumble on to its destruction, but I hope to redeem it at the smallest possible cost of real and apparent antiquity.

I will not, however, further defend my own course as regards this building. Mr. Street, in recently addressing the Institute of British Architects, said that as to St. Alban's Abbey he (Mr. Street) could only say that the work which had been done there under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott was the opening to us of what was practically a sealed book, and he could hardly conceive that anybody who at all cared for mediæval art could object to what had been done there.

The rector of St. Alban's, in writing to express his "admiration" of "the ingenuity displayed" by Mr. Loftie, goes on to say:—"I can positively affirm that Mr. Loftie's statement that the exquisite weathering of the old bricks has been rudely removed is absolutely untrue. The only external portions of the building where they were exposed to the weather have not been touched, while the tower, where they had been plastered over, and could by no possibility have gathered any bloom, now reveals them; and even the last three winters have given them a weathering which will grow more charming as years roll on. So far from the tower looking 'modern' (as 't did when it was stuccoed) the course after course of the tiles of old Verulam now exposed to view impart an appearance of unique antiquity, and tell even the chance beholder the story of the pile. I shall never forget Charles Kingsley's enthusiastic admiration when I had the pleasure of pointing this out to him." After saying what I have already stated about the old pulpit, he suggests that Mr. Loftie "might have told his readers of the

finding of the Shrine of St. Amphibalus; of the discovery of the charming perpendicular doorway and stone screen in the south presbytery aisle; also of the lovely fourteenth century choir ceiling; of the restoration of the old levels, adding to the height of the interior of the building in some places as much as two feet; of the discovery of the foundations of the old choir stalls, whereby you have been able to replace their successors on the old lines." He mentions also the ancient tile pavements and wall paintings, the beautiful presbytery entrance, &c., but adds "only this would not have agreed with the indictment."

Mr. Ridgway Lloyd, the great local antiquary of St. Alban's, who has done so good a work in elucidating its history, writes to me also to express his indignation at the attack. After telling me that watching the progress of the work had been one of his greatest pleasures for several years, he says:—

"With your permission I will give a few instances to show the conservative character of your work.

"The Georgian (not Elizabethan) oak panelling in the presbytery was of no great merit, and its removal was most fortunate, since it served to hide the fractures in the north-east pier of the lantern tower, which so nearly led to the destruction of the central tower, and a great part of the eastern limb of the church. It also concealed from view the priest's doorways as well as the canopied structure over the southern of these doorways. That over the north door is certainly new [though following old indications], but soon after it was finished, some finials [pinnacles] belonging to its predecessor were found in the Saint's chapel, and at once the new finials were cut off and the old ones substituted.

"It is true that after the two eastern piers carrying the lantern towers had been partly rebuilt with brick and cement, they were plastered over to match their fellows on the

western side, but who would wish it otherwise?

"In the Lady Chapel, in almost every instance in which the wall-arcading has been renewed, old and new work may be seen side by side, the former by its presence attesting the faithfulness of the latter.

"One most valuable of the many discoveries made during the restoration is that of the ancient paintings on the ceiling of the choir. This was until recently adorned with a series of 17th century paintings indifferently executed, but it was discovered that the panels bore an earlier design beneath. The later painting having been carefully removed, a splendid series of thirty-two heraldic shields (date *circa* 1370) was disclosed, showing the mediæval arms assigned to the Saints Alban, Edward the Confessor, Edmund, Oswyn, George, and Louis; the emperors Richard (Earl of Cornwall) and Constantine; the kings of England, Scotland, Man, Castile and Leon, Portugal, Sweden, Cyprus, Norway, Arragon, Denmark, Bohemia, Sicily, Hungary, Navarre, France, and the Crusader king of Jerusalem; as well as those of several of the sons of Edward III. There are also several sacred devices, including the coronation of our Lord and St. Mary, and, in addition, nearly the whole of the *Te Deum* in Latin, and a number of quotations from the Antiphons at Matins and Lauds from the Sarum Antiphoner. This discovery, which is entirely due to the work of restoration, it is impossible to estimate too highly. Among lesser 'finds' may be mentioned the two pits for heart-burial, one in the Lady Chapel and the other in the south transept; both have been most carefully preserved."

Of the entire work of restoration, reparation, or whatever we may call it, I may say that it has been replete with the most important discoveries; that it has been characterised by the most studious conservatism; that it has saved the building from destruction; and that it is gradually fitting it for

its advance to the rank of a cathedral, without the loss of any object of antiquity.

Passing over a number of less important matters, we will now proceed to Canterbury Cathedral.

Mr. Loftie introduces the subject by giving an account of all the things done to the Cathedral for the last half century, including the erection of the south-west tower, which, with the reparation of its fellow tower, he mysteriously describes as being "in the style now universally recognised as that of Camberwell;" an expression I do not understand, unless it be a means of connecting it with myself, I having, thirty-five years back, built a church at Camberwell, though as far as possible from being in that style. I beg, however, to clear the ground by saying that I have never carried out any work in connection with Canterbury Cathedral. The question at issue, however, relates to the proposed refitting of the choir, and I have elsewhere stated it as follows:—

We do not know what were the fittings of the choir at Canterbury after its restoration in 1180. Very probably they were only temporary. "We have, however, records of their being renewed by Prior De Estria about 1304. He is especially said to have decorated the choir with beautiful stonework, a new pulpitum (or rood loft) and three doorways. The fittings, &c., then introduced continued undisturbed till long after the great Rebellion. It is probable that they had been much injured during that period; and we find that Archbishop Tenison, in 1702, removed all the old stallwork; concealed the beautiful side screens of De Estria by classic wainscoting; and substituted pewing for the side stalls; but, to the west, erected new return stalls with very rich canopies, concealing entirely the pulpitum or rood screen of De Estria. The wainscoting of the sides was removed about 1828, leaving the pewing backed up by De Estria's side screens.

The Dean and Chapter now desire to substitute for these pews as near a reproduction as may be of De Estria's stalls. We have found parts of them below the flooring, and trust to find other fragments from which their pattern may be recovered. The difficulty, however, is with the western or return stalls: for behind them we find De Estria's pulpitum or rood screen with its original and rich colouring, and apparently complete, excepting the stone canopies of the Priors' and Sub-Priors' stalls, which were rudely hewn off when Tenison's stalls were erected. We want to preserve both the stalls and the more ancient objects which they conceal. I love Tenison's stalls well, but I love De Estria's pulpitum more. Some probably take the contrary view. Why should not both be gratified?"

Now this is a very fair subject for discussion and difference of opinion; and the more so as this is practically "*Queen Anne*" work, and to the special lovers of that style its removal would naturally be exasperating. For myself I do not in the least degree wish its removal on account of any discrepancy between it and the surrounding architecture. Some have gone so far as that; for my part I have no sympathy with that feeling, but the reverse. My own leanings entirely arose from my excitement at the discovery (or re-discovery) of De Estria's pulpitum, hidden behind Tenison's stalls, which I do not hesitate to say filled me with an enthusiasm with which the devotees of *Queen Anne* cannot be expected to sympathise. That work is described by those who desire to minimise it as small in quantity and greatly mutilated. I have devoted much time to it, and have to state that it is almost entire, having only suffered from the mercilessness of Archbishop Tenison's workmen, who, while putting up the stalls, chopped away the two canopies and much of the mouldings of the central doorway. The necessity for restoring the inner face of the side screens in 1828, when Tenison's wainscoting

was removed, no doubt arose from its like barbarous treatment by the same men. It is dull to find the enthusiastic advocates of the style of the last century arguing, from the havoc made in older work by their demi-gods, that it is hopeless and almost beneath contempt to try to recover the older work from their depredations.

Putting, however, such considerations aside, the simple question is this: having a *Queen Anne* work placed in front of a mediæval work, each possessing its own class of merit, ought we to be content with seeing *one*, or ought we to endeavour to render *both* visible? I took the last-named view, and suggested that a worthy position should be sought for Tenison's work, and that the choir screen,—the "pulpitum" of Prior de Estria—should be exposed to view. Mr. Loftie has spoken of this idea as "a new design by Sir Gilbert Scott founded on a fragment." He speaks of "the portion of it already restored behind the altar" (which does not exist) and says "could we be certified that the stone screen exists intact behind the panelling, we might hesitate. But nothing of the kind is asserted. A small portion only remains, and from it an eminent architect is prepared to reconstruct the whole." He has elsewhere described what is proposed as "modern work in imitation of some fragments of a stone screen of the 14th century." Mr. Morris speaks of it as "Sir Gilbert Scott's conjectural restoration," and again, as "the proposed imitation, restoration, or forgery of Prior Eastry's rather commonplace tracery."

The *facts* are that the old screen, or "pulpitum," remains throughout its extent in very fair condition, with its ancient colouring nearly complete and exceedingly beautiful. It is true that the barbarous mutilations made in putting up Tenison's work have left a few parts in some degree to conjecture; but the evidences left *in situ*, aided, it may be fairly hoped, by fragments still to be found, will

probably bring these exceptional parts into the region of certainty, just as the discovery of the two thousand fragments of the shrine of St. Alban led to the re-erection of that structure without a jot or tittle of new work or a single modicum of conjecture. Anyhow, what is aimed at is the exposure to view of an actual and ancient work—not its restoration, for, with few exceptions, *it is there*.

Another reason in favour of exposing to view this fine old work is that Canterbury differed from many other Cathedrals in having no canopied stalls excepting those of the two great dignitaries. In this it agreed with the sister (or daughter) Cathedral at Rochester, where we have evidences of the same arrangement. Tenison altered this by adding canopies to all the returned stalls, and thus ignored the traditions of the building.

It is the fashion of the critics to underrate the screenwork of De Estria, but we find Professor Willis describing it (the *side* screens—he never saw the western one) as consisting of “delicate and elaborately worked tracery,” and again saying of it, “the entire work is particularly valuable on account of its well-established date, combined with its great beauty and singularity.” He also speaks of “the beautiful stone inclosure of the choir, the greatest part of which still remained.” The ancient obituary of Prior de Estria calls it “most beautiful stonework delicately carved.”

Those who seek to underrate it also try to make the most of the restorations which followed the removal of the wainscot work in 1828; but Professor Willis speaks of it as “in excellent order.” Mr. Parker tells us that he saw and studied the screen work when unrestored, and speaks of it as “a very beautiful piece of fourteenth-century work.” No doubt it suffered much from the reparation of Tenison’s mutilations, but if these authorities speak so strongly of its present beauty, what would they say to the parts still concealed which have never

been touched by reparation? Some parts of the side screens themselves retain their ancient colouring, so that even they cannot be so far gone from their old state as is described.

Mr. Loftie, in one of his letters, says “that very little is left of the construction of Canterbury Cathedral older than the present reign” (!) but Mr. Morris’s fear is that “before long we shall see the noble building of the two Williams [of the 12th century] confused and falsified by the usual mass of ecclesiastical trumpery and coarse daubing.” Let him be assured that, whether it be of the 12th or 19th century, there is no idea of touching it; on the contrary, in my paper read before the Institute of Architects in 1862, the following passage occurs, and the principles there advocated for the exterior may be supposed equally to actuate us in dealing with the interior:—

“Imagine for one moment, by way of illustration, that unequalled ‘history in stone,’ the eastern half of Canterbury Cathedral, so admirably described and unfolded by Professor Willis, if the hand of indiscriminating restoration had passed over it! The works of Lanfranc, of Conrad, of William of Sens, and of the English William, whose intricate interminglings now form a history at once so perplexingly entangled and so charmingly disentangled; and which together present the very best illustration existing in this country of the changes of architectural detail from the conquest to the full establishment of Pointed architecture; and must ever form the very text-book of the architectural history of that period, as being at once the most perfect in its steps, the most completely chronicled, and the most admirably deciphered. Imagine, I would say, this treasury of art-history reduced to an unmeaning blank by the hand of the restorer, either all indiscriminately renewed, or one half renewed and the other scraped over to look like it; the coarsely-axed work of the early Norman mason, the

finer hewing of his successor, and the delicate chiselling of the third period, all scraped down to the semblance of the new work by the same indiscriminating *drag*, or replaced by new masonry, uniting all periods into one, or else making a mimic copy of their distinguishing characteristics ! I take an extreme imaginary illustration, because the work in question, as it remains in its authenticity, forming the most precious page of our architectural history, is so well known as to place the principle I am speaking of in a clearer light than if I took a less marked example."

This Canterbury question is, however, as I have before said, a fair subject for *fair* discussion ; and I will add no more than this— that, while I heartily sympathize with the new movement for the preservation of ancient monuments in its leading aims, I must protest against its being carried to the length of leaving our ancient buildings to fall into ruin, or to retain (in all

cases) the effects of mutilation, disfigurement, and decay. And, as quite a secondary objection, I would venture respectfully to suggest that the legitimate aims of the movement are hardly likely to be furthered by overstatement or misrepresentation.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT.

P.S.—It is rather comical to think how much more is said about moving Gibbons's returned stalls—if indeed they be Gibbons's—from the position they were made for at Canterbury, than about the removal of his corresponding stalls from the position they were made for at St. Paul's. This may, however, be accounted for on the ground of the latter being a *fait accompli* ; but what will be said to spending 40,000*l.* on obliterating Thornhill's paintings in the dome of St. Paul's in favour of mosaics of our own day, though arranged and directed by a "Committee of Taste" ?

MODERN DIPLOMACY.

THERE has always been a great difference of opinion as to the characteristics and practical utility of diplomacy. Viewed from one side, it has been celebrated for its wholesome moral influence and beneficial effect on human affairs, while from another side it has been decried as mere craft and duplicity, or a hollow pretence of ordering events which are beyond its control. There can be no doubt that, in its best sense, diplomacy is, or might be, a great force in the world, and that momentous results from time to time depend upon its operations. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone glorified it as "one of the highest kinds of civilization," inasmuch as "on the field of controversy between nations, where formerly nothing was settled except by the sword, the reason of man has now stepped in, and in fair argument the rights of nations are settled and upheld." It was probably a recollection of this declaration which led M. Guizot, during the French-German war, to address a letter to this statesman, in which he urged him to use his influence with his countrymen to bring about mediation between the belligerents. He pointed out that, while there had been many things in the general policy of Europe since 1815 to be condemned and regretted, there was at least "one great new principle which has met with universal recognition in Europe for more than half a century; there has never been any question of a war of ambition for the sake of conquest; no European Power has attempted by mere force to aggrandise itself at the expense of other Powers; and respect for international law and peace has become the fundamental maxim of international policy." This, he held, "was the most important and valuable political fact on record in the first half

of the century," and had had "more influence and power in helping to re-establish principles of right and justice as between governments and peoples, in promoting the development of the resources of the different nations, and the progress of civilisation throughout the world, than any other event during that period." M. Guizot cited the formation of Switzerland and Belgium into neutral States, under the protection of the Great Powers, as a proof of the good results of conjoined action; and suggested that this valuable principle was "capable of extended application, and that the Powers should exert themselves to maintain the balance of power, the tendency of which had been for four centuries to save Europe, in spite of her faults, crimes, troubles, and misfortunes, from being at the mercy of violence and chance." This may be thought to be somewhat too favourable and sanguine a view of the subject; but there can be no question that the Treaty of Vienna and the arrangements as to Switzerland and Belgium had, on the whole, a tranquillising effect. Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer) has also given examples from his own experience of war being averted by timely interventions on the part of diplomatists; as when in 1840 the relations of England and France were strained by complications in the East; when afterwards, having threatened Spain and France to take possession of the African coast opposite Gibraltar, Sir Henry, without instructions, and on his own responsibility, settled the difficulty by getting Spain to withdraw; and further, when there was a danger of hostilities between the United States and England on account of a question in connection with the Nicaraguan Consul. Other evidence of a similar kind might no doubt be

quoted as to the beneficial effects of diplomacy when undertaken in good faith, in the way of substituting confidence and good-will for suspicion and hostility, and settling differences so quietly that they are never heard of.

On the other hand, there is no lack of hard things said about diplomacy and diplomatists. There is an old definition of "ambassador," as "one who lies abroad for the good of his country;" and the First Napoleon seems to have shared this opinion, for in his instructions to Prince Eugène Beauharnais as to his conduct as viceroy in Italy, he says: "An ambassador will not say any good of you, because his trade is to say all the bad he can. Foreign ministers are, in all the force of the term, titled spies." The Duke of Morny has also been credited with the *mot* that "diplomacy is the art of deluding others without appearing to do so." It is said that a Russian minister, Chancellor Bestoujef, who was a perfect speaker, feigned to stutter. In his conversations with foreign agents he was scarcely intelligible, and he complained of being deaf and not understanding what was said to him. He was also in the habit of writing his diplomatic notes in an almost illegible handwriting. There may be some exaggeration in this story, but experience seems to suggest that, though diplomatists may not be all such deliberate impostors as the one just described, diplomacy is in a great degree a system of deceit. Macaulay, in one of his letters, mentions Talleyrand talking at Holland House about Metternich and Cardinal Mazarin, and distinguishing between them by saying, "Le Cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas; or M. de Metternich ment toujours, et ne trompe jamais." The amount of veracity to be found in diplomatic communications is certainly open to suspicion; and not less so that Talleyrand has protested against the prejudice with regard to diplomatists on this point. "Diplomacy," he says, in a fragment which has been extracted from his as yet unpublished Memoirs,

"is not a science of ruse and duplicity. If good faith is anywhere necessary it is above all in political transactions, for it is this that makes them solid and durable. Reserve is confounded with deception. Good faith never authorises the latter, but it allows reserve; and reserve often adds to confidence." The gloss on these observations may perhaps be found in the same authority's proverbial saying, that language was given to man only to disguise his thoughts. Truth in diplomatic usage is thus not, as a rule, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and the suppression of an essential part of the truth is of course tantamount to falsehood.

Talleyrand himself may be taken as a characteristic type of the wily and unscrupulous diplomatist. Without being in any sense a great statesman, he had a quick eye for the drift of events, and rarely failed in the course of his long and devious career, in which he was on every side in turn, to identify himself with the winning cause of the day. It has been justly said that he was essentially the representative of *la politique expectante*. When asked at a critical moment what he meant to do, he replied, "To do? I never do anything. I wait." And in another case of doubtful conflict, he provided himself with cockades of the colour of each party, so as to be prepared for whatever might happen. In short, he was the man of the age who knew best how to profit by accomplished facts. It is needless to say that his reputation suffered from his unscrupulous ways, but even those who knew his treachery found him too useful to be thrown over. Towards the end of his life, he himself said to Thiers, "Do you know, my dear sir, that I have been for forty years the most morally discredited man in Europe, and yet I have always been powerful on the side of power." Guizot has said that, except in a crisis or Congress, Talleyrand was neither skilful nor prompt. "He excelled in treating by conversation and by the

use of social relations with isolated persons; but in the authority of character, fecundity of spirit, promptitude of resolution, power of words, sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passion, and all the grand means of action on men gathered together, he was wholly wanting. As a politician he was without scruples, indifferent to means, and almost to the end in view, provided that it tended to his personal success; coldly courageous in peril, he was suitable for the great affairs of an absolute government, but one with whom the open air and day of liberty did not agree." Mignet, who calls him "the prince of diplomatists," also says that if not the most dexterous of that class, he was at least the most roguish (*le plus fourbe*) and astute. Among the subordinate diplomatists of that day was Count Montrond, the tool of Talleyrand, who, without any visible means of livelihood, except gambling, managed to lead a luxurious life in Paris and London. Talleyrand was strongly suspected of going shares with Montrond in speculations on secret information as to foreign affairs; and a writer of authority has stated from his own knowledge that when Talleyrand was ambassador at London he used to leave Montrond in his carriage at the door of the Foreign Office during his interview with the Foreign Secretary, and that more than once Montrond, on receipt of a scrap of paper, suddenly drove off to the City by himself. He served as a spy under the Bourbons, and afterwards had a large pension from Louis Philippe for similar services.

Such men and such principles are certainly not calculated to win respect for diplomacy, and it is to be feared that even in modern days there are in some countries traces of the old taint. At any rate Talleyrand's theory as to the use of words is evidently not extinct. When Count de Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador at the Prussian Court, asked Count Bismarck whether he intended to annul the

Treaty of Gastein, dividing the Danish Duchies between Prussia and Austria, the reply was, "No, I have no such intention; but if I had, should I have given you a different answer?" which, it may be supposed, did not set at rest the Austrian ambassador's apprehensions. In fact, as the future showed, the Prussian Government did not desire to openly annul the Treaty, but preferred to keep it standing as a cover for more advanced designs. Again, at a more recent date, we find Prince Gortschakoff pledging himself to give information to the English Government as to the state of affairs in Central Asia, with the qualification that, though he might not tell everything, yet that everything he thought fit to tell would be strictly true—an example of the "reserve" which Talleyrand distinguished from a "ruse," though to most people they seem to be very much akin. There is another gift of speech which Mr. Kinglake attributed to Lord Raglan in his conversations with Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, and which represents another kind of reserve—"the power," as the historian puts it in his subtle analysis, "which is one of the most keen and graceful accomplishments of the diplomatist;—the power of affecting the hearer with an apprehension of what remains unsaid; a power which exerts great sway over human actions, for men are more urgently governed by what they are forced to imagine than by what they are allowed to know." Here the reserve is not so much a process of concealment as a stimulant applied to the imagination of the person addressed, which expands his ideas.

There is also a peculiar kind of outspokenness, which, as Lord Palmerston has pointed out, is conspicuous in the First Napoleon's political conduct, that, so far from hiding his designs, he purposely published even the most violent of them some time before they were put into execution, so that by familiarity people might become used to them, and that there should be no shock of surprise when they at last

happened. To a certain extent Prince Bismarck—who, at the present day discussed in his domineering aggressiveness and unscrupulous methods of policy, presents a close resemblance to the great Emperor—has also adopted the practice of making curious confidences, not indeed to the world at large, but to the leading personages with whom he has to deal. M. Klackzo, who has had good opportunities of studying this statesman, gives the following account of his impression of his character:—“No one can doubt his prodigious talent in dissimulation, and the supreme art with which he dresses up the truth. He has the genius to know how to give his frankness all the political virtues of *fourberie*. Very cunning and astute as to means, he has also shown extraordinary impulsiveness and indiscretion.” In some instances, however, his indiscretions were no doubt calculated and intentional. The wild way, for instance, in which he used to talk of the designs of Prussia for the future, and the proposals he made, or at least insinuated, as to a division of spoils between Prussia and France, drew from the Emperor frequent “asides” to Mérimée, who accompanied them in their walks up and down the terrace of the Chateau and the sands, “What a mad fellow it is!” It is said that Bismarck had also his private opinion that the Emperor was “the embodiment of misunderstood incapacity.” However that may have been, there was certainly a method in his madness which afterwards bore fruit, for the temptation gradually worked on Napoleon, and led him to think that, after all, a re-arrangement of Europe by France and Prussia to the advantage of each was a more feasible scheme than it had at first seemed.

This indeed has been the course of Bismarck's tactics throughout his whole career. In the preliminary Schleswig-Holstein negotiation he deluded both Lord John Russell and the Danish minister at Berlin with the idea that he himself was a true friend

of Denmark, and was using his influence to preserve its integrity, while all the while treacherously undermining it. His policy was much the same with regard to Austrir, whose reasonable suspicions of Prussia he lulled by representing himself as anxious to bring the troublesome Bund under the joint control of the two great German states, who would rule Germany in concert. Yet during this period he was secretly plotting against Austria, and bent on annexing the Elbe provinces, together with the valuable port of Kiel, for his own country; and finally excluding Austria from Germany. The King of Hanover is believed to have been similarly betrayed by delusive communications from Prussia. It may also be noted as a curious circumstance illustrative of the Prince's ways, that Lord Salisbury's account of his interview with the Prince at Berlin, in November last, when on his way to the Conference, has never been published, although Lord Odo Russell mentions in a despatch that “his Lordship has reported to Her Majesty's Government the impressions received from his visit;” and that it was his own “pleasing duty” to state that the reception of the plenipotentiary was most cordial; that his visit gave pleasure; and Prince Bismarck recognised its “value and importance; and, in conversation with leading men, had paid the highest tribute to his Lordship's great qualities as a statesman and as a negotiator.” It is possibly only Lord Salisbury's modesty which prevents this flattering certificate from being given to the world; but it may also be suspected, from the Prince's confidential outbursts on other occasions, that he took the opportunity of overwhelming the Plenipotentiary by his effusive candour as to his own schemes for the settlement of all European difficulties, so that he might bind him over not to divulge anything which passed. M. Boucher, in his *Récits de l'Invasion*, gives some amusing particulars which he received

from M. Thiers, after that gentleman's visit to the Prince at Versailles, which throws some light on his affable terms with visitors. Leaning with both arms on the table, Bismarck suddenly interrupting the business discussion which was going on, asked permission to smoke a cigar, which was of course granted; and he then relaxed into a gossiping conversation, full of anecdotes and reminiscences upon all sorts of subjects, and beguiled M. Thiers into a similar strain of lively talk. When, after a time, M. Thiers wished to resume the question on which he had come, Bismarck seized him by the hand, and exclaimed pathetically, "No, let me continue yet a little while; it is so delightful to find oneself once more with a civilised being." In Lord Salisbury's case it was about ten o'clock at night that the interview took place, and it may be imagined that he also was received as a civilised being, with whom it was the Prince's delight to commune heart to heart, and that the results of the talk were somewhat more discursive and intimate than would be suitable for record in a Blue Book. Anyhow, the fact remains, that Lord Derby resolutely refuses to let it come to light.

Perhaps, on the whole, the personage who has most cast discredit on modern diplomacy, and diverted it to evil uses, is the Emperor Napoleon III. In the *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, M. Henri d'Ideville, who was at a critical time attached to the French embassy at Turin, gives a graphic picture of his august master's habits with regard to foreign affairs. He says that Napoleon, though full of good intentions, was a *rêveur borné*, and always mysterious and reserved as to his plans, as to which indeed he was fluctuating and uncertain up to the last moment, when his ideas might take an unexpected direction. "Do you see," said Cavour one day to D'Ideville, "your Emperor will never change; his fault is always to con-

spire; yet is he not absolute master, with a powerful country and a great army at his back, and Europe tranquil? What, then, has he to fear? Why should he constantly disguise his thought, and seem to go straight when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a marvellous conspirator he makes!" Upon which M. d'Ideville remarked, "Yes, and you have been a conspirator too!" "True," said Cavour; "but I could not help it; it was absolutely necessary to keep things secret from Austria. But your Emperor will remain for ever incorrigible. I knew it long ago. At this moment he could march right on, openly fulfilling his end. But no! he prefers to throw people off the scent, and to go off on a sudden track—to conspire, in fact—to conspire always! This is the turn of his genius; it is the *métier* he professes; he examines it like an artist, as a *dilettante*, and in this rôle he will ever be first." Another witness, who knew the Emperor well, said of him—"He is a man of events; confident to folly in his destiny, in his star, he had the conviction that at the right moment fate would take care to deliver him from embarrassment. It was chance alone which made him a great man in the eyes of the vulgar. *A bonheur insensé*, an unparalleled luck, has saved him up to this day, and he has allowed himself to be led by events."

There can be no doubt that this was Louis Napoleon's character to the core. It was as a conspirator that he snatched his crown, and in all his career he acted in the same spirit. During the Crimean war he was continually hatching diversions from settled arrangements and points of policy; and when peace was arrived at he went round insidiously to the Russian side, and deprived the Allies of some of the conditions which were essential to a permanent settlement, and the want of which have since given rise to complications which might have been prevented if taken at the right

time. His liberation of Italy was accompanied by plots against its unity; his policy as to the Pope, capricious and vacillating, embarrassed the Italian government; and though he afterwards got it Venetia, it was only to serve his own purposes, and to give him importance in Europe. He also felt that his position would be strengthened by a conflict between Prussia and Austria, whichever might win, and for years he did all he could to bring one about. In 1850, while President of the Republic, whose open policy was a professed desire for peace, he sent his friend De Persigny on a private mission to Berlin to sound the King, and suggest that the Prussians should seize an early opportunity of getting up a war with Austria. At the end of 1855 the Emperor sent the Marquis of Pepoli on a similar errand, to point out that "Austria represented the past, Prussia the future; and that, as long as Austria stood in the way, Prussia would be condemned to a state of inaction which could not satisfy her, for a higher destiny awaited her, and Germany expected her to fulfil it." In 1861, during the King of Prussia's visit to France, a grand scheme was started of great agglomerations of territories by the three races, Roman, Slavonic, and Germanic, and there was talk of France extending her frontier in the direction of Belgium and Holland. When the Austro-Prussian war occurred, Napoleon expected to be able to interpose as mediator, and that it would be easy to obtain a territorial extension of France. In this, however, he was disappointed, and it was his rankling resentment against Prussia for its curt refusal of his demands in 1866 which led up to the war of 1870.

On the whole, then, it would appear that, though the ideal of diplomacy which is held up as an example of its perfection by Mr. Gladstone and M. Guizot, how no doubt, if it were successfully carried out, be a great

blessing for the world, as a matter of fact, the system which has actually been practised in recent years is of a very different character, and has been associated with very different motives and objects. A rampant spirit of aggression and covetous desire has been at work; and though some of the objects aimed at may have been justifiable enough, the means adopted were in too many cases inconsistent with a sound code of international law. Any one who looks back to the general course of diplomatic policy on the Continent after the establishment of the Second Empire, must see that it led the way in a restless meddlesomeness which has produced a general unsettlement of the conditions on which alone the peace of Europe can be steadily preserved. As it happened, the liberation of Italy has turned out well, but the way in which it was accomplished by foreign intervention, and the price to which the assisting power helped itself, were certainly perilous precedents; and there can be little doubt that the germs of disturbance which were thus sown had their development in the confiscation of the Danish Duchies by Prussia, and the subsequent exclusion of Austria from the German Confederation. Lord Russell, in commenting on the Treaty of Gastein, said very truly, "All rights, old and new, whether based upon a solemn agreement between sovereigns, or on the clear and precise expression of the popular will, have been trodden under foot by the Gastein Convention, and the authority of force is the sole power which has been consulted and recognised. Violence and conquest, such are the chief bases upon which the dividing Powers have established the Convention." Austria had a terrible penalty to pay for her connivance in this outrage, and its effects are by no means exhausted. It is curious now to look back upon the wonderful project of a Congress with which the Emperor Napoleon startled the world in 1863. It was a dream of the first

Buonaparte that Europe ought to be formed into a vast Empire to which he was to give laws dated indifferently from Paris, Rome, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid; and that henceforth any contention among European States was to be deemed civil war. Napoleon III. was smitten with this conception, but knew of course that it had failed in his uncle's case, and was still more impracticable in these days. But he thought he might make good play for himself and France by getting up the plan of a general Congress to settle offhand all the difficulties of Europe. It is true that at the close of the Congress of Paris, when everybody was for the time sick of war, there was a feeling in favour of taking means to check it as much as possible; and with that view a protocol was adopted, in which it was recommended that States between whom any serious difference might arise, should seek mediation by a friendly Power before appealing to arms. Lord Clarendon expressed a hope that this "happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which broke forth because it was not always possible to give explanations." This happy innovation remains, however, a mere paper figment. It is impossible to imagine any cases to which it would have been more applicable than in regard to the pretext of the spoliation of Denmark by Prussia, the struggle between Prussia and Austria, and the subsequent war between Germany and France; yet no serious attempt was made by the neutral Powers to apply the rule. If Napoleon had been loyal and sincere in the professed desire for universal peace with which he summoned the abortive Congress, he might, in conjunction with England, have done much to arrest events which have caused great mischief to the principles of good faith and mutual consideration among nations; but it was not to be. The intense folly of the plan for raking up all the latent

troubles of Europe in the vain hope of settling them by "the deliberations of a Congress which would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others, so that, there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decision of the majority, the Congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met," was clearly expressed in Lord Russell's incisive despatch, which at once exploded the bubble. Unfortunately it left a sting in the Emperor's breast which he had not the magnanimity to forget; and the breach between England and France which ensued was fatal to Danish interests. In the case of the war between France and Germany arising from the question as to a German candidate for the Spanish throne, the point in itself was nothing more than a reproduction of the dialogue of the retainers of the rival houses of Verona—"Do you bite your thumb?" "I do bite my thumb, sir." "Do you bite your thumb at me?" "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb." And it is a pity that England, Russia, and Italy did not step in like Benvolio, and cry, "Part, fools, put up your swords; you know not what you do." Again, the hollow arrangement, for the neutrality of Luxemburg which was made in 1870, and the recent Eastern protocols, may be taken as other examples of the vapoury character of international intervention for the protection of public interests. The ministerial explanation was that a collective guarantee had rather the character of a moral sanction than a contingent liability to go to war, and that, unless all were agreed, no one party was called upon to do anything.

Lord Derby the other day laid down a sort of programme of diplomacy which deserves attention. He said, "We have to consider not only one particular point, but what is the state of matters over the whole world; and

we have to consider also the risk of involving ourselves in hostilities in any one part of the world where thereby we might disable ourselves from even necessary defence in some other place where our interests are much more threatened." And then he added: "I say this only in a general and theoretical manner, for my own part, having attended to foreign politics for a great many years. Not many convictions have been so permanently impressed on my mind as that of the utter incapacity of the—I do not say average man—but of the wise man, to foresee coming events." As to the latter part of this statement, though Lord Derby no doubt drew it from his own personal experience, the substance of it had already been anticipated by Mr. Nassau Senior, who imagined a plan for training Foreign Office clerks, who were to be periodically required to prophesy the issue of existing political "questions," and upon their success, as tested by subsequent events, was to depend their promotion to responsible office; and also by Lord Palmerston, to whom the observation did not apply, for he always looked forward. He said, "There are very few public men in England who follow up foreign affairs sufficiently to foresee the consequence of events which have not happened." A striking confirmation of this was given upon Lord Granville's succeeding Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary on the eve of the French-German war, when he stated on the authority of Mr. Hammond, that there never was a time when the political atmosphere of Europe was so serene and cloudless, and the prospects of peace so well assured. Before another day or two France and Germany were practically at war, and the Protocol of the Treaty of Paris, above referred to, was treated by both with great contempt. The reason was that they had made up their minds to fight, and wanted only an excuse, no matter how trivial or absurd.

The moral of all this business is in fact to be found in the comment of the Bishop of Fréjus on the proposal of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre for a European Diet (the precedent for Louis Napoleon's fantastic congress), to make peace all over the world, to the effect that one thing was wanting, to send a troop of missionaries to dispose the heart and spirit of princes. The truth is, that in the present day diplomacy is passing through a transition stage. The old system of diplomacy was essentially personal, and took account of only a narrow range of persons and interests. It was effective, because it was entirely under the control of those who worked it, and was directed by them to definite and well-understood aims. It was, in fact, a general agreement between some half-a-dozen gentlemen as to their common interests and mutual relations, and was conducted on their behalf by trusty experts, who enjoyed their masters' confidence, and knew exactly what they wanted. The gradual development of popular rights and opinion has now upset the old system—at least in our own country. The nation will not trust itself blindfold to any minister. Lord Palmerston was left pretty much to himself, and what he thought best that he could straightway give effect to. But Lord Derby has to consider not only what is best to be done, but how far the country will go with him. No foreign minister can now safely dispense with taking the country fully into his confidence—if he does, he runs the risk of finding himself left in the lurch. Further, any attempt at a game of brag, with a view to impressing foreign Powers, is attended by the peril of either being repudiated by public opinion at home or of being outrun by it, opinion getting excited in earnest. Hence secret and personal diplomacy is no longer practical for us. Absolute non-intervention is also impossible—and so is the old balance of power, which excluded moral force, took the measure only of physical power, and

was based on the selfish and ungenerous principle that physical force could only be used for bad ends, and was certain, when it existed in a superior degree, to be misused.

The only sound basis of modern diplomacy is not so much a material as a moral balance of force between nations, imitated from that between individuals in private society—the balance of honest men against rogues and burglars, of peaceable government against the roughs; a corporate balance of principle, and not of mere individual personal strength. Above all, as the people must now take part in diplomacy, they should learn a decent control of temper and language, and allow for their own ignorance of facts. Moreover, there is a decided want of plain, straightforward language in diplomatic communications. What a difference Lord Palmerston's style would have made at the present time. The policy which he deemed safest was that of honesty and candour, and when he had anything to say he said it in the plainest and most unmistakable language, as, for instance, when he wrote to Sir H. Bulwer at Paris:—“If Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet we shall not refuse to pick it

up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you; I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begins to swagger; and I observe that it always acts as a sedative.” And again, he says, “Nothing is more unsound than the notion that anything is to be gained by trying to conciliate people who are trying to intimidate us. I mean to conciliate by concession. It is quite right to be courteous in words, but the only possible way of keeping such persons in check is to make them clearly understand that one is not going to yield an inch, and that one is strong enough to repel force by force.” The “great Eltchi” had also this distinctness of language; as Mr. Kinglake says:—“Every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration.” And those who remember the bold statement made to Prince Bismarck in February 1871, by Lord Odo Russell, who had been sent to Versailles in reference to the Black Sea question, will recognise a singular power of language on the part of that able and experienced diplomatist.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

CAP—A NEW ENGLAND DOG.

CAP was the usual name of Captain; its owner being a large Newfoundland dog just crossed with the stag-hound, making him the handsomest animal I ever saw, standing very tall, with elegantly curved neck and long silky ears that one could pull down and meet under his chin. His whole head was a wonder of dog beauty, with long nose and wondrously expressive eyes, which laughed or cried with you, always sympathising whatever your mood might be; ready for a romp, or to come and press his nose through your arm, looking up with almost crying eyes, seeming to wish to show his sorrow at your grief. He had great tact, greater than many human friends, never obtruding his sympathy; but lying quietly down, his nose between his paws, he would watch every changing expression of face, till the time came when he thought he could offer tangible sympathy; then he would get up and come to you, seeming to wish by showing his own excessive love, to make amends for any shortcomings on the part of the world. And in return, having given his all, he wished the same, and could not put up with any division of affection with any other animal, scarcely with a human being; and his intelligence aided his jealousy in gaining the point. He always accompanied my father to the office, which was at the head of a *very long* flight of stairs, and there spent most of the day, amusing himself indifferently with looking out of the window and with the people coming to and from the office. One warm day, the door being open, and being much bored and put to it as to how to spend his time, he spied a black and tan dog which belonged across the street; acting on the impulse, he went down and invited him up; which

arrangement was very pleasing and satisfactory till, in the course of their play, Mr. Black and Tan jumped into a chair beside my father, who, attracted by the little thing, put out his hand and caressed him. Captain was very angry, and almost flew at the dog, then thought better of it, and bided his time. When Black and Tan got down, Cap was unusually amiable and frisky, playing with him round and round, always a little nearer and nearer the door, till, at the head of the stairs, he gave one great shove, and sent him flying to the bottom. And never was that little dog allowed over those stairs again. When he saw him coming, or when he himself wished for a play, he would go down and play in the hall below, or in the street, thus keeping full possession of his own domain.

He had a remarkable memory, recognizing friends by face or voice, though perhaps for a year or two absent, and would run, wagging body and tail equally, to meet them. But this was not so astonishing as his memory for things. Like all Newfoundlands he was passionately fond of bathing, and had a certain stick which he always carried to the water, and on returning put in a particular place in our back yard; for, mind you, he had a bump for order. He put it away for the last time in October, the water being too cold to bathe later: snow came soon after, covering it up for months; and it was late in May before it was warm enough to swim again. My father said, "Cap! would you like to go to the water?" He jumped up, said "Yes" in his way, ran to the door, round the house, over the fence, had the stick and back again, panting with excitement. Some one coming just then, my father had

to say, "Not to-day, Cap, to-morrow:" slowly and lingeringly he walked back and deposited the stick. The next morning, however, on coming down, Cap was at the door, stick in mouth, apparently having perfectly understood the cause of delay, and determined to be in season to have no interruptions this time. Of course he was taken to the water immediately and had a grand bath: singularly this was the only occasion he was ever known to take his stick from its place without a particular invitation. Certainly he understood.

And he read character to a marvel, measuring each member of the household, understanding what he could, and what he could not, do with each. With those who could master him, he never held out uselessly, but yielded with a peculiar grace, quite his own; with those who could not, why he mastered them! Not overbearingly, but impudently; and when requested by them to do anything disagreeable to him, would wag his tail as much as to say, "I'm not in a mind to, and I know you won't make me."

They even laughed and said he understood the politics of the family, and from his amusing aversion to negroes one would suppose so, as he could never abide the sight of that African race. One night a coloured man being sent to the house with some ice-cream, shrieks and a general sound of rumpus brought us all to the kitchen, where Cap had half torn the clothes off the man, who, with rolling whites, now stood petrified and livid with fright; Cap making fresh plunges, carrying off pieces of clothing each time. Indeed, it was almost impossible to take the dog off, so inveterate was his hatred. The servants, on being questioned, said the man had done nothing. But never did he see one of this race, even in the street, without hot pursuit.

This was in the war time, when Fort Warren was hung over our heads—so much for his pluck and party principles!

Beggars he looked on with a suspicious eye, and always watched closely, but never molested.

Little dogs were treated by him with contempt—not noticing their presence, or even insults, at first; but if too persistent and intolerable, he would give them a sound shaking, and throwing them over, would look off into space—quite unconscious—an expression inimitable, I assure you. In general he did not affect dog company; carrying himself with a grand air and great dignity, he would look at them and pass on. Perhaps a sense of superior intelligence caused this *hauteur*, more probably family pride; for mark you, Cap was nephew to the Prince of Wales's dog, the Prince, while in this country, having had the finest specimen of a Newfoundland in the provinces presented to him. Whatever evolutions of thought Cap may have had, the fact is the same.

When a child, I had a severe typhoid fever, and every morning Cap was sent with a note tied to his collar with tidings of my welfare to my grandmother. Nothing could distract him on such an errand; but, when arrived at the house, he would go straight and lay his head in her lap till the note was untied. Then, considering his duty done he would go to the kitchen, be fed, and inspect the dinner—to which he always returned, if to his mind; but if it was to be of poultry, or game of any kind, they saw him no more that day.

My father bought Cap when a pup for us children to play with, and great fun we had. As we grew older he came into the house with us, our constant companion, my own especial friend and confidant. I told him everything, and he never peached. Thus constantly with us, and talked to, he learned to understand all that was said, whether directly addressed to him or not; and the following story is strictly true, incredible as it may seem.

My father and mother were reading, and one of them, noticing an article

about water standing in a room over night absorbing impure gases, and being unhealthy to drink, read it aloud, and remarked, "If that's the case, we must be sure and see that Cap's water is changed every morning." He had water always in mother's dressing-room, where he went and drank when he liked. Cap lay on the floor, apparently unobservant. The next day he went to a member of the family and asked for water; he had a peculiar way of asking for different things, so that those who knew him could tell his wants. She went to the dressing-room, and there was plenty of water. Cap looked at it, languidly tasted, and then looked up, thinking something must be the matter; it was turned away, and fresh water given him, which he drank. The next day the same thing occurred, and the next after, so as to be remarked, and an explanation asked, when the foregoing conversation was recalled; and never till the day of his death, three years later, did he touch a drop of water without having first seen it poured freshly out, though never before had he thought of objecting.

Captain slept in the house at night, on the broad flat landing where the stairs turned, thus having full view and command of everything; the doors were all left open, and every morning at about five he would go and put his nose in my father's hand and wake him up, apparently to tell him the night was safely past; being patted, and "All right Cap" said, he would go down, having completed his vigil, to await the first appearance of a servant, to let him out for his morning walk, which was usually short. Just before going to bed he also took a walk, which was not so sure to be short, if the night was pleasant—unless requested to return soon; he would then come back almost immediately. Whenever my father went away, he would lie at the foot of my mother's bed, realising there was a change, and that she needed protection.

He was essentially companionable, and could not tolerate being left alone,—not that I think he had sins to think of that made him unhappy, but he loved company, and would follow me miles on a walk; and it was on one of these walks, when I was older and alas! he too, that his first signs of advancing age showed themselves. The day was very warm, and Cap accompanied me to take a lesson some distance out of town. During the lesson he asked for water, which when brought he could scarcely reach, his hind legs being almost powerless. His endeavours to walk were most agonizing; he looking to me uncomprehending the cause, and asking for help. After a while he was better, and I started to walk home with him, there being no carriage or other conveyance obtainable in the place. We had gone but a short distance when Cap again wanted water, and I stopped at the country grocery store to get some. They brought it from the back of the store, but he could not drink, and lay down quite overcome. My own misery was intense, for I thought him dying. There was the usual gathering of a corner store, who all tried to console me with accounts of their dogs. One voluble Yankee told of his. "The little black one with white spots, you knowed him, you know!" I suppose I looked a little blank, for he said: "Anyhow, Jim did!" turning to the store-keeper for corroboration. "Wall, he got a-foul a toad one day, and was just so. He'll come out on it all right." Every one stopped who passed, till quite a crowd collected, each one with his own theory. In time a teamster with his dray loaded with lumber was passing, whom I hailed, told the necessities of the case, and he consented to unload his timber by the side of the road and take Cap home. The timber being taken off and Captain put in its place, the teamster started. Cap began to try to wriggle himself off the dray, not liking the distance between him and me on the side walk. He would have infallibly fallen off

between the wheels, so the man stopped—it was no go. I then got on and he made no further objection, so we journeyed into town, I holding an umbrella over his head, little thinking of the figure I cut!

When arrived at home, the veterinary surgeon was called, but not being able to attend immediately, father thinking Cap poisoned, applied all sorts of known antidotes. Among others, oil was poured down his throat, and in the resistance he bit my father—not viciously, but naturally, for who does not remember the days when some one held our noses, and another some one poured the detested castor oil down, and what vigorous remonstrances we made? When the surgeon came, he pronounced it a slight attack of paralysis, and we knew we should not have Cap much longer. He recovered though, and went about for a time as usual.

The garden was a delight to him, filled with fruit and flowers. One would think he really had a sense of the beautiful to see him stop at a rose bush and contemplate it. Indeed he did his best to keep things in order by not running across lots, but always in the paths with the utmost propriety. Fruit of all kinds he liked, especially gooseberries, which he picked for himself with great care, holding up his lips

and turning his head under the branch, then carefully pulling them off one by one. But if any one was in the garden, not he! That must be done for him. He would follow me from bush to bush, and if by chance I was more greedy than he thought proper, would get up, nudge me, and lie down again, reminding me of his presence, and that he must have his share.

In January of 1872 one evening Cap had gone for his walk; my sister passing through the hall heard a faint rap, and going to the door, Cap came in and up stairs. Noticing something strange in his walk, she called father, who came out of the library and spoke. Cap hearing his voice, ran to the stairs, and on attempting to descend fell headlong, and only stopped at the landing. We all knew what was the matter. Going up stairs my father put his arms under him, I behind, and we brought him down. There he lay, and could not bear to have us leave him, growing worse all the time, but responding to our caresses by a wag of the tail—less and less—till the very last, when only an inch moved; the rest of the body being quite stiff and rigid, and as the day left us, so did Captain.

THOS. K. WILLIAMS.

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A RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

FOR some months previous to the outbreak of hostilities with Turkey there appeared in the *Russki Invalid*—the St. Petersburg official military journal—a series of reports on the countries about to become the scene of military operations. These reports, excellent specimens of what military reports should be, are an indication of the care and forethought with which the enterprise on which the Russian army is now engaged has been prepared. It is evident that each detail has been carefully worked out, and the soldiers of the Tsar are now carrying out a scheme carefully elaborated beforehand. Success in war is too much a matter of accident to make it safe to predict the result; but this much may be said, that if careful organisation, forethought, and a full recognition of the difficulties to be encountered were the sole elements of success, then of a certainty the Russian arms would succeed; but, besides accidents, which may upset the best calculations, there are weak points in the constitution of the empire which react on the army: the bulk of the population is only partially civilised, and portions of territory more recently acquired have not been thoroughly assimilated, and are liable to become disaffected. The Russians themselves admit these sources of weakness. At any rate, it is impossible to withhold respect from the military chiefs who, undaunted by the disasters of the Crimean war, have toiled on and forged the terrible weapon now wielded by the Tsar. It will be regrettable if we in England, fearing for our interests in India, and feeling a natural sympathy with our old ally, should vent our irritation on the Russian army and people, and bring about a bitter feeling between

the two countries. Armies, it must be remembered, have nothing to do with the diplomatists who set them in motion. It would be quite logical to hope that Russian diplomacy may be utterly confounded, and even to wish some of their diplomatists at the bottom of the Dead Sea; and yet to sympathize with the soldiers who are now pushing forward to a death-struggle with their hereditary foe, over a country which has been the grave of so many thousands of their forefathers. The rank and file know nothing of strategical positions whose significance can only become manifest in, possibly, half a century of time; and they have no desire to bar the way to any part of the world against us or any one else. Their sole wish is to strike a hated foe, free their oppressed brethren, and return to their homes and neglected fields. There was something touching in the words of the Tsar to his soldiers as they moved on to the Pruth: "Protshaite Rebyeta" (Good-bye, children); and we, too, although fully determined to hold our own against all comers, may yet wish the Russian soldier "God speed." But to return to the reports on the scene of operations. The valley of the Danube and Bulgaria have been often and fully described, but of the seat of war in Asia, little authentic is really known, and that little is from the works of travellers who have merely passed through the country. The Russians claim that the only surveys¹ and reliable accounts of Asiatic Turkey

¹ A map of Asiatic Turkey has been lithographed at Tiflis by the Russian War Department; it is said to be a very good one, but there are difficulties in the way of a foreigner obtaining a copy.

are theirs, and their military paper refers with pride to the fact that it is to Russian military officers that the world is indebted for this information. The following brief account of the part of Asia Minor in which the Russian armies are now operating has been condensed from articles which have appeared in the *Russki Invalid* at different times.

The highlands of Armenia form the north-eastern portion of Asia Minor. About the centre of these highlands is the town of Erzeroum, at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level. In the vicinity of this town nearly all the principal rivers of Asia Minor flowing into the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf take their rise. The general feature of Asia Minor is a series of terraces or high lands, sloping gradually from east to south-west, the Armenian table-land being the highest of these terraces.

The Vilayet of Erzeroum is bounded to the north-west by the Vilayet of Trebizond, to the north-east and east by Russian and Persian territory, to the south and west by the Vilayet of Bagdad, and Siwas. It includes the Armenian table-land, which is traversed by mountain ranges separated from each other by plains, valleys, and lakes. These mountain ranges run parallel to one another; their sides are, as a rule, steep; but the plateaus and mountain tops are covered with rich pasture, and furnish food for vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The highest peaks of the mountains of Armenia attain to an elevation of 16,000 feet.

Of the Armenian rivers the Churuk runs into the Black Sea at Batoum; into the Caspian Sea run the Kura and the Arax; into the Persian Gulf the Euphrates, and its confluent, the Tigris. As means of communication, the Armenian rivers are valueless; and owing to their sudden rise, they are often a great impediment to movement.

The roads in Asiatic Turkey are, as

a rule, very bad, owing partly to the semi-barbarous state of the country, and partly to the Turkish custom of travelling on horseback, and having their loads carried on beasts of burden. To such an extent do they carry this preference, that although there is a tolerable post-road between Erzeroum and Trebizond, until quite lately the mails were carried on pack animals.

Erzeroum is situated at the junction of all the chief roads leading through the province, and stands on the highway connecting the basin of the Black Sea, and consequently Europe, with the interior of Asiatic Turkey and Persia; its importance, both military and commercial, has not been exaggerated. The road from Erzeroum to Trebizond, described as the only good road in the province, cost the government 1,750,000 roubles; this road is continued to Tabriz in Persia. From Erzeroum there are roads to Ardahan Kars, Erzinjan, Mush, Bitlis, and Van.

The climate of the Armenian highlands is temperate and healthy. It varies of course with the elevation. In places, the olive, cotton, and rice are found; in other parts the climate is too rigorous for wheat, and the inhabitants grow barley. The uninhabited mountain tops are visited only in summer when the wandering Khurdish tribes find excellent pasturage for their cattle.

The Erzeroum plateau, as already mentioned, is some 6,000 feet above the sea level. Winter begins here towards the end of November, and continues to March. The winter is cold, and there is much snow. The average temperature is 27° F.—lowest temperature, 3° below zero. After the beginning of March the snow begins to melt. During the day the thermometer usually stands above freezing point; rain and snow alternate, and by the end of the month the snow has disappeared; by the end of May it has almost entirely disappeared also from the mountain tops. The

summer is usually fairly cool, the average temperature 76° F. in the shade; the highest temperature in the sun is 100°—112° F. The rainfall is inconsiderable; the sky clear; evenings and nights cool. The range of temperature in the twenty-four hours is considerable. The mercury falls from 112° in the sun to 54°—60° at night. At the lower elevations, for instance, in the Valley of the Arax, the climate is milder. In winter the thermometer rarely stands so low as 23°. About Bayazid, in summer, the thermometer registers 135° in the sun.

The inhabitants of the Vilayet of Erzeroum are composed for the most part of three races—Turks, Khurds, and Armenians. The first are grouped mainly in the northern part of the province, the second in the southern portion, and the third in the south-eastern portion. The population of the province is 610,744 males (1,221,488 of both sexes), of these 427,712 are Mahometans and 183,042 Christians. "Judging from these figures, the composition of the population would appear to favour the maintenance of Mussulman power and the stability of their rule; on a nearer view, however, matters appear in a different light. The religious hatred which exists between the Sunites and the Shiites, which forms one of the elements of weakness of the Turkish empire, must be taken into account; also the fact that the Turkish government has not hitherto been able to bring into subjection the wandering Khurdish tribes, or to rely on their assistance; they therefore constitute an element always ready to turn on the side of the enemies of Turkey."

The Khurds (207,049 men), both in language and descent, are a distinct race, allied neither to Turks nor Tartars. Inhabiting the southern portion of Trans-Caucasia, the southern and south-eastern part of Anatolia, and the western part of Persia, they are divided into many tribes or

communities, ruled over by hereditary chiefs whose authority is by no means absolute. Some of the Khurds have acquired the rudiments of civil life, and occupy themselves with agriculture or handicraft, but the majority lead a wandering life, which has intense fascinations for them. In summer they roam over the mountains with their flocks and herds, and in winter retire to mud huts, built in deep valleys and ravines, where they vegetate until spring. Their ideas of religion are loose. They call themselves Mahometans of the sect of Omar, but of the tenets of Mahometanism they know little, and have only adopted some of the Mussulman ceremonies. They drink wine. Among the Khurds are Yezidies or Devil-worshippers, who profess an equal hatred for both Christians and Mussulmans.

The Khurds are described as a tall and warlike race, but untamed, and unfitted for regular soldiers; their armed force is composed exclusively of mounted men. In former wars the Khurds assisted the Russians, and although not much to be depended on, were found useful as scouts and guides.

Of the Turks (189,950 men) a Russian writer has naturally not much good to say. "The weak and apathetic character of the Turk has long been acknowledged. The Turks of the old school, who remember the past glories of the Turkish empire, display, in place of the warlike enthusiasm of their ancestors, a passive hatred of the Christian world, combined with an intense dislike of all change. The young Turks, who have acquired some rudiments of civilisation chiefly from European adventurers, have adopted all the vices of semi-civilisation. It must, however, be allowed that the Turks possess one merit—being the masters of subject races, they do not resort to shuffling and cringing, but act openly and above-board; their character is therefore free from

those blemishes which are characteristic of the oppressed—blemishes so deeply ingrained in the characters of the Armenians, Greeks, and Jews of Asia Minor.”

Armenians (157,583 men). The numbers of this race inhabiting Asiatic Turkey have diminished of late days. Since 1829 numbers are said to have emigrated to Russian territory. Their lot does not appear to be a pleasant one; they are oppressed by both Turks and Khurds. The population of Armenia is employed mainly in agriculture and tending cattle. The soil in places is extremely rich, returning crops of from fifty to a hundred-fold. The population have always abundance of wheat and barley in their granaries. “The produce of the country might be very much increased if a remedy were found for the unfavourable conditions in which the province is placed, viz., the want of a market, the insecurity of property, the heavy taxation, &c. At present 3,000,000 poods¹ of wheat, 2,000,000 poods of barley, 700,000 poods of rye are grown annually in the province. Besides this Armenia produces cotton, flax, hemp, tobacco, and wine, and in some parts rice and olives; added to this, during the greater part of the year there is excellent pasturage.” The country is not rich in wood, and a lack of fuel appears to be one of the drawbacks to its development; but coal has been found in Asia Minor. Sheep and cattle abound, but there is a lack of horses: the numbers are said to be—sheep, 3,000,000; goats, 1,000,000; horned cattle, 500,000; horses, 97,000.

The mineral wealth of Armenia is said to be great, but, with the exception of some salt works and stone-quarries, quite unworked. No attempt is made to work up raw material; the only factory in the province is one for making boots for the army. As regards the two principal fortresses, Erzeroum, situated about four miles

from the Euphrates, has a population of 60,000 inhabitants. It is a strongly fortified town, with a bastioned *enceinte*, a citadel, and detached forts flanking the approaches. The parapet of the fortress is of earth, from 25 to 30 feet thick; the ditch 77 feet broad, and from 20 to 24 feet deep. The citadel is of stone, in the centre of the town, and is used as a magazine and arsenal; it is not considered capable of making a prolonged defence against modern artillery. The Russians took Erzeroum in 1829, but it was then weakly fortified.

The fortifications of Kars, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, have been improved after each war between Russia and Turkey; they now consist of the old fortifications round the town (these are of little account), a citadel, and twelve detached outworks of strong profile, placed on well-selected sites round the town in a circle whose radius is about 3,000 yards. Kars is in fact an intrenched camp. It is divided into two parts by the Kars river.

It was not intended to burden this article with military details, but the following extract from the Petersburg paper of the 14th of this month (June) may interest non-military readers, as the situation is very clearly defined. The article is a long one and gives a detailed account of the fortifications round Kars; it concludes as follows:—

“Regarding the fortifications of the Kars intrenched camp, from the point of view of attack and defence, we come to the following conclusions—

“Its strong points are: 1. The favourable situation of the heights on which the works are placed, which command the surrounding country. 2. The mutual support afforded by the works to one another by artillery fire. 3. The rocky soil rendering siege and mining operations difficult.

“The weak points may be thus summed up:—

“1. The straggling nature of the defences caused by their being cut in

¹ A pood=fifty pounds English.

two by the deep ravine through which the Kars river flows, and the too great extension of the line of defence. 2. The absence of ditches to some of the works. 3. The difficulty of repairing damage to parapets, owing to the lack of earth. 4. the absence in some of the works of flanking defence for the ditches. 5. The insufficiency of shell-proof accommodation for men and stores. The barracks can accommodate some 3,000 men, and the magazines are not built to hold more than 50,000 poods of wheat, which is barely four weeks' allowance for the garrison. 6. The absence of water in most of the works and the difficulty of obtaining it from the Kars river. 8. The insecurity of the powder magazines from an enemy's fire. To this we may add the defence of Kars is rendered more difficult by the presence of a large civil population, who, in case of a blockade or a siege, will have to be fed from the garrison magazines."

Asiatic Turkey, as a field for military operations, is thus described:—"Regarded from a military point of view, that part of Asiatic Turkey which adjoins our frontier is by no means unfavourable for military operations; the population generally is not favourable to the Turkish rule; the resources of the country in corn, cattle, and pasturage are abundant, and there will be no lack of supplies if the inhabitants, finding they have nothing to fear from the army, remain in their villages and supply our troops on payment. The climate is healthy, and suited for the cantonment of troops if supplied with tents. The army can move along fairly spacious valleys in which they will generally find roads; the mountain passes, it is true, are difficult, and the country well suited for an obstinate defence. In conclusion," adds the *Russki Invalid*, "to capture Kars and Erzeroum we shall be compelled to exert our utmost efforts."

It is hoped that the above summary has given a fair idea of a portion of

Asiatic Turkey; it shows at any rate the careful way in which the Russian authorities have caused it to be examined before invading it. Should the invasion prove successful, and the Russians decide on retaining the province they have gained—we shall hear debated frequently enough the question—How will this affect England? The question is mainly a commercial one, and hinges on the significance of Russia's having a grip on the land and river communications between Europe and Central Asia, through Asia Minor and Syria.

The possession of Erzeroum will give her at once the main road to Persia from the Black Sea and the head waters of the Euphrates. More than forty years ago Captain Chesney, in his report on the navigation of the Euphrates, called attention to the importance of Erzeroum, and even then looked on the Russians at Tiflis as dangerous rivals to us in the markets of Central Asia. Diarbekir is distant from Erzeroum, as the crow flies, some 120 miles, and is connected with it by roads. From Diarbekir there is a road, which was traversed by Von Moltke in 1837, to Biredschik, the point at which the Euphrates becomes navigable, and the station selected by Chesney for his steamers. The road, it is true, passes through the Mesopotamian desert, and there is no reason to suppose at present that the Russians purpose pushing so far; and even should they do so—and, to go a step farther, should they place their steamers on the Euphrates, and open up the line from the Persian Gulf to the Syrian port of Scanderoon, through Aleppo, which Chesney considered quite feasible, and strongly urged on our Government—would this compromise our interests, or would it be a benefit to mankind? The point is one more for commercial men to decide on than for diplomatists or soldiers. This much is certain: it is a necessity of national existence that a country should take action when

her interests are deliberately menaced, and on the other hand there are few instances in history where a nation has been stayed in a career of conquest by anything except the application of brute force. The time, therefore, may come when England, either single-handed or backed up by other Powers, must bid Russia stop. Should a resort to arms be the result, the objects for which we shall fight will be remote from the capitals of both empires, and the war rather what may be termed one of "convenience."

The feelings on either side need not be very seriously engaged—at all events not with the savage intensity we may have to witness displayed in struggles between races whose mutual hatred has been rendered more bitter by their geographical proximity. Should a conflict unhappily become necessary, it is to be hoped that its result will not be a rooted antipathy between the English people and the Slav race, which of a certainty has a great future before it in the world.

A. H. WAYELL,
Major.

RAJAH BROOKE—THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS:

A POSTSCRIPT.

I FIND that I was mistaken in stating (*Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 212, p. 154) that negotiations for the transfer of Sarāwak to England had some years since been renewed by the present Raja. So much misunderstanding has arisen in relation to that country that I am anxious to correct my mistake as early as possible, and to state that the cession of Sarāwak to England or to any other power has never been the subject of any negotiations to which the present Raja was a party.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

RECENT DESIGNS FOR SHIPS OF WAR.

AN opinion may perhaps be entertained in many quarters that professional critics are alone competent to discuss the shipbuilding policy of the navy. A distinction should, however, be drawn between questions of constructive detail and questions of general policy. In regard to the former, experts alone can express a competent opinion: on the general question, common sense is no untrustworthy guide. The perplexity of the subject is increased by the unfortunate circumstance that the opinions of the experts themselves are often diametrically opposed; and, as the controversies that are raised are of the gravest national importance, it becomes necessary for the public to form for themselves an independent conclusion.

I take as an illustration the discussions on the expediency of retaining armour, and the relative power of the gun, the ram, and the torpedo. In the British navy there is an almost hopeless conflict of opinion. Captain Noel, the author of an essay, to which the prize of the United Service Institution was recently awarded by three distinguished admirals, dwells on the importance of avoiding excessive top-weight, and so securing a sufficient margin of stability to enable an ironclad to continue seaworthy, even though partially waterlogged from injuries received in action. He considers this point so important, that

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he recommends the abandonment of armour for the protection of the battery. An opposite view is expressed in an able letter which I have received from an admiral in a high command. The writer is of opinion that our men would have no chance in an unarmoured ship if they had to contend against heavy guns, protected by a turret, and therefore fired with confidence and precision.

The painful uncertainty in which we are placed in this country is, however, shared by every maritime power. Impressed with a conviction of the impracticability of resisting the fire of the heavy guns recently introduced, many naval authorities have advocated the abandonment of armour as a useless and costly encumbrance. In his able work, *La Marine Cuirassée*, published in 1873, M. Dislere, of the Constructor's Department of the French Navy, said, "The armoured sea-going cruiser is in our judgment an obsolete type." The predictions of M. Dislere are almost justified by the course of events in naval construction. The *Inflexible* is protected by 18-inch armour, and the Italian ironclad, the *Dandolo*, by 22-inch armour. When the progress of gunnery shall have rendered 22-inch armour insufficient, Messrs. Cammell undertake to roll plates of 30 or even 40 inches. "For the moment," as it was observed in an article on these vessels in the *Times*,

"the advantage seems to be in favour of armour; and yet a target, representing the strongest portion of the armour of the *Inflexible*, was penetrated at 1,800 metres by a Krupp gun."

While we find an eminent French authority announcing that armour will shortly be laid aside, Admiral Porter, in his report, published in December, 1875, said that the aim of the United States should be, in making changes, to resist the shot from the 12-inch 35-ton gun, which at 200 yards perforates 15 inches of solid wrought iron. He asked for twenty-four first-class ships; but such vessels would represent, in his opinion, no decided power for offence or defence, unless they carried sufficient thickness of armour to resist the average rifled gun, and had speed to get within striking distance of the enemy. "Wooden vessels," he observed, "add nothing to the fighting force, just as, in former days, engagements fought with frigates never materially affected the result of a war."

In his essay, published in the present year, entitled *La Guerre d'Escadre*, M. Dislere somewhat modifies the opinion he had previously expressed. He says, "The aim has been, with the mastless ironclads, to produce a ship-of-war unsinkable by the fire of the enemy, and capable of fighting its guns to the last. Everything has been sacrificed to that idea. Due regard has not been paid to the effect of the new weapons, the terrible effect of which was revealed during the American War of Secession, and at the battle of Lissa. Against the ram, and against the torpedo, the Colossus of the seas, of from ten to eleven thousand tons, loses the advantages so dearly purchased; and the ironclad ship, protected by armour of moderate thickness, resumes those advantages which, under a somewhat inconsiderate impulse of popular opinion, were too little appreciated."

The most competent authorities abroad are unanimous in the opinion that the first-class ironclads of the British navy are triumphs of naval architecture. Among the conspicuous

merits of our latest ships, we may mention their proved capability of keeping the sea in any weather, their abundant coal supply, and the powerful calibre of their artillery. It is not too much to say that, by the originality displayed in their design, and the skilful workmanship with which they have been constructed, the prestige of our country has been sustained, and, indeed, in a very high degree increased. If it were probable that the navy would be required to operate chiefly in ocean warfare, it might be the wiser course to continue to build ships of the *Inflexible* type, in preference to smaller vessels. But there is no immediate prospect of naval operations on the broad ocean. The principal maritime powers are directing their attention chiefly to warfare of another kind—to the attack and defence of forts and harbours; and for coast operations ocean-going ironclads are not adapted. In the United States, no new ironclads have been commenced since the close of the civil war. In his report for 1875, the Secretary of the United States Navy says, "Our circumstances do not require that we should take part in the rivalry between monster cannon and impenetrable armour, since few of our ports are accessible to vessels carrying either, and these may be better defended by attacking the vessel below her armour by sub-aqueous cannon and movable and stationary torpedoes." In Russia attention has of late been directed chiefly to the circular ironclads, the *Popoffkas*, which are intended solely for coast defence. In Germany it has been decided to lay down no more ironclads at present. In France the programme of shipbuilding was settled in 1872, when it was decided that sixteen first-class and twelve second-class ironclads should be built. Financial considerations have prevented the execution of these plans within the period of ten years, originally contemplated, and, while the delay has caused deep regret to many members of the French legislature, with others, that

regret has been tempered by the conviction that, in a period of such rapid transition, it was impossible to spend large sums on shipbuilding, with any confidence that the ships, when built, would represent the latest ideas of naval constructors.

In his essay, *La Marine d'Aujourd'hui*, Admiral de la Gravière asks, but does not answer, the question, What kind of squadron will the admirals of 1882 be called upon to command? He appears so much in doubt as to future transformations of *matériel*, that his attention seems to be mainly directed to the effectual training of the *personnel* of the fleet.

On examining our shipbuilding programme of the present session, one salient feature will be at once noted. With a single exception, that of an armoured torpedo vessel, all the armoured vessels proposed are of large tonnage. The list includes the following ships:—

Agamemnon	} each of	
New Agamemnon		8,492 tons.
Ajax	} 10,886 "	
Dreadnought		
Inflexible	} 11,406 "	
Nelson		
Northampton	} 7,323 "	
Shannon		
Teméraire	} 5,103 "	
Torpedo Ram		8,412 "

It cannot be doubted that all the ships under construction will prove formidable additions to the navy. It is not contended that the construction of first-class vessels of war should be continued; but it is a subject for regret that, whereas, according to the Navy Estimates of the present session, it is proposed to build only 8,000 tons of iron-clad shipping, we have so largely and rapidly increased the dimensions of individual vessels, that the whole shipbuilding of the year is only sufficient to produce a single ship, and that ship liable to instant destruction by weapons of a comparatively inexpensive nature, which can be multiplied therefore in almost overwhelming numbers. Moreover, while the dimensions have been carried to the

furthest possible point, there yet remain some unquestionable defects. The armament of our most recent iron-clads is unsatisfactory. Their guns; although of tremendous calibre, are too few in number. In the excitement of action we cannot rely on perfect accuracy of fire, even were the field of view unobstructed by the smoke, which must inevitably envelope the contending fleets. Of the uncertainty of artillery practice, no more striking proof could be produced than that which was quoted by Captain Price, in the course of the discussion on Captain Scott's lecture, delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, on the maritime defence of England. Captain Price stated that the only practical test as yet applied to our large guns, in respect to accuracy of aim, was made in 1870, when our three largest ships, the *Captain*, the *Monarch*, and the *Hercules* were sent out from Vigo Bay to fire at a rock, distant about 1000 yards. The day was almost absolutely calm. The rock was 600 feet long, and 60 feet high, that is to say twice as long and four times as high as a ship. The *Hercules*, armed with 18-ton guns, fired 17 shots, of which 10 hit. The *Captain*, armed with 25-ton guns, fired 11 shots, and made 4 hits. The *Monarch*, also armed with 25-ton guns, fired 12 shots, and made 9 hits. Captain Price, arguing from these data, agreed in the opinion, previously expressed by Captain Columb, that the *Monarch*, which, in six minutes from the time of opening fire, would have fired 12 shots, could only expect to hit a sister vessel at a distance of 1000 yards, from twice to fifteen times out of every 100 shots. He further remarked that "as the size of our gun increases, so we must expect the accuracy of the gun to decrease."

Captain Scott lays it down that the armament of a first-class fighting ship should not be less than one gun to every thousand tons displacement. The *Inflexible* has only one gun to every 2000 tons displacement, and her armament, being mounted in pairs in

two turrets, and loaded and trained by mechanism, a great portion of which is common to both guns, cannot be reckoned as having the same relative value as four independent guns. If a projectile were to penetrate a turret the pair of guns mounted therein would probably be disabled. Four guns, therefore, mounted in pairs, cannot be reckoned as equivalent to more than three guns mounted and worked independently. It is a weak point in the *Inflexible* class that they have no light armament with which to defend themselves against gunboats and torpedo vessels.

Again, the armour, in the latest designs, covers only a limited area of the sides of the ship; and the unprotected ends, even though filled with cork and coals, and subdivided into numerous cellular compartments, are alleged by Mr. Reed to be fraught with considerable danger to the armoured citadel. I am not competent to take any part in the controversy between Mr. Reed and Mr. Barnaby; but I venture to point to the present discussion as an argument of incontrovertible weight against the policy of building vessels of extreme dimensions and consequently excessive cost. If a new argument were needed, in order to show the desirability of distributing more widely the risks of naval war, and increasing the means of attack—objects which can be best attained by multiplying the number of our fighting ships—it would surely be found in the deplorable controversy which has arisen respecting the *Inflexible*. Having enlarged the dimensions of a single ship to 11,400 tons, and having expended upon its construction a sum which may be estimated at not less than half-a-million sterling, we have the mortification of hearing from a high authority that our enormous and costly ship is not fit to go into action.

There is reason to believe that other features in the most recent designs are not altogether satisfactory. The magazines are outside the citadel, with only a three-inch armoured deck over

them. The weakness of the bow for ramming is a still more serious consideration. "Suppose," as it has been suggested by a distinguished flag-officer, "a ship with unarmoured ends should be obliged to meet another, bow to bow, at full speed (a most likely occurrence); nothing could save her from immediate destruction, provided that her opponent were armoured, and therefore the stronger. If the *Devastation* or the *Dreadnought*, which are armoured round the bows, were to steer straight for the *Inflexible*, they would inevitably have the advantage over her weakly constructed bow. If the *Inflexible* were to endeavour to avoid the blow, she must expose her side to the enemy, which would be still more dangerous."

It is disappointing to be informed of the existence of so many defects in our most ingenious and costly ships; and the British public will probably be disposed to concur in the opinion expressed by Mr. King, of the United States navy, in his description of the *Inflexible*, quoted in the *Engineer* of June 22nd:—"Almost every conceivable precaution," he says, "has been taken to make her secure from the ram and the torpedo. If, however, she should be fairly struck by a solitary powerful fish-torpedo, it is quite possible that she would be crippled, water-logged, or possibly sunk." The question, therefore, presented to us is whether two vessels of smaller dimensions, each carrying two 81-ton guns, instead of four, would not have been a safer, and, in some respects, a better investment.

It was stated at the outset that it was not proposed to criticise the designs of our most recent ships of war, or to advocate any original views on naval architecture; but rather to ascertain the opinions of the most competent professional authorities, and to see how far the latest programme of shipbuilding was wisely framed for the purpose of carrying out their recommendations. The controversy as to the continued use of side armour

must naturally arouse the greatest anxiety in the country. It is said, that unless armour be strong enough to keep out shells, it is worse than useless : and armour, more or less impenetrable, even when limited to vital places, such as the water-line, the engine-room, and the boiler-space, involves a large addition to the cost, and an increase of dimensions, tending to diminish that mobility which is of the last importance.

In considering this subject, it is essential to bear in mind that the increase in the tonnage of our most recent ships has been rendered necessary by the weight of their armour : that armour is a protection against artillery fire alone ; and, that while the power of the guns may be indefinitely augmented, there is an inevitable limit to the thickness of armour. The argument against armour was very ably summed up by Sir William Armstrong, in his letter to Lord Dufferin, Chairman of the last Committee on Naval Designs, from which the following extract is taken :—

“The foregoing considerations as to the present effects and probable future of guns, projectiles, and torpedoes, lead me to the conclusion that no practicable thickness of armour can be expected to secure invulnerability for any considerable length of time. At present it is *only the most recent of our armour-clads that have any pretence to be considered invulnerable*. All the earlier vessels, when built, had just as much claim to be so regarded as the strongest ships of the present day ; yet they are now completely left behind, and are, in my opinion, much inferior to well-constructed, unarmoured ships. I venture to ask, what reason have we to suppose that the powers of attack will not continue quickly to overtake the increased powers of resistance, which we are applying at great increase of cost, and at great sacrifice of general efficiency ? Every addition to the weight carried for defence must be attended with a diminution of armament and of speed, unless the size of the ship be increased in a very rapid proportion. A continual addition, therefore, to the thickness of the armour involves either a continual reduction of offensive power, or such an increase in the size of the vessel and its consequent cost as must limit the production of sea-going ships of war to a number inadequate for constituting an efficient navy.”

It may be thought that Sir William

Armstrong, as an artillerist, would naturally be impressed with the irresistible power of guns against armour ; but when we turn to the official declarations of the constructors themselves, we find them substantially in accord with the view expressed in the foregoing extract. The papers relating to the design of the *Inflexible*, recently presented to Parliament, contain a well-balanced summary of the arguments for and against the continued use of armour :—

“We do not see that any increase in the penetrating power of guns can make it desirable to dispense with hull armour, merely because it is penetrable to some guns within certain ranges. It will always remain impenetrable to all guns beyond certain ranges, and to many guns at all ranges, and must therefore be advantageous as a means of security to the vital parts of the ship.

“The limit to its thickness is to be found, we think, in the size and cost of the ship.

“So far as we have gone at present, fourteen inches of armour have been found to be consistent with high-speed, perfect-turning power, and moderate draught of water. No one of these conditions imposes a limit ; but a single ship costs nearly half a million sterling, and it is exposed to many risks.

“The losses and casualties of a naval engagement would do much, there is no doubt, to bring out the imminence of these risks, would perhaps show that the large and costly ship is even more exposed to them than the smaller one.

“It may be that the limit of size and cost has been reached in the *Fury*, and that, with her bulk and cost, the maximum of advantages may be obtained.

“We are ourselves disposed to think that this is so, and that there may be retrogression in this respect as more experience is gained with the powers of the torpedo, the ram, and other submarine instruments of attack.”

Let us now refer to another official statement, emanating from the Council of Construction at Whitehall. On the 6th of April of last year, Mr. Barnaby read a paper at the Institute of Naval Architects, in which the relative merits of very large ships, as compared with vessels of more moderate dimensions, were ably discussed. “The attack,” he said, “of several fast unarmoured rams and torpedo-boats upon a somewhat slower armoured ship, although involving the

probable destruction of some of the attacking vessels, would still expose the armoured ship to a risk which she ought never to encounter alone. The assailants ought to be brought to bay, before they could get within striking distance of the ironclad, by consorts, armed, like the attacking vessels, with the ram and the torpedo, which may take, like them, the chances of being sunk. In other words, I contend that the defence against the ram and the torpedo must be sought for, not in the construction of the ship alone or mainly, but also and chiefly in the proper grouping of the forces at the points of attack. Each costly ironclad ought to be a division defended against the torpedo and the ram by smaller numerous but less important parts of the general forces. If the foregoing considerations are correct, there is still place in naval warfare for costly ironclads with thick armour and powerful guns. There is place also for association with them of unarmoured vessels armed with the torpedo and manned by brave men."

There was present among Mr. Barnaby's audience the ex-Controller of the Navy, Sir Spencer Robinson. In the course of the discussion on the paper just quoted, he gave his full approval to the proposal to provide a supplementary flotilla as necessary auxiliaries to a fleet of ironclads. "No suggestion," he said, "more valuable for the purposes of war has been made by any person within my knowledge than the able suggestion of Mr. Barnaby, that the true mode of defending our heavy ironclads from these attacks is by the counter-attack of torpedoes and rams. No fleet, therefore, can be considered a fleet, and, in my humble opinion, no ship like the *Inflexible* can be considered a ship of war, unless provided with attendant rams and torpedoes to meet those attacks to which she is sure to be subjected. I am quite satisfied also that Mr. Barnaby has hit upon the right plan of defending such ships from the attacks of torpedoes. It is

by counter-attack that you must succeed, and not by piling mountains of iron upon the sides of your ships."

Though not a naval architect, Sir Samuel Baker has won a high reputation among his countrymen for distinguished success in another field of effort. Having directed his attention as an outsider to the subject of the present paper, he arrived at a conclusion almost identical with that expressed by Mr. Barnaby. Sir Samuel Baker's views were set forth in a letter to Mr. E. J. Reed, and were rightly deemed so sound a contribution to the discussion, that they were published as a note to Mr. Reed's speech, in the transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects. They were to the following effect:—

"Accepting, as a matter of course, that the comparatively short handy ironclad must be the fighting giant of the present and future, instead of the long ships of the *Minotaur* class, it appears to me that every ironclad should possess two tenders that would absolutely be inseparable attendants. These tenders should be wooden vessels, with an immense speed, fitted as rams—tonnage about 2,500.

"Each accepted ironclad of the navy would thus be accompanied by two fast handy rams, which would never leave her, but would belong to her as entirely as the horses do to the field-gun.

"These rams would, in action, wait upon the ironclads. Each ram-tender would be provided with two torpedo steam-launches—thus in smooth weather a single ironclad (carrying herself two torpedo launches), would exhibit force as follows:—

- 1 Ironclad,
- 2 Rams,
- 6 Torpedo launches."

The advice of officers who have been engaged on active service will naturally be received with special deference. At the close of the civil war, the Secretary of the United States Navy invited each of the flag-officers of the fleet to prepare a report on the types of ships, which they considered it desirable to introduce into the American service. Several very interesting and valuable statements were submitted, among which I would more particularly refer to a paper by Admiral Goldsborough, which shows

a degree of wisdom and forethought far in advance of the time when it was produced. Writing in 1861, he says:—

“A marked pause must occur in the progress of ordnance before a fixed or definite conclusion can be reached as to the relative immunity obtainable by iron plates. Absolute immunity is out of the question.

“That progress has already produced the effect of restricting their application, in the case of sea-going vessels, to the more vitally exposed parts; and it is quite possible that it may finally establish the conviction that such plating for such vessels is really of no marked consequence.

“In the meantime the tendency of its effects must be to impress the value of rams.

“The protection of harbours nowadays does not lie in forts; it lies essentially in powerful steam-rams, aided, when necessary, by obstructions in passage-ways.

“Rams, intended purely for harbour defence, would be better without than with guns. They themselves are to be the projectiles, and the steam the powder.

“To fit the rams for guns would be to swell the item of cost largely, and thus abridge their multiplication.

“The essential points to be secured in these rams, each to a degree as consistently with all the rest as practicable, are great strength throughout every part of the hull, not overlooking the bottom by any manner of means; every protection that supportable plating can afford, a high velocity, an ample security of machinery, the utmost rapidity in turning, and a suitable bow.”

The next great action, after the close of the civil war in America, was fought at Lissa. What did the officers in command give as the result of their tragical experiences on that occasion? Their views were quoted by Captain Scott in his lecture (to which reference has already been made) delivered last year at the Royal United Service Institution. “The ram,” he said, “has been aptly termed the ‘naval bayonet,’ and is a weapon which, if handled with skill and pluck, will prove invincible. Its special fitness for British sailors was referred to in my last lecture, and the Chief of the Naval Constructive Department of the nation which used it with such effect off Lissa says of this weapon—when speaking of the reconstruction of three vessels of the Austrian Navy at the cost of one iron-clad—‘That we, as the result of this

cheap conversion, now possess three rams, the most dangerous and secure weapons, I consider, and compared with which, the action and effect of the aggressive torpedo is, in my opinion, doubtful and insecure, and may easily endanger the ships of its own fleet.’”

Admiral Persano's memorandum on the battle of Lissa, also quoted by Captain Scott, would seem to imply that the experiences of the engagement had made the same impression on the vanquished as upon the victors. “As encounters between iron-clads will,” he said, “be decided rather by the ram than by the fire of artillery, that fleet would undoubtedly win the battle which had the greatest number of ships fitted with double screws.”

Turning to the French Navy, we find that Admiral Jurien de la Gravière predicts that “ships will fight in the future with the rams alone. The captains will not dare to open fire, lest their view of the enemy should be obscured by the smoke from their own guns. When the two fleets have passed through one another, they will turn and renew the attack. In the execution of this manœuvre the slowest ships will expose their broadsides to the enemy, and will inevitably be destroyed by the ram.” Armour is valuable only as a protection against the fire of artillery; and the ram and the torpedo are now regarded by the highest naval authorities abroad as their most formidable weapons.

M. Dislere, in his latest publication, expresses an opinion that the difficulties in the use of the torpedo in action are not as yet surmounted. “But this fact,” he says, “only lends the greater importance to the ram, and renders it the more necessary to reduce as much as possible the dimensions and the displacements of our fighting ships.”

While the efficiency of the ram was signally manifested in the action off Lissa, the destructive powers of the torpedo have been exhibited on a very recent occasion in the terrible destruction of a Turkish monitor on

the Danube. In the United States great attention has been given to torpedo warfare. All the ships of the American Navy are provided with the spar torpedo, and efforts are continually being directed to the production of an efficient automatic sub-aqueous torpedo. The chances of attack by means of unarmoured steam launches have also been considered; and on this subject the views of the majority of naval officers are contained in an article in the *United States Army and Navy Journal* of June 2nd, from which the following is an extract:—

"The steam launch is by no means so terrible an invention as is supposed. A single discharge of grape from a ship, attacked by the Thomeycroft launch, will destroy and almost instantly sink this supposed irresistible iron-clad destroyer.

"Vessels intended to carry torpedoes to be exploded against ships armed with guns are practically worthless, unless capable of resisting shot.

"But, against an assailant possessing a torpedo boat with a flush impregnable deck and movable submerged torpedo, as described in our last issue, neither grape nor rifle shot will avail; the vessel attacked, whether a little monitor or a first-class ironclad ship, will certainly be destroyed, unless the position and other circumstances admit of rapid retreat."

In the Navy estimates for the current year provision is made for commencing the construction of a vessel of the type recommended in the American journal. It cannot be doubted that such vessels would prove extremely formidable in action.

The recent encounter between H.M.S. *Shah* and *Amethyst* and the Peruvian ironclad ship *Huascar* is full of interest, in relation to the question of retaining armour for the protection of ships of war. The results of the combat are obviously in favour of the retention of armour. Though the *Huascar* was struck 100 times, only one 9-inch shot penetrated three inches into the turret, and that without doing any material damage. The engagement was fought at distances varying from 200 to 3,000 yards, and lasted three hours. As the plates of the *Huascar* were only $4\frac{1}{2}$

inches in thickness, the armour would easily have been penetrated by the *Shah's* 9-inch and 7-inch guns, provided that the shot had struck at right angles. The experiences of the action show how rarely this is likely to occur in practice, and how immensely the power of destruction is reduced when the armour is struck obliquely.

The lessons to be learned from the engagement between the *Shah* and *Huascar* will doubtless be appreciated by the constructors at Whitehall. They will probably adopt in the future the system of inclined armour, so ably advocated by the editors of the *Engineer*. In an article which appeared in that paper on the 14th April, 1876, it was shown that, if the armour were inclined upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, a thickness of 12 inches would be sufficient to resist even the 81-ton gun, whereas, with armour on the vertical system, twice the thickness would be required. It was further shown that by the reduction in the breadth of the armoured deck over the central citadel, the top-weight would be considerably reduced, and that the armour protection on the sides of the ship might be proportionately extended. By the adoption of inclined armour a larger reserve of stability may be secured, and so the objections which have been raised by Mr. Reed to the *Inflexible* may be removed in future designs.

In conclusion, a few suggestions may be offered as to the shipbuilding policy most suitable for a period of rapid transition in the modes of naval war and naval architecture. It is not necessary to spend a larger sum than at present, nor is it proposed that the construction of ships of the best type for ocean warfare should be discontinued. It must be admitted by every English statesman that, so long as we retain our colonial empire, we must maintain a fleet, on which we can rely to guard our communications across the seas. It does not follow that any ships destined for this service need exceed a displacement of 8000 tons,

which is less by one-third than the tonnage of the *Inflexible*. With a view to a reduction of dimensions, it would probably be the wiser course to aim at making our ships unsinkable rather than impenetrable, to increase the strength of the structure below the water, and to diminish the armoured protection of the guns. If the guns should be disabled, the ram could still be relied upon, provided the vitals of the ship remained intact. The most recent experiences with the ram and the torpedo point distinctly to the importance of numbers, to the unwisdom of placing too many eggs in one basket, and to the expediency of distributing the inevitable risks of naval warfare, by sending forth fleets, not only strong in the power of the individual ships of which they are composed, but strong in regard to numbers. To this view Mr. Reed himself has given his sanction in a recent debate in Parliament, when he said that the increased efficiency of the torpedo made smaller vessels desirable. It is most unwise to spend all the money devoted to the construction of vessels for the line of battle in building ships of the *Inflexible* or *Agamemnon* type. Let us appropriate one-third or one-half from the vote for armoured ships to vessels, let us say, not exceeding from 2,000 to 3,000 tons. With these restricted dimensions we cannot have all the qualities which it has been attempted to combine in the *Inflexible*, but we can have vessels formidable either with the gun, the ram, or the torpedo; and, in proportion as we add to the number of our ships by reducing the dimensions of individual vessels, so the loss to a fleet of any single ship, disabled or destroyed in action, will be less disastrous.

The administration of the navy must never be degraded into a party or personal question. We are all united in one common object—that of creating and maintaining a powerful navy. The supplies necessary for such a purpose will always be cheerfully granted. The question we have to

consider is whether the money voted for the navy is effectively applied to the great national object in view.

The development of the means of defence has not kept, and cannot keep, pace with the increasing power of offensive naval weapons. Should it not therefore be the policy of our naval administration to expend a larger proportion of the ample resources at their disposal in so multiplying their means of attack, that no hostile fleet will venture to expose itself to inevitable destruction by engaging a British squadron?

At the present moment the controversy as to the stability of the *Inflexible* has aroused a painful feeling of anxiety. The Government have been well advised in appointing a committee of inquiry, composed of men eminent for their scientific attainments, and holding independent professional positions. Neither Parliament nor the country would have been satisfied with an expression of confidence, emanating from Whitehall, and unsupported by other professional testimony. The controversy which has been raised is unprecedented in its character. A difference of opinion has been expressed between two authorities of exactly equal rank. The one has been, and other is, the Chief Constructor of the Navy. They differ on a question of fact, which can only be exhaustively investigated and decided by men of competent scientific attainments. It was merely throwing dust in the eyes of members of Parliament unskilled in the science of naval architecture to invite them to inspect a model, which might or might not be an exact model, and to observe the behaviour of that model in a trough, under conditions, which might or might not represent the conditions to which the ship would be exposed in action, or in navigating the seas.

An objection may be entertained in some quarters to the appointment of a committee or a commission, to consider the designs of our ships of war. It

may be thought that the Admiralty are thereby relieved of that responsibility, which ought not to be shared with any other co-ordinate authority. It must, however, be acknowledged that at the present time the shipbuilding problem presents difficulties quite unparalleled in the previous history of the navy. I gladly acknowledge that the present Naval Lords, if they were not in office, would constitute a most able commission. But my fear is that, at the present moment, they have no leisure to investigate new problems of armament, tactics, and construction. Mr. Samuda, in seconding a motion introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Seeley in 1868 said—as I think, truly—that when a great policy had been inaugurated, he could well understand that a department of the State might efficiently carry it out; but it was unlikely that such a policy could be initiated by a Government department. The State, by appointing a commission of inquiry, would obtain the assistance of men of the greatest ability, experience, and knowledge in the kingdom, who would freely give evidence. Similar views were expressed, though with becoming official reserve, in the same debate by Mr. Childers. He wished for some plan which, without diminishing the responsibility of the constructive department of the Admiralty, would give it the advantage of a certain amount of scientific investigation and advice.

Investigations such as that proposed in the case of the *Inflexible* can scarcely fail to do good. The public is supplied with the latest information on the condition of the *matériel* of the navy, and the Admiralty may receive novel and valuable hints for the improvement of the fleet.

THOMAS BRASSEY.

N.B.—The first intelligence of the engagement between the *Shah*, the *Amethyst*, and the *Huascar*, had not

reached this country when the foregoing pages were written. Even now official information is wanting. What we already know, however, is sufficient to prove that evolutionary qualities are of the highest importance, that deep draught is a serious disadvantage, and that a mixed armament, including an adequate proportion of armour-piercing guns, is necessary to constitute an efficient vessel of war. It has been said that an encounter between an unarmoured and an armoured vessel is so unequal that an officer in command of an unarmoured ship would always be justified in declining an engagement; but, while the British navy continues to be animated by its ancient spirit, a commander will never decline an action so long as his vessel remains afloat. When we take into view the expenditure on the unarmoured *Shah*, and the circumstance that she was manned by a crew of 600 men, it is unsatisfactory in the highest degree to know how unequal was the battle between the British flagship and the Peruvian ironclad. If we give up armour, let us at least secure a compensation in superiority of numbers. It may not be worth while for the protection of commerce to construct ships so costly as the smallest armoured cruiser must needs be; but, if we do abandon armour, let us be content with a vessel of moderate tonnage, of the *Alabama* type. By so doing, we shall construct three or four unarmoured vessels for the price of one *Shah*, and, by combining squadrons of small vessels in battle against one larger antagonist, we can compensate for inferiority of armour and guns by superiority in that formidable weapon, the ram. If, instead of one *Shah*, Admiral de Horsey had had three or four rams under his command, he would probably have sunk or captured the *Huascar*.

T. B.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOME.

It was still early, and Stanton, so easygoing and leisurely a house, was not yet astir when Geoff got home. Hours of sunshine and morning light are over even in August before seven o'clock, which was the earliest hour at which Lady Stanton's servants, who were all "so kind" to her, began to stir. They kept earlier hours at Penninghame, where Geoff managed to get a dog-cart, with an inquisitive driver, who recognised, and would fain have discovered what brought him from home at that hour. The young man, however, first took leave of his little companion, whom he deposited safely at the door of the old hall, which was already open, and where they parted with mutual vows of reliance and faith in each other. These vows, however, were not exchanged by the hall-gate, but in a shady corner of the chase, where the two young creatures paused for a moment.

"You will trust me that I will do everything for him, as if he had been my own father?" said Geoff, eagerly.

Lilias was less easily contented, as was natural, and replied with some hesitation:

"I would rather it was me; I would rather find out everything, and bring him home," she said.

"But Lily, what could you do? while you see I know a great deal already," Geoff said. It was a bargain not altogether satisfactory to the little woman, who was thus condemned, as so many grown women have been, to wait indefinitely for the action of another, in a matter so deeply interesting to herself.

Lilias looked at him wistfully, with

an anxious curve over her eyebrows, and a quiver in her mouth. The tension of suspense had begun for her, which is one of the hardest burdens of a woman. Oh, if she could but have gone herself, not waiting for any one, to the old woman on the hill! It was true the mountains were very lonely, and the relief of meeting Geoff had been intense; and though she had not gone half way, or nearly so much, her limbs were aching with the unusual distance; but yet to be tired, and lonely, and frightened is nothing, as Lilias felt, to this waiting, which might never come to an end. And already the ease and comfort and sudden relief with which she had leant upon Geoff's understanding and sympathy had evaporated a little, leaving behind only the strange story about her father, the sudden discovery of trouble and sorrow which had startled her almost into womanhood out of childhood. She looked up into Geoff's face very wistfully—very eagerly; her eyes dilated, and gleaming with that curve over them which once indented in young brows so seldom altogether disappears again.

"Oh, Mr. Geoff!" she said, "but papa—is not your papa: and you will perhaps have other things to do: or—perhaps—you will forget. But me, I shall be always thinking. I will never forget," said the little girl.

"And neither will I forget, my little Lily!" he cried. He too was nervous and tremulous with excitement and fatigue. He stooped towards her, holding her hands. "Give me a kiss, Lily, and I will never forget."

The day before she would not have thought much of that infantile salutation—and she put up her soft cheek readily enough, with the child's simple habit; but when the two faces touched, a flood of colour came over both,

scorching Lillas, as it seemed, with a sense of shame which bewildered her, which she did not understand. She drew back hastily, with a sudden cry. Sympathy, or some other feeling still more subtle and incomprehensible, made Geoff's young countenance flame too. He looked at her with a tenderness that brought the tears to his eyes.

"You are only a child," he said, hastily, apologetically; "and I suppose I am not much more, as people say," he added, with a little broken laugh. Then, after a pause—"But Lily, we will never forget that we have met this morning; and what one of us does will be for both of us; and you will always think of me as I shall always think of you. Is it a bargain, Lily?"

"Always!" said the little girl, very solemnly; and she gave him her hand again which she had drawn away, and her other cheek; and this time the kiss got accomplished solemnly, as if it had been a religious ceremony on both sides—which indeed, perhaps, in one way or another it was.

When Geoff felt himself carried rapidly after this, behind a fresh country horse, with the inquisitive ruddy countenance of Robert Gill from the "Penninghame Arms" by his side, along the margin of Penninghame Water towards his home, there was a thrill and tremor in him which he could not quite account for. By the time he had got half way home, however, he had begun to believe that the tremor meant nothing more than a nervous uncertainty as to how he should get into Stanton, and in what state of abject terror he might find his mother. Even to his own unsophisticated mind, the idea of being out all night had an alarming and disreputable sound; and probably Lady Stanton had been devoured by all manner of terrors. The perfectly calm aspect of the house, however, comforted Geoff; no one seemed stirring, except in the lower regions of the house, where the humblest of its

inhabitants—the servants' servants—were preparing for their superiors.

Geoff dismissed his dog-cart outside the gates, leaving upon the mind of Robert Gill a very strong certainty that the young lord was "a wild one, like them that went before him," and had been upon "no good gait."

"Folks don't stay out all night, and creep into th' house through a side door, as quiet as pussy, for good," said the rural sage, with perfect reasonableness.

As for Geoff, he stole up through the shrubberies to reconnoitre the house and see where he could most easily make an entrance, with a half-comic sense of vagabondism; a man who behaved so ought to be guilty. But he was greatly surprised to see the library window through which he had come out on the previous night wide open; and yet more surprised to hear, at the sound of his own cautious footstep on the gravel, a still more cautious movement within, and to descry the kindly countenance of Mr. Tritton, his tutor, with a red nose and red eyes as from want of sleep, looking out with great precaution.

Mr. Tritton's anxious countenance lighted up at sight of him. He came to the window very softly, but with great eagerness, to admit Geoff, and threw himself upon his pupil. "Where have you been—where have you been? But thank God you have come back," he cried, in a voice which was broken by agitation.

Geoff could not but laugh, serious as he had been before. Good Mr. Tritton had a dressing-gown thrown over his evening toilet of the previous night; his white tie was all rumpled and disreputable. He had caught a cold, poor good man, with the open window, and sneezed even as he received his prodigal; his nose was red, and so were his eyes, which watered half with cold, half with emotion.

"Oh, my dear Geoff," he cried, with a shiver: "what is the cause of this? I have spent a most unhappy night. What can be the cause of it? But

thank God you have come back ; and if I can keep it from the knowledge of her ladyship, I will." Then, though he was so tired and so serious, Geoff could not but laugh.

"Have you been sitting up for me ? How good of you ! and what a cold you have got !" he said, struggling between mirth and gratitude. "Have you kept it from my mother ? But I have been doing no harm, master. You need not look at me so anxiously. I have been walking almost all the night, and doing no harm."

"My dear Geoff ! I have been very uneasy, of course. You never did anything of the kind before. Walking all night ! you must be dead tired ; but that is secondary, quite secondary : if you can really assure me, on your honour——" said the anxious tutor, looking at him, with his little white whiskers framing his little red face, more like a good little old woman than ever, and with a look of the most anxious scrutiny in his watery eyes. Mr. Tritton was very virtuous and very particular in his own bachelorlorly person, and there had crept upon him besides something of the feminine fervour of anxiety about his charge, which was in the air of this feminine and motherly house.

"On my honour !" said Geoff, meeting his gaze with laughing eyes.

And a pang of relief filled Mr. Tritton's mind. He was almost overcome by it, and could have cried but for his dignity—and, indeed, did cry for his cold. He said, faltering, "Thank Heaven, Geoff ! I have been very anxious, my dear boy. Your mother does not know anything about it. I found the window open, and then I found your room vacant. I thought you might have—stepped out—perhaps gone to smoke a cigar. A cigar in the fresh air after dinner is perhaps the least objectionable form of the indulgence, as you have often heard me say. So I waited, especially as I had something to say to you. Then, as I found you did not come in, I became anxious—yes, very anxious as the night went

on. You never did anything of the kind before ; and when the morning came and woke me—for I suppose I must have dozed, though I was too miserable to sleep, in a draught——"

"Yes, I see, you have caught cold. Go to bed now, master, and so shall I," said Geoff. "I am dead tired. What a sneeze ! and all on my account ; and you have such bad colds."

"Yes," said Mr. Tritton, blowing his nose vehemently, "I have very bad colds. They last so long. I have sneezed so I really did fear the house would be roused, but servants fortunately sleep through anything. Geoff ! I don't want to force confidence, but it really would be right that you should confide in me : otherwise how can I be sure that her ladyship—ought not," said the good man with a fresh sneeze, "to know— ?"

"You ought to be in bed, and so ought I," said Geoff. "I will tell my mother, don't fear ; but perhaps it will be as well not to say anything more just at present. Master, you must really go this moment and take care of yourself. Come, and I will see you to your room——"

"Ah ! it is my part to look after you, Geoff," said good Mr. Tritton. "It might be supposed—her ladyship might think—that I had neglected——"

"Come along," said Geoff, arbitrarily, "to bed." And how glad he was to stretch out his own young limbs, and forget everything in the profound sleep of his age : Mr. Tritton had very much the worst of it. He did nothing but sneeze for the next two hours, waking himself up every time he went to sleep ; and his head ached, and his eyes watered, and the good man felt thoroughly wretched.

"Oh, there is that poor Mr. Tritton with one of his bad colds again," Lady Stanton said, who was disturbed by the sound, and, though she was a good woman, the pity in her face was not unmixed by other sentiments. "We shall have nothing but sneezing for the next month," she said to herself in an undertone. And doubtless still less

favourable judgments were pronounced down stairs. A glass was found on the table of the library in which Mr. Tritton, good man, had taken some camphor by way of staving off his cold while he sat and watched. Benson the butler, perversely and unkindly (for who could mistake the smell of camphor ?) declared that "old Tritton had been making a night of it. He don't surprise me with his bad colds," said that functionary ; "look at the colour of his nose !" And indeed it could not be denied that this was red, as the nose of a man subject to fits of sneezing is apt to be.

When Geoff woke in the broad sunshine, and found that it was nearly noon, his first feeling of consternation was soon lost in the strange realization of all that had happened since his last waking, which suddenly came upon his mind like something new, and more real than before. The perspective even of a few hours' sleep makes any new fact or discovery more distinct. So many emotions had followed each other through his mind, that such an interval was necessary to make him feel the real importance of all that he had heard and seen. 'Elizabeth Bampfylde had said what there was to say in few words, but the facts alone were sufficient to tell the strange story. The chief difficulty was that Geoff had never heard of the elder son, whom the vagrant called his gentleman brother, and to whom the family and more than the family seemed to have been sacrificed. He did not remember any mention of the Bampfylde except of the mother and daughter who had helped John Musgrave to escape, and one of whom had disappeared with him, and the mystery which surrounded this other individual, who seemed really the chief actor in the tragedy, had yet to be made out. His mind was full of this as he dressed hastily, with sundry interruptions. The household had not quite made out the events of the past night, but that there had been something "out of the common" was evident to the meanest capacity. The library

window had been open all night, which was the fault of Mr. Tritton who had undertaken to close it, begging Benson to go to bed, and not to mind. Mr. Tritton himself had been seen by an early scullion in his white tie, very much ruffled, at six o'clock ; and the volleys of sneezing which had disturbed the house at seven, had been distinctly heard moving about like musketry on a march, now at one point, now another of the corridor and stairs. To crown all these strange commotions, was the fact that the young master of the house, instead of obeying Benson's call at half-past seven, did not budge (and then with reluctance) till eleven o'clock. If all these occurrences meant nothing, why then Mr. Benson pronounced himself a Dutchman, and the wonder breathed upwards from the kitchen and housekeeper's room to my lady's chamber, where her maid did all a maid could do (and that is not little, as most heads of a family know) to awaken suspicion. It was suggested to her ladyship that it was very strange that Mr. Tritton should have been walking about the house at seven in the morning, waking up my lady with his sneezings—and it was a mercy there had not been a robbery with the library window "open to the ground," left open all night ; and then for my lord to be in bed at eleven was a thing that had never happened before since his lordship had the measles. "I hope he is not sickening for one of these fevers," Lady Stanton's attendant said.

This made Geoff's mother start, and give a suppressed scream of apprehension, and inquire anxiously whether there was any fever about. She had already in her cool drawing-room, over her needlework, felt a vague uneasiness. Geoff had never, since those days of the measles, missed breakfast and prayers before ; he had sent her word that he had overslept himself, that he had been sitting up late on the previous night—but altogether it was odd. Lady Stanton, however, subdued her panic, and sat still and dismissed her maid,

waiting with many tremors in her soul till Geoff should come to account for himself. He had been the best boy in the world, and had never given her any anxiety; but all Lady Stanton's neighbours had predicted the coming of a time when Geoff would "break out," and when the goodness of his earlier days would but increase the riot of the inevitable sowing of wild oats. Lady Stanton had smiled at this, but with a smouldering sense of insecurity in her heart; alarmed, though she knew there was no cause. Mothers are an order of beings peculiarly constituted, full of certainties and doubts, which moment by moment give each other the lie. Ah, no, Geoff would not "break out," would not "go wrong," it was not in him. He was too true, too honourable, too pure—did not she know every thought in his mind, and feeling in his heart? But oh, the anguish if Geoff should not be so true and so pure—if he should be weak, be tempted and fall, and stain the whiteness which his mother so deeply trusted in, yet so trembled for! Who can understand such paradoxes? She would have believed no harm of her boy—and yet in her horror of harm for him the very name of evil gave her a panic. Nothing wonderful in that. She sat and trembled to the very tyings of her shoe, and yet was sure, certain, ready to answer to the whole world for her son, who had done no evil. Other women who have sons know what Lady Stanton felt. She sat nervously still, listening to every sound, till he should come and explain himself. Why was he so late? What had happened last night to make the house uneasy? Lady Stanton would not allow herself to think that she was alarmed. It was true that pulses beat in her ears, and her heart mounted to her throat, but she sat as still as a statue, and went on with her knitting. One may not be able to help being foolish, but one can always help showing it, she said to herself.

The sight of Geoff when he appeared, fresh and blooming, made all the

throbbings subside at once. She even made a fine effort to laugh. "What does this mean, Geoff? I never knew you so late. The servants have been trying to frighten me, and I hear Mr. Tritton has got a very bad cold," she said, getting the words out hurriedly, afraid lest she might break down or betray herself. She eyed him very curiously over her knitting, but she made believe not to be looking at him at all.

"Yes; poor old Tritton," he said; "it is my fault; he sat up for me. I went out—" he made a little pause; for Geoff reflected that other people's secrets were not his to confide, even to his mother—"with Wild Bampfylde, who came, I suppose, out of gratitude for what little I did for him."

"You went out—with that poacher fellow, Geoff?"

"Yes:" he nodded, meeting her horrified eyes quite calmly and with a smile; "why not, mother? You did not think I should be afraid of him, I hope?"

"Oh, how very imprudent, Geoff! You, whose life is of so much value!—who are so very important to me and everybody!"

"Most fellows are important who have mothers to make a fuss," he said, smiling. "I don't think there is much more in me than the rest. But he has not harmed me much, you can see. I have all my limbs as usual; I am none the worse."

"Thank God for that!" said Lady Stanton; "but you must not do the like again. Indeed, indeed, Geoff, you are too bold; you must not put yourself in the way of trouble. Think of your poor brother. Oh, my dear, what an example! You must not be so rash again."

"I will not be rash—in that way," he said. "But, mother, I want you to tell me something. You remember all about it: did you ever know of any more Bampfyldes? There was the mother, and this fellow. Did you ever know of any other?"

"You are missing out the chief one, Geoff—Lily, the girl."

"Yes, yes; I know about her. I did not mean the girl. But think! Were those three all? Were there more—another——?"

Lady Stanton shook her head. "I do not remember any other. I think three were quite enough. There is mischief in one, even, of that kind."

"What do you mean by that kind? You did not know them. I hope my mother is not one of the kind who, not knowing people, are unjust to them."

"Geoff!" Lady Stanton was bewildered by this grand tone. She looked up at him with sudden curiosity, and this curiosity was mixed inevitably with some anxiety too; for, when your son betrays an unjustifiable partisanship, what so natural as to feel that he must have "some motive?" "Of course I did not mean to be unjust. But I do not pretend to remember everything that came out on the trial. It was the mother and daughter that interested me. You should ask your cousin Mary; she recollects better than I do. But have you heard anything about another? What did the poacher say? Had you a great deal of conversation with him? And don't you think it was rash to put yourself in the power of such a lawless sort of fellow? Thank God! you are safe and sound."

"What do you mean about putting myself in his power? Do you think I am not a match for him? He is not such a giant, mother. Yes, I am quite safe and sound. And we had a great deal of talk. I never met with anybody so interesting. He talked about everything; chiefly about 'the creatures,' as he calls them."

"What creatures?" said Lady Stanton, wondering and alarmed. There were "creatures" in the world, this innocent lady knew, about whom a vagabond was very likely to talk, but who could not be mentioned between her and her boy.

"The wild things in the woods,

birds and mice, and such small deer, and all their ways, and what they mean, and how to make acquaintance with them. I don't suppose he knows very much out of books," said young Geoff; "but the bit of dark moor grew quite different with that wild fellow in it—like the hill in the *Lady of the Lake*, when all Clan Alpine got up from behind the rocks and the bushes. Don't you remember, mother? One could hear 'the creatures' rustling and moving, and multitudes of living things one never gave a thought to. It felt like poetry, too, though I don't know any poem like it. It was very strange and interesting. That pleases me more than your clever people," said Geoff.

"Oh, my dear, I beg your pardon," said Lady Stanton, suddenly getting up and kissing her boy's cheek as she passed him. She went away to hide the penitence in her eyes. As for Geoff, he took this very easily and simply. He thought it was natural she should apologize to Bampfylde for not thinking well of him. He had not a notion of the shame of evil-thinking thus brought home to her, which scorched Lady Stanton's cheeks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUSIN MARY'S OPINION.

GEOFF spent the remainder of this day at home, looking once more over the file of old newspapers in which the Musgrave case was printed at such length, the *Times* and the local papers, with all their little diversities of evidence, one supplementing another; but he could not make out any reference at all distinct to a third person in the story. The two suitors of the village beauty, one of whom she preferred in feeling, though the second of them had evidently made her waver in her allegiance by the attractions of his superior rank and wealth, were enough to fill up the canvas. They were so naturally and appropriately pitted against each other, that neither the curiosity of the period nor the art

of the story-teller required any additional actor in the little tragedy. What more natural than that these two rivals should meet—should go from angry words to blows—and that, in the frenzy of the moment, one should give to the other the fatal but unpremeditated stroke which made an end of his rivalry and his life? The public imagination is simple, and loves a simple story, and this was so well-constructed and well-balanced—perfect in all its parts. What more likely than that the humble coquette should hesitate and almost swerve from her faith to her accepted lover when the young lord, so much more splendid than the young squire, came on the scene? or that, when her wavering produced such fatal consequences, the poor girl, not being wicked, but only foolish, should have devoted herself with heroism to the man whom she had been the means of drawing into deadly peril? Geoff, with his eyes enlightened, could dimly perceive the traces of another person unaccounted for, who had appeared casually in the course of the drama. Indeed, the counsel for the prosecution had expressed his regret that he could not call this person as a witness, as he was supposed to have emigrated, and no trace could be found of him. His name, however, was not mentioned, though the counsel for the defence, evidently in complete ignorance, had taunted his learned brother with the non-appearance of this mysterious stranger, and defied him to prove, by the production of him, that there had ever been feelings of bitter animosity between Musgrave and Lord Stanton. "The jury would like to know more about this anonymous gentleman," the coroner had said. But no evidence had ever been produced. Geoff searched through the whole case carefully, making various notes, and feeling that he himself, anxious as he had been, had never before noticed, except in the most incidental way, these slight, mysterious references. Even now he was misty about it. He was so tired,

indeed, that his mind was less clear than usual; and when good Mr. Tritton appeared in the afternoon, very red with perpetual sneezing, his eyes running as with tears, he found Geoff in the library, in a great chair, with all the papers strewed about, sleeping profoundly, the old yellow *Times* in his hand, and the *Dalesman's Gazette* at his feet. The young man jumped up when Mr. Tritton laid his hand on his shoulder, with quite unnecessary energy, almost knocking down his respected instructor. "Take care, take care, Geoff!" he cried; "I am not going to hurt you, my boy!" a speech which amused Geoff greatly, who could have picked Mr. Tritton up and thrown him across his shoulder. This interruption of his studies stopped them for the time; but next morning—not without causing his mother some anxiety—he proposed to ride over once more to Elfdale, to consult Cousin Mary.

"It is but two days since we left, my dear," Lady Stanton said, with a sigh, thinking of all she had heard on the subject of "elderly sirens;" but Geoff showed her so clearly how it was that he must refer his difficulties to the person most qualified to solve them, that his mother yielded; though she too began to ask herself why her son should be so much concerned about John Musgrave. What was John Musgrave to Geoff? She did not feel that it was quite appropriate that the person most interested about poor Walter's slayer should be Walter's successor, he who had most profited by the deed.

Geoff, however, had his way, and went to his cousin Mary with a great deal of caution and anxiety, to hear all that she knew, and carefully to conceal from her what he knew. He found her fortunately by herself, in the languor of the afternoon, even Annie and Fanny having left her for some garden game or other. Lady Stanton, the younger, was much surprised to see her young cousin, and startled by his sudden appearance.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with a woman's ready terror; and was still more surprised that nothing was the matter, and that Geoff was but paying her a simple visit. It may even be suspected that for a moment his mother's alarm communicated itself to Mary. Was it to see *her* the boy had come back so soon and so far? The innocent, kind woman was alarmed. She had known herself a beauty for years, and she knew the common opinion (not in her experience quite corroborated by fact) that for a beautiful face a man will commit any folly. Was she in danger ("at my age!") of becoming a difficulty and a trouble to Geoff? But Geoff soon relieved her mind, making her blush hotly at her own self-conceit and folly.

"I have come to ask you some questions," he said; "you remember the man, the poacher, whom you spoke to me about—the brother, you know?—Bampfyld, whom they call Wild Bampfyld?"

"I know," said Lady Stanton, with a suppressed shiver.

"I met him—the other night—and we got talking. I want you to tell me, cousin Mary: did you ever hear of—another of them—a brother they had?"

"Ah! that is it," said Lady Stanton, clasping her hands together.

"That is what? Do you know anything about him? I should like to find out; from something they—from something this poacher fellow said—he is not a bad fellow," said Geoff, in an undertone, with a kind of apology in his mind, to the vagrant of whom he seemed to be speaking disrespectfully.

"Oh, Geoff, don't have anything to do with them, dear. You don't know the ways of people like that. Young men think it is fine to show that they are above the prejudices of their class, but it never comes to any good. Poor Walter, if he had never seen her face might have been—and poor John—"

"But, Cousin Mary, about the brother?"

"Yes: I knew he was their brother. I can't remember how I found it out. He was very clever, they said, and a scholar, but ashamed to belong to such poor people. He never went there when he could help it. He took no notice, I believe, of the others. He pretended to be a stranger visiting the Lakes."

"Cur!" said Geoff.

"Ye—es: it was not—nice—but it must be a temptation, Geoff, when a man has been brought up so differently. Some relation had given him his education, and he was very clever. I have never felt sure whether it was a happy thing for a boy to be brought so far out of his class. He met John Musgrave somewhere, but John did not know who he was. And just about the time it all happened he went away. I used to think perhaps he might have known something; but I suppose he thought it would all come out, and his family be known. Fancy being ashamed of your own mother, Geoff! But it was hard upon him too—an old woman who would tell your fortune—who would stand with her basket in the market, you know: and he, a great scholar, and considered a gentleman. It *was* hard; I don't excuse him, but I was sorry for him; and I always thought if he came back again, that he might know——"

Lady Stanton was not accustomed to speak so long and continuously. Her delicate cheeks were stained with red patches; her breath came quick.

"Do you mean to say he has turned up again—at last?" she added, with a little gasp.

"I have heard of him," said Geoff. "I wondered—if he could have anything to do with it."

"I will tell you all about him, Geoff. It was John Musgrave who met with him somewhere. Mary could tell you, too. She was John's only sister, and I her great friend; and I always took an interest. They met, I think, abroad—and he—was of use to John somehow—I forget exactly—that is to say, Mr Bampfield (he

spelt his name differently from the others) did something for him—in short, John said he saved his life. It was among the Alps, on some precipice, or something of that sort. You see I can only give you my recollection,” said Lady Stanton, falteringly conscious of remembering everything about it. “John asked him to Penninghame, but he would not come. He told us this new friend of his knew the country quite well, but no one could get out of him where he had lived. And then he came on a visit to someone else—to the Pykes, at Langdale—that was the family; and we all knew him. He was very handsome; but who was to suppose that a gentleman visiting in such a house was old Elizabeth’s son, or—or—that girl’s brother? No one thought of such a thing. It was John who found it out at the very last. It was because of something about myself. Oh, Geoff, I was not offended—I was only sorry. Poor fellow! he was wrong, but it was hard upon him. He thought he—took a fancy to me; but poor John was so indignant. No, I assure you not on that account,” said Lady Stanton, growing crimson to the eyes, and becoming incoherent. “Never! we were like brother and sister. John never had such a thought in his mind. I always—always took an interest in him—but there was never anything of that kind.”

Young Geoff felt himself blush too, as he listened to this confession. He coloured in sympathy and tender fellow-feeling for her; for it was not hard to read between the lines of Cousin Mary’s humble story. John “never had such a thought in his mind;” but she “had always taken an interest.” And the blush on her cheek, and the water in her eyes told of that interest still.

Then Geoff grew redder still, with another feeling. The madman in the cottage had dared to lift his eyes to this woman so much above him.

“I don’t wonder Musgrave was furious,” he cried.

“That was the right word,” she

said, with a faint smile; “he was furious; and Walter—your brother—laughed. I did not like that—it was insulting. We were all young people together. Why should not he have cared for—me?—when both of them——. But we must not think of that—we must not talk of that, Geoff—we cannot blame your poor brother. He is dead, poor fellow; and such a death, in the very flower of his youth! What were a few little silly boyish faults to that? He died, you know, and all the trouble came. Walter had been very stinging—very insulting, to that poor fellow just the day before, and he could not bear it. He went off that very day, and I have never heard of him again. I don’t think people in general even knew who he was. The Pykes do not to this day. But Walter’s foolish joking drove him away. Poor Walter, he had a way of talking—and I suppose he must have found the secret out—or guessed. I have often—often wondered whether Mr. Bampfild knew anything, whether if he had come back he would have said anything about any quarrel between them. I used to pray for him to be found, and then I used to pray that he might not be found; for I always thought he could throw some light—and, after all, what could that light be but of one kind?”

“Did any one ever—suspect—him?”

“Geoff! you frighten me. Him! whom? You know who was suspected. I don’t think it was intended, Geoff. I know—I know he did not mean it; but who but one could have done it? There could not, alas, be any doubt about that.”

“If Bampfylde had been insulted and made angry, as you say, why should not he have been suspected as well as Musgrave? The one, it seems to me, was just as likely as the other——”

“Geoff! you take away my breath! But he was away; he left the day before.”

“Suppose it was found out that he

did not go away, Cousin Mary? Was he more or less likely than Musgrave was to have done a crime?"

Lady Stanton looked at him with her eyes wide open, and her lips apart.

"You do not—mean anything? You have not—found out anything, Geoff?"

"I—can't tell," he said. "I think I have got a clue. If it were found out that Bampfylde did not go away—that he was still here, and met poor Walter that fatal morning, what would you say then, you who know them all?"

All the colour ebbed out of Lady Stanton's face. She kept looking at him with wistful eyes, into which tears had risen, questioning him with an earnestness beyond speech.

"I dare not say the words," she said, faltering; "I don't venture to say the words. But Geoff, you would not speak like this if you did not mean something. Do you think—really *think*—oh, it is not possible—it is not possible!—it is only a fancy. You can't—suppose—that it matters—much—to me. You are only—speculating. Perhaps it ought not to matter much to me. But oh, Geoff! if you knew what that time was in my life. Do you mean anything—do you mean anything, my dear?"

"You have not answered my question," he said. "Which was the most likely to have done a crime?"

Lady Stanton wrung her hands; she could not speak, but kept her eyes upon him in beseeching suspense.

Geoff felt that he had raised a spirit beyond his power to calm again, and he had not intended to commit himself or betray so soon what he had heard.

"Nothing must be known as yet," he said; "but I think I have some reason to speak. Bampfylde did not leave the country when you thought he did. He saw poor Walter that morning. If Musgrave saw him at all——"

Lady Stanton gave a little cry—"You mean Walter, Geoff?"

"Yes; if Musgrave saw him at all, it was not till after. And Bampfylde was the brother of the girl John was going to marry, and had saved his life."

"My God!" This was no profane exclamation in Mary's mouth. She said it low to herself, clasping her hands together, her face utterly colourless, her eyes wild with wonder and excitement. The shock of this disclosure had driven away the rising tears: and yet Geoff did not mean it as a disclosure. He had trusted in the gentle slowness of her understanding. But there are cases in which feeling supplies all, and more than all, that intellect could give. She said nothing, but sat there silent, with her hands clasped, thinking it over, piecing everything together. No one like Mary had kept hold of every detail; she remembered everything as clearly as if (God forbid!) it had happened yesterday. She put one thing to another which she remembered but no one else did: and gradually it all became clear to her. Geoff, though he was so much more clever, did not understand the process by which in silence she arranged and perceived every point; but then Geoff had not the minute acquaintance with the subject nor the feeling which touched every point with interest. By and by Mary began to sob, her gentle breast heaving with emotion. "Oh, Geoff," she cried, "what a heart—what a heart! He is like our Saviour; he has given his life for his enemy. Not even his friend; he was not fond of him; he did not love him. Who could love him—a man who was ashamed of his own, his very own people? I—oh, how little and how poor we are! I might have done it perhaps for my friend; but he—he is like our Saviour."

"Don't say so. It was not just—it was not right; he ought not to have done it," cried Geoff. "Think, if it saved something, how much trouble it has made."

"Then it is all true!" she cried, triumphant. In perfect good faith and

tender feeling Mary had made her comment upon this strange, sad revelation; yet she could not but feel all the same the triumph of having thus caught Geoff, and of establishing beyond all doubt that it was true. She fell a-crying in the happiness of the discovery. The moment it was certain, the solemnity of it blew aside, as do the mists before the wind. "Then he will come home again; he will have his poor little children, and all will be well," she said; and cried as if her heart would break. It was vain for Geoff to tell her that nothing was as yet proved, that he did not know how to approach the subject; no difficulties troubled Mary. Her heart was delivered as of a load; and why should not everything at once be told? But she wept all the same, and Geoff had no clue to the meaning of her tears. She was glad beyond measure for John Musgrave: but yet—While he was an exile, who had (secretly) stood up for him as she had done? But when he came home, what would Mary have to do with him? Nothing! She would never see him, though she had always taken an interest, and he would never know what interest she had taken. How glad she was! and yet how the tears poured down!

Geoff had a long ride home. He was half alarmed that he had allowed so much to be known, but yet he had not revealed 'Lizabeth's secret. Mary had required no particulars, no proof. The suggestion was enough for her. She was not judge or jury—but one to whom the slightest outlet from that dark maze meant full illumination. Geoff could not but speculate a little on the surface of the subject as he rode along through the soft evening, in that unbroken yet active solitude which makes a long ride or walk the most pleasant and sure moment for "thinking over." Geoff's thoughts were quite superficial, as his knowledge was. He wondered if John Musgrave had "taken an interest" in Mary as she had done in him; and how it was that Mary had

been his brother's betrothed, yet with so warm a sympathy for his brother's supposed slayer? And how it was that John Musgrave, if he had responded at all to the "interest" she took in him, could have loved and married Lily? All this perplexed Geoff. He did not go any deeper; he did not think of the mingled feelings of the present moment, but only of the tangled web of the past.

It grew dark before he got home. No moon, and a cloudy night, disturbed by threatenings or rather promise of rain, which the farmers were anxious for, as they generally are, when a short break of fine weather bewilders their operations, in the north. As he turned out of the last cross road, and got upon the straight way to Stanton, he suddenly became aware of some one running by him on the green turf that edged the road, and in the shadow of the hedgerow. Geoff was startled by the first sight of this moving shadow running noiselessly by his side. It was a safe country where there was no danger from thieves, and a "highwayman" was a thing of the last century. But still Geoff shortened his whip in his hand with a certain sense of insecurity. As he did so, a voice came from the shadow of the hedge. "It is but me, my young lord." "You!" he cried. He was relieved by the sound, for a close attendant on the road in the dark, when all faces are alike indiscernible, is not pleasant. "What are you doing here, Bampfylde? Are you snaring my birds, or scaring them, or have you come to look after me?"

"Neither the one nor the other," said Wild Bampfylde. "I have other thoughts in my mind than the innocent creatures that harm no one. My young lord, I cannot tell you what is coming, but something is coming. It's no you, and it's no me, but it's in the air; and I'm about whatever happens. If you want me, I'll aye be within call. Not that I'm spying on you, but whatever happens I'm here."

"And I want you. I want to ask

you something," cried Geoff; but he was slow in putting his next question. It was about his cousin; and what he wanted was some one who would see, without forcing him to put them into words, the thoughts that arose in his mind. Therefore it was a long time before he spoke again. But in the silence that ensued it soon became evident to Geoff that the figure running along under shadow of the bushes had disappeared. He stopped his horse, but heard no footfall. "Are you there, Bampfylde?" but his own voice was all he heard, falling with startling effect into the silence. The vagrant had disappeared, and not a creature was near. Geoff went on with a strange mixture of satisfaction and annoyance. To have this wanderer "about" seemed a kind of aid, and yet to have his movements spied upon did not please the young man. But Bampfylde was no spy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACK AGAIN AT THE CASTLE.

THE Squire went home after his game of ducks and drakes in the most curious, bewildered state of mind. The shock of all these recent events had affected him much more than any one was aware, and Randolph's visit and desire to make sure about "family arrangements," had filled up the already almost overflowing measure of secret pain. It had momentarily recalled, like a stimulant too sharp and strong, not only his usual power of resistance, but a force of excitement strong enough to overwhelm the faculties which for the time it invigorated; and while he walked about his woods after his first interview with his son, the Squire was on the edge of a catastrophe, his brain reeling, his strained powers on the verge of giving way. The encounter with little Nello on the lake side had exercised a curious arresting power upon the old and worn edifice of the mind which was just then tottering to its fall. It stopped

this fall for the moment. The trembling old walls were not perhaps in a less dangerous state, but the wind that had threatened them dropped, and the building stood, shaken to its foundation, and at the mercy of the next blast, but yet so far safe—safe for the moment, and with all the semblance of calm about it. To leave metaphor, the Squire's mind was hushed and lulled by that encounter with the soft peacefulness of childhood, in the most curious, and to himself inexplicable way. Not, indeed, that he tried to explain. He was as unconscious of what was going on in himself as most of us are. He did not know that the various events which had shaken him had anything more than pain in them—he was unaware of the danger. Even Randolph's appearance and the thought of the discussions which must go on when his back was turned, as to the things that would happen after his death—he was not aware that there was more in them than an injury against which his whole spirit revolted. He did not know that this new annoyance had struck at the very stronghold of vitality, the little strength left to him. Which of us does know when the *coup-de-grace* is given? He only knew the hurt—the wound—and the forlorn stand he had made against it, and almost giddy lightness with which he had tried to himself to smile it down, and feel himself superior. Neither did he know what Nello had done for him. His meeting with the child was like the touch of something soft and healing upon a wound. The contact cooled and calmed his entire being. It seemed to put out of his mind all sense of wounding and injury. It did more; it took all distinctness at once from the moral and the physical landmarks round him. The harsher outlines of life grew blurred and dim, and instead of the bitter facts of the past, which he had so long determined to ignore, and the facts of the present which had so pushed themselves upon him, the atmosphere fell all into a

soft confusion. A kind of happiness stole over him. What had he to be happy about? yet he was so. Sometimes in our English summers there is a mist of heat in the air, confusing all the lines of the landscape as much as a fog in winter—in which the hills and lakes and sky are nothing but one dazzle and faint glory of suppressed light and warmth—light confusing but penetrating: warmth perhaps stifling to the young and active, but consolatory to those whose blood runs chill. This was the mental condition in which the Squire was. His troubles seemed to die away, though he had so many of them. Randolph, his middle-aged son, ceased to be an assailant and invader, and dropped into the dark like other troublesome things—not a son to be proud of, but one to put up with easily enough. John? he did not remember much about John; but he remembered very distinctly his old playfellow little Johnny, his little brother. “Eighteen months—only eighteen months between them:” he almost could hear the tone in which his mother said that long ago. If Johnny had lived he would have been—how old would he have been now? Johnny would have been seventy-five or so had he lived—but the Squire did not identify the number of years. There was eighteen months between them, that was all he could remember, and of that he sat and mused, often saying the words over to himself, with a soft dreamy smile upon his face. He was often not quite clear that it was not Johnny himself, little Johnny, with whom he had been playing on the water-side.

This change affected him in all things. He had never been so entirely amiable. When Randolph returned to the assault, the Squire would smile and make no reply. He was no longer either irritated or saddened by anything his son might say—indeed he did not take much notice of him one way or another, but would speak of the weather, or take up a book, smiling, when his son began. This was very

bewildering to the family. Randolph who was dull and self-important, was driven half frantic by it, thinking that his father meant to insult him. But the Squire had no purpose of any kind, and Mary, who knew him better, at last grew vaguely alarmed without knowing what she feared. He kept up all his old habits, took his walks as usual, dressed with his ordinary care—but did everything in a vague and hazy way, requiring to be recalled to himself, when anything important happened. When he was in his library, where he had read and written, and studied so much, the Squire arranged all his tools as usual, opened his book, even began to write his letters, putting the date—but did no more. Having accomplished that beginning, he would lean back in his chair and muse for hours together. It was not thinking even, but only musing; no subject abode with him in these long still hours, and not even any consistent thread of recollections. Shadows of the past came sailing—floating about him, that was all; very often only that soft, wandering thought about little Johnny, occupied all his faculties—. Eighteen months between them, no more! He rarely got beyond that fact, though he never could quite tell whether it was the little brother’s face or another—his son’s, or his son’s son’s—which floated through this mist of recollections. He was quite happy in the curious trance which had taken possession of him. He had no active personal feelings, except that of pleasure in the recollection and thought of little Johnny—a thought which pleased and amused, and touched his heart. All anger and harm went out of the old man, he spoke softly when he spoke at all, and suffered himself to be disturbed as he never would have done before. Indeed he was far too gentle and good to be natural. The servants talked of his condition with dismay, yet with that agreeable anticipation of something new, which makes even a “death in the house” more or less desirable. “Th’ owd Squire’s not long

for this world," the cook and Tom Gardiner said to each other. As for Eastwood, he shook his head with mournful importance. "I give you my word, I might drop a trayful of things at his side, and he wouldn't take no notice," the man said, almost tearfully, "it's clean again nature that is." And the other servants shook their heads, and said in their turn that they didn't like the looks of him, and that certainly the Squire was not long for this world.

The same event of Randolph's visit had produced other results almost as remarkable. It had turned little Liliás all at once into the slim semblance of a woman, grown-up, and full of thoughts. It is perhaps too much to say that she had grown in outward appearance as suddenly as she had done in mind; but it is no unusual thing in the calmest domestic quiet, where no commotion is, nor fierce, sudden heat of excitement to quicken a tardy growth, that the elder members of a family should wake up all in a moment to notice how a child has grown. She had perhaps been springing up gradually; but now in a moment every one perceived; and the moment was coincident with that in which Liliás heard with unspeakable wrath, horror, shame, pity, and indignation, her father's story—that he would be put in prison if he came back; that he dared not come back; that he might be—executed. (Liliás would not permit even her thoughts to say hanged—most ignominious of all endings—though Miss Brown had not hesitated to employ the word.) This suggestion had struck into her soul like a fiery arrow. The guilt suggested might have impressed her imagination also; but the horrible reality of the penalty had gone through and through the child. All the wonderful enterprises she had planned on the moment are past our telling. She would go to the Queen and get his pardon. She would go to the old woman on the hills and find out everything. Ah! what would she not do?

And then had come the weary pilgrimage which Geoff had intercepted; and now the ache of pity and terror had yielded to that spell of suspense which, more than anything else, takes the soul out of itself. What had come to the child? Miss Brown said; and all the maids and Martuccia watched her without saying anything. Miss Brown, who had been the teller of the story, did not identify its connection with this result. She said, and all the female household said, that if Miss Lily had been a little older, they knew what they would have thought. And the only woman in the house who took no notice was Mary—herself so full of anxieties that her mind had little leisure for speculation. She said, yes, Liliás had grown; yes, she was changing. But what time had she to consider Liliás' looks in detail? Randolph was Mary's special cross; he was always about, always in her way, making her father uncomfortable, talking at the children. Mary felt herself hustled about from place to place, wearied and worried and kept in perpetual commotion. She would not look into the causes of the Squire's strange looks and ways; she could not give her attention to the children; she could scarcely even do her business, into which Randolph would fain have found his way, while her all-investigating brother was close by. Would he but go away and leave the harassed household in peace!

But Randolph for his part was not desirous of going away. He could not go away, he represented to himself, without coming to some understanding with his father, though that understanding seemed as far off as ever. So he remained from day to day, acting as a special irritant to the whole household. He had nothing to do, and consequently he roamed about the garden, pointing out to the gardener a great many imperfections in his work; and about the stables, driving well-nigh out of his wits the steady-going, respectable groom, who now-a-days had things very much

his own way. He found fault with the wine, making himself obnoxious to Eastwood, and with the made dishes, exasperating Cook. Indeed there was nothing disagreeable which this visitor did not do to set his father's house by the ears. Finally, sauntering into the drawing-room, where Mary sat, driven by him out of her favourite hall, where his comments offended her more than she could bear, he reached the climax of all previous exasperations by suddenly urging upon her the undeniable fact that Nello ought to go to school. "The boy," Randolph called him; nothing would have induced him to employ any pet name to a child, especially a foreign name like Nello—his virtue was of too severe an order to permit any such trifling. He burst out with this advice all at once. "You should send the boy to school; he ought to be at school. Old Pen's lessons are rubbish. The boy should be at school, Mary," he said. This sudden fulmination disturbed Mary beyond anything that had gone before, for it was quite just and true. "And I know a place—a nice homely, good sort of place, where he would be well taught and well taken care of," he added. "Why should not you get him ready at once? and I will place him there on my way home." This was, to do him justice, a sudden thought, not premeditated—an idea which had flashed into his mind since he began to speak, but which immediately gained attractiveness to him, when he saw the consternation in Mary's eyes.

"Oh, thank you, Randolph," she said, faintly. Had not Mr. Pen advised—had not she herself thought of asking her brother's advice, who was himself the father of a boy, and no doubt knew better about education than she did? "But," she added, faltering, "he could not be got ready in a moment; it would require a little time. I fear that it would not be possible, though it is so very kind."

"Possible? Oh, yes, easily pos-

sible, if you give your mind to it," cried Randolph; and he pointed out to her at great length the advantages of the plan, while Mary sat trembling, in spite of herself, feeling that her horror of the idea was unjustifiable, and that she would probably have no excuse for rejecting so reasonable and apparently kind a proposal. Was it kind? It seemed so on the outside; and how could she venture to impute bad motives to Randolph, when he offered to serve her? She did not know what reply to make; but her mind was thrown into sudden and most unreasonable agitation. She got up at last, agitated and tremulous, and explained that she was compelled to go out to visit some of her poor people. "I have not been in the village since you came," she said, breathless in her explanations; and there are several who are ill; and I have something to say to Mr. Pen."

"Oh, yes, consult old Pen, of course," Randolph had said. "I would not deprive a lady of her usual spiritual adviser because she happens to be my sister. Of course you must talk it over with Pen." This assumption of her dependence upon poor Mr. Pen's advice galled Mary, who had by no means elected Mr. Pen to be her spiritual adviser. However, she would not stay to argue the question, but hurried away anxiously with a sense of escape. She had escaped for the moment; yet she had a painful sense in her mind that she could not always escape from Randolph. The proposal was sudden, but it was reasonable and kind—quite kind. It was the thing a good uncle ought to do; no one would but think better of Randolph that he was willing to take so much trouble. Randolph for his part felt that it was very kind; he had no other meaning in the original suggestion; but when he had thus once put it forth, a curious expansion of the idea came into his mind. Little Nello was a terrible bugbear to Randolph. He had long dwelt upon the thought that it was he who would

succeed to Penninghame on his father's death—at first, perhaps, nominally on John's account. But there was very little chance that John would dare the dangers of a trial, and reappear again, to be arraigned for murder, of which crime Randolph had always simply and stolidly believed him guilty; and the younger brother had entertained no doubt that, sooner or later, the unquestioned inheritance would fall into his hands. But this child baffled all his plans. What could be done while he was there? though there was no proof who he was, and none that he was legitimate, or anything but a little impostor: certainly, he was as far from being a lawful and proper English heir—such as an old family like the Musgraves ought to have—such as his own boy would be, as could be supposed. But of course, the best that could be done for him was to send him to school. It was only of Nello that Randolph thought in this way. The little girl, though a more distinct individual, did not trouble him. She might be legitimate enough—another Mary, to whom, of course, Mary would leave her money—and there would be an end of it. Randolph did not believe, even if there had been no girl of John's, that Mary's money would ever come his way. She would alienate it rather, he felt sure—found a hospital for cats, or something of that description (for Mary was nothing but a typical old maid to Randolph, who regarded her as an unmarried woman, with much masculine and married contemptuousness), rather than let it come to his side of the family. So let that pass—let the girl pass; but for the boy! That little, small, baby-faced Nello—a little nothing—a creature that might be crushed by a strong hand—a thing unprotected, unacknowledged, without either power or influence, or any one to care for him! how he stood in Randolph's way! But he did not at this moment mean him any harm; that is, no particular harm. The school he had suddenly thought

of had nothing wrong in it; it was a school for the sons of poor clergymen, and people in "reduced circumstances." It would do Nello a great deal of good. It would clear his mind from any foolish notion of being the heir. And he would be out of the way, and once at school, there is no telling what may happen between the years of ten and twenty. But of one thing, Randolph was quite sure—that he meant no harm, no particular harm, to the boy.

When Mary left him in this hurried way, he strolled out in search of something to amuse or employ the lingering afternoon. Tom Gardiner now gave him nothing but sullen answers, and the groom began to dash about pails of water, and make hideous noises as soon as he appeared, so that it did not consist with his dignity to have anything more to say to these functionaries; so that sheer absence of occupation, mingled with a sudden interest in the boy, on whose behalf he had thus been suddenly "led" to interfere, induced Randolph to look for the children. They were not in their favourite place at the door of the old hall, and he turned his steps instinctively to the side of the water, the natural attraction to everybody at Penninghame. When he came within sight of the little cove where the boats lay, he saw that it was occupied by the little group he sought. He went towards them with some eagerness, though not with any sense of interest or natural beauty such as would have moved most people. Nello was seated on the edge of the rocky step relieved against the blue water; Liliass placed higher up with the wind ruffling her brown curls, and the slant sunshine grazing her cheek. The boy had a book open on his knees, but was trying furtive ducks and drakes under cover of the lesson, except when Liliass recalled him to it, when he resumed his learning with much demonstration, saying it over under his breath with visibly moving lips. Liliass had got through her own portion of study.

Mr. Pen's lessons were not long or severe, and she had a girl's conscientiousness and quickness in learning. Her book was closed on her knee; her head turned a little towards that road which she watched with a long dreamy gaze, looking for some one; but some one very visionary and far away. Her pensive, abstracted look and pose, and the sudden growth and development which had so suddenly changed Liliās, seemed to have charmed the little girl out of childhood altogether. Was she looking already for the fairy prince, the visionary hero? And to say the truth, though she was still only a child, this was exactly what Liliās was doing. It was the knight-deliverer, the St. George who kills the dragon, the prince with shoes of swiftness and invisible coat, brought down to common life, and made familiar by being entitled "Mr. Geoff," for whom, with that kind of visionary childish anticipation which takes no note of possibilities, she was looking. Time and the world are at once vaster, and vaguer, and more narrow at her age, than at any other. He might come *now*, suddenly appearing at any moment; and Liliās could not but feel vaguely disappointed every moment that he did not appear. And yet there was no knowing when he would come, to-morrow, next year, she could not tell when. Meanwhile she kept her eyes fixed on the distance, watching for him. But Liliās was not thinking of herself in conjunction with "Mr. Geoff." She was much too young for love; no flutter of even possible sentiment disturbed the serenity of her soul. Nevertheless her mind was concentrated upon the young hero as entirely as the mind of any dreaming maiden could be. He was more than her hero; he was her representative, doing for her the work which perhaps Liliās was not old enough or strong enough to do. So other people, grown-up people, thought at least. And until he came she could do nothing, know nothing. Already, by this means, the

child had taken up the burden of her womanhood. Her eyes "were busy in the distance shaping things, that made her heart beat quick." She was waiting already, not for love to come, of which at her age she knew nothing; but for help to come which she would have given her little life to bestow, but could not, her own hand being too slight and feeble to give help. This thought gave her a pang, while the expectation of help kept her in that woman's purgatory of suspense. Why could not she do it herself? but yet there was a certain sweetness in the expectation which was vague, and had not existed long enough to be tedious. And yet how long, how long it was since yesterday! From daylight to dusk, even in August, what a world of time. Every one of these slow, big round hours, floated by Liliās like clouds when there is no wind, moving imperceptibly; great globes of time never to be done with. Her heart gave a throb whenever any one appeared. But it was Tom Gardiner, it was Mr. Pen, it was some one from the village, it was never Mr. Geoff; and finally here was some one quite antagonistic, the enemy in person, the stranger whom people called Uncle Randolph. Liliās gave her little brother a note of warning; and she opened her own book again.

When Randolph approached, they had thus the air of being very busily employed: both, Liliās intent upon her book, while Nello, furtively feeling in his pocket for the stones which he had stored there for use, busied himself, to all appearance, with his lesson, repeating it to himself with moving lips. Randolph had taken very little notice of the children, except by talking at them to his sister. He came to a pause now, and looked at them with curiosity—or at least he looked at Nello; for after all, it did not matter about the girl. She might be John's daughter, or she might not; but in any case she was not worth a thought. He did not see the humour of the preternatural closeness of study which the

children exhibited; but it afforded a means of opening communications.

"Are these your lessons for Mr. Pennithorne?" he said.

Nello, to whom the question was addressed, made no answer. Was he not much too busy to answer? his eyes were riveted upon his book. Liliás kept silence too as long as politeness would let her; but at last the rudeness of it struck her acutely. This might be an enemy, but children ought not to be rude. She therefore said timidly, "Yes;" and added, by way of explanation, "Nello's is Latin, but me, it is only English I have."

"Is it hard?" said Randolph, still directing his question to the boy.

Nello gave a glance out of the corner of his eyes at his questioner, but said nothing, only learned harder than ever; and again it became needful, for the sake of courtesy, that Liliás should answer.

"The Latin is not hard," she said; "oh, not near so hard as the English. It is so easy to say; but Mr. Pen does not know how it goes; he says it all wrong; he says it like English. I hope Nello will not learn it that way."

Randolph stared at her, but took no further notice.

"Can't you speak?" he said to Nello, "when I ask you a question? Stop your lesson and listen to me. Shouldn't you like to go to school?"

Nello looked up with round astonished eyes, and equally roundly with all the force of the monosyllable, said "No," as probably he would have answered to any question.

"No? but you don't know what school is; not lessons only, but a number of fellows to play with, and all kinds of games. You would like it a great deal better than being here, and learning with Mr. Pennithorne."

"No," said Nello again; but his tone was less sure, and he paused to look into his questioner's face. "Would Lily come too?" he said, suddenly accepting the idea. For from no to yes is not a very long way at ten years old.

"Why, you don't want to drag a girl with you," said Randolph, laughing; "a girl who can't play at anything, wherever you go?"

This argument secured Nello's attention. He said, "N—no," reddening a little, and with a glance at Liliás, against whose sway he dared scarcely rebel all at once; but the sense of superiority even at such an early age is sweet.

"He must not go without me," cried Liliás, roused. "I am to take care of him *always*! Papa said so. Oh, don't listen, Nello, to this—gentleman! You know what I told you—papa is perhaps coming home. Mr. Geoff said—Mr. Geoff knows something that will make everything right again. Mr. Geoff is going to fetch papa——"

"Oh!" cried Nello, reproachfully, "you said I was not to tell; and there you have gone and told yourself!"

"What is that? what is that?" asked Randolph, pricking up his ears.

But the boy and girl looked at each other and were silent. The curious uncle felt that he would most willingly have whipped them both, and that amiable sentiment showed itself in his face.

"And, Lily," said Nello, "I think the old gentleman would not let me go. He will want me to play with; he has never had anybody to play with for—I don't know how long—never since a little boy called little Johnny: and he said that was my name, too——"

"Oh, Nello! now it is you who are forgetting; he said (you know you told me) that you were never, never to tell!"

Randolph turned from one to another, bewildered. What did they mean? Had they the audacity to play upon his fears, the little foundlings, the little impostors! He drew a long breath of fury, and clenched his fist involuntarily. "Children should never have secrets," he said. "Do you know it is wicked, very wicked? You ought to be whipped for it. Tell me directly what you mean!"

But this is not the way to get at

any child's secret. The brother and sister looked at each other, and shut fast their mouths. As for Nello, he felt the edges of that stone in his pocket, and thought he would like to throw it at the man. Liliás had no stone, and was not warlike; but she looked at him with the calm of superior knowledge. "It would be dishonourable," she said, faltering over the pronunciation, but firm in the sentiment, "to tell what we were told not to tell."

"You are going to school with me—on Saturday," said Randolph, with a virulence of irritation which children are just as apt to call forth as their elders. "You will be taught better there; you will not venture to conceal anything, I can tell you, my boy."

And he left them with an angry determination to carry out his plans, and to give over Nello to hands that would tame him effectually, "the best thing for him." The children, though they had secretly enjoyed his discomfiture, were a little appalled by this conclusion. "Oh, Nello, I will tell you what he is—he is the wicked uncle in the *Babes in the Wood*. He will take you and leave you somewhere, where you will lose yourself and starve, and never be heard of. But I will find you. I will go after you. I will never leave you!" cried Liliás with sudden tears.

"I could ask which way to go," said Nello, much impressed, however, by this view. "I can speak English now. I could ask the way home, or something better! Listen, Lily—if he takes me, when we have gone ten miles, or a hundred miles, I will run away!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW VISITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING her dislike to have it supposed that Mr. Pen was her spiritual adviser, Mary did make a hurried visit to the vicarage to ask his advice. Not that she had much confidence in the good vicar's advice; but

to act in such a case, where experience fails you altogether, entirely on your own judgment without even the comfort of "talking it over" is a hard thing to do. "Talking it over" is always an advantage. The for and against of any argument are always clearer when they are put into words, and made audible, and thus acquire, as it were, though they may be your own words, a separate existence. Thus Mary became her own adviser when she consulted Mr. Pen, and there was no one else at hand who could fulfil this office. They talked it over anxiously, Mr. Pen being, as she knew he would be, entirely on Randolph's side. To him it appeared that it would be a great advantage for Nello to be taken to school by his uncle. It would be "the right thing to do"—better than if Mary did it—better than Mr. Pen himself could do it. Mary could not find any arguments to meet this conventional certainty. She retained her distrust and fear, but she could not say anything against the fact that it was kind of Randolph to propose this, and that it would be injurious and unkind on her part to reject it. She went home dispirited and cast down, but set to work at once with the practical preparations. Saturday was the day on which Randolph had said he must go—and it was already Thursday—and there was not a moment to lose. But it was not till the Friday afternoon, the eve of separation, that Miss Musgrave could screw her courage to the point of informing the children what lay before them. The afternoon was half over, and the sun beginning to send long rays aslant from the west. She came in from the village where she had gone in mere restlessness, feeling that this communication could be delayed no longer; but she disliked it so much herself that the thought of Nello's consternation and the tears of Liliás was almost more than Mary could bear.

But when she came in sight of the old hall door, a group encountered her

which bewildered Mary. A young man on horseback had drawn up at the side of the ascent, and with his hat off, and the sun shining upon his curling hair and smiling countenance, was looking up and talking to little Liliás, who leaned over the low wall, like a lady of romance looking over her battlements. The sun gleamed full upon Liliás, too, lighting up her dark eyes and warmly-tinted cheek, and the hair which hung about her shoulders, and making a pretty picture. Her face was full of earnest meaning, grave and eager and tremulous. Nello, at the hall door, above this strange pair, contemplating them with a mixture of jealousy and wonder. Mary had come upon them so suddenly that she could hear the young man answering something to the eager demands of the little girl. "But you are sure, quite sure? Oh, are you certain, Mr. Geoff?"

"Quite sure," he was saying. "But you must think of me all the time, Lily; you must think of nothing but me—promise me that, and I shall not be afraid."

"I promise!" cried Liliás, clasping her hands. Mary stood and listened altogether confounded, and Nello, from above, bewildered and only half satisfied, looked on. Who was the young man? It seemed to Miss Musgrave that she had seen him before. And what was it that had changed Liliás into this little princess, this small heroine? The heroic, however, gave way before Mary could interfere, and the child murmured something softer, something less unlike the little girl with all whose ways Mary was familiar.

"But I always think of you," she said; "always! since *that day*."

"Do you, indeed, my little Lily? That makes me happy. You must always keep up so good a custom."

And the young man smiled, with eyes full of tenderness, and took the child's hand and held it in his own. Liliás was too young for any comment or false interpretation, but what did it mean? The spectator behind, besides, was too much astonished to move.

"Good-bye, my Lily; good-bye, Nello," cried the young man, nodding his head to the children. And then he put on his hat, and rode round the corner towards the door.

Liliás stood looking after him, like a little saint in an ecstasy. She clasped her hands again, and looked up to the sky, her lips moving, and tears glittering in her eyes.

"Oh, Nello, don't you think God will help him?" she said, one tear overbrimming suddenly, and rolling down her cheek. She started when Mary, with tones a little sharpened by consternation, called her. Liliás had no sense of shame in her innocent mind, but as there is no telling in what light those curious beings called grown-up people, may regard a child's actions, a little thrill of alarm went through her. What might Mary say? What would she think when she knew that Mr. Geoff "had come to set everything right about papa?" Liliás felt instinctively that Geoff's mission would not appear in exactly the same light to Mary as it did to herself. She turned round with a sudden flush of surprise and agitation on her face. It looked like the blush of a maturer sentiment to Mary.

"At twelve years old!" she said to herself. And unconsciously there glanced through her mind a recollection of the first Lily—the child's mother—she who had been the beginning of all the trouble. Was it in the blood?

"Who is that gentleman?" Mary asked, with much disturbance of mind. "Liliás! I could not have expected this of you."

Liliás came in, very still and pale, feeling herself a culprit, though she did not know why. Her hands dropped straight by her side, after the manner of a creature accused; and she looked up to Mary, with eyes full of vague alarm, into which the tears were ready to come at a moment's notice.

"I have not done anything wrong?" she said, turning her assertion into a faltering question. "It was Mr. Geoff."

"Mr. Geoff?—who is Mr. Geoff?"

"He is—very kind—oh, very kind, Mary; he is—some one who knows about papà: he is—the gentleman who once came with two beautiful horses in a carriage (oh, don't you remember, Nello?) to see *you*."

"Yes," said Nello, with ready testimony; "he said I should ride upon them. They were two bay horses, in one of those high-up funny carriages, not like Mary's carriage. I wonder if I might ride upon his horse now?"

"To see *me*?" Mary was entirely bewildered. "And what do you mean about your father?" she said. "Knows about papà! Liliás! come here, I am not angry. What does he know about papà?"

Liliás came up slowly to her side, half unwilling to communicate her own knowledge on this point. For Mary had not told her the secret, she remembered suddenly. But the confusion of Liliás was interrupted by something more startling and agitating. Eastwood came into the hall, with a certain importance and solemnity. "If you please, ma'am," he said, "my Lord Stanton has just come in, and I've shown him into the library—to my master. I thought you would like to know."

"Lord Stanton—to my father, Eastwood! my father ought not to be troubled with strangers. Lord Stanton!—to be sure it was that boy. Quick, say that I shall be glad to see him up stairs."

"If you please, ma'am, his lordship asked for my master; and my master—he said, 'Yes, certainly.' He was quite smiling like, and cheerful. He said, 'Yes; certainly, Eastwood.' So, what was I to do? I showed his lordship in—and there they are now—as friendly—as friendly, if I may venture to make a comparison: His lordship," said Eastwood, prudently pausing before he committed himself to metaphor, "is, if I may make bold to say so, one of the nicest young gentlemen!"

Mary had risen hastily to interrupt this dangerous interview, which

alarmed her. She stood, paying no attention to Eastwood while the man was talking, feeling herself crowded and pressed on all hands by a multitude of thoughts. The hum of them was in her ears, like the sound of a throng of people. Should she go to the library, whatever her father might think of the interruption? Should she stop this meeting at all hazards? or should she let it go on, and that come which would? All was confusion around her, her heart beating loudly in her ears, and a hundred suggestions sounding through that stormy throbbing. But when Eastwood's commonplace voice, to which she had been paying no heed, stopped, Mary's thoughts came to a stop also. She grew faint, and the light seemed to vanish from her eyes.

The Squire had been sitting alone all day. He had seemed to all the servants (the most accurate of observers in such a case) more feeble than usual. His daughter, agitated and full of trouble about other things, had not remarked any change. But Eastwood had shaken his head down stairs, and had said that he did not like the looks of master. He had never been so gentle before. Whatever you said to him he smiled, which was not at all the Squire's way. And though he had a book before him, Eastwood had remarked that he did not read. He would cast his eyes upon his book when any one went in, but it was always the same page. Eastwood had made a great many pretences of business, in order to see how his master was, pretences which the Squire in his usual health would have put a stop to summarily, but which to-day he either did not observe at all, or received smilingly. In this way Eastwood had remarked a great many things which filled him with dismay; for he liked his old master, and the place suited him to perfection. He noticed the helpless sort of way in which Mr. Musgrave sat; his knees feebly leaning against each other, his fingers falling in a heap upon the arm of his chair, his eyelids

half covering his eyes. It was half the instinct of obedience, and half a benevolent desire to rouse his master, which made Eastwood introduce the visitor into the library without consulting Miss Musgrave. Judging by his own feelings, the man felt that nothing was so likely to stimulate and rouse up the Squire as a visit from a lord. There were not too many of them about; visitors of any kind, indeed, were not over plentiful at Penninghame; and a nice, cheerful, affable young lordship was a thing to do anybody good.

And Geoff went in, full of the mission he had taken in hand. It was a bold thing to do, after all he had heard of the inexorable old Squire who had shut his heart to his son, and would hear nothing of him, as everybody said. But it seemed to Geoff, in the rash generosity of his youth, that if he, who was the representative of the injured family were to interfere, the other must be convinced—must yield, at least, to reason, and consent to consider the subject. But he did not expect a very warm reception, and went in with a beating heart.

Mr. Musgrave had risen up to receive him; he had not failed in any of his faculties. He could still hear as well as he did twenty years before, and Lord Stanton's name was unusual enough to call his attention for the moment. He had raised himself from his chair, and stood leaning forward, supporting himself with both hands upon the writing-table before him. This had been a favourite attitude, when he had no occasion for support; but now the feeble hands leaned heavily with all the weight of his frame upon them. He said the name that had been announced to him with a wavering of suspicion in his tone, "Lord Stanton!" then pointed with a tremulous sweep of his hand to a seat, and himself dropped back into his chair. He was not the stern old chief whom Geoff expected to find, in arms against every suggestion of mercy, but a feeble old man, smiling

faintly, with a kind of veiled intelligence in his eyes. He murmured something about "an unusual pleasure," which Geoff could not make out.

"I have come to you, sir, about important business. I hope you will not think I am taking too much upon myself. I thought as I was—the chief person on one side, and you on the other, that you might allow me to speak?"

Geoff was as nervous as a child; his colour went and came. It awed him, he could scarcely tell why, to see the feebleness of the old figure, the dreary abstracted look in the old face.

"Surely—surely," said the old man. "Why should you not speak to me? Ours is perhaps a more distinguished race; but yours Mr. — I mean, my Lord Stanton, yours is—"

He half forgot what he was saying, getting slower and slower, and now stopped all at once. Then, after a moment, rousing himself, resumed, with a wave of his hand, "Surely—you must say—what you have to say."

This was worse for Geoff than if he had forbidden him altogether. What could he do to rouse interest in the old man's breast?

"I want to speak, sir," he said, faltering, "of your son."

"My son—ah! yes, Randolph is here. He is too old for me—too old—not like a son. What does it matter who is your father when it comes to that age?"

"It was not Randolph, sir. I did not know him; but it is your other son—your eldest son, I mean—John."

"Eh?" The old man roused up a little. "John—that was my little brother; we called him Johnny—a delightful boy. There is just such another in the house now, I believe. I think he is in the house."

"Oh, sir!" said Geoff, "I want to speak to you—to plead with you for some one who is not in the house—for your son John—John who has been so long away. You know—don't you

know whom I mean?—your eldest son, Mr. Musgrave—*John*, who left us, and left everything so many years ago.”

A wavering light came over the old man's face. He opened his eyes wide and gazed at Geoff, who, for his part, was too much troubled and alarmed to know what to do.

“Eh!” he said again, with a curious blank stare “my—what? Son? but not Randolph. No more about sons, they are a trouble and a sorrow. To tell the truth I am drowsy rather. I suppose—I have not been very well. Have you seen the little boy?”

“The little boy?—your grandson, sir?”

“Eh! you call him that! He is just such another as little Johnny, my little brother, who was eighteen months younger than I. You were saying something else, my—my—friend! But to tell the truth, this is all I am good for now. The elders would like to push us from the scene; but the little ones,” said the Squire, with a curious sudden break of laughter, which sounded full of tears, “the little ones—are fond of old people; that is all I am good for now-a-days—to play with the little boy—”

“Oh, sir!” said Geoff in his eagerness, “it is something very different that is expected of you. To save the little boy's father—your son—to bring him back with honour. It is honour not shame that he deserves. I who am a stranger, who am the brother of the man who was killed, I have come to entreat you to do John Musgrave justice. You know how he has been treated. You know, to our disgrace, not his, that there is still a sentence against him. It is John Musgrave—John Musgrave we ought to think of. Listen to me—oh, listen to me! your son—”

The old man rose to his feet, and stood wavering, gazing with troubled wide-open eyes, full of the dismal perplexity of an intelligence which feels itself giving way. “John Musgrave!” he said, with pale lips which trem-

bled and dropped apart; and a thrill and trembling came over his whole frame. Geoff sprang up and came towards him in alarm to support him, but the Squire waved him away with both his tremulous hands, and gave a bewildered look round him as if for some other prop. Suddenly he caught sight of the little carved oak cupboard against the wall. “Ah!” he said, with an exclamation of relief. This was what he wanted. He turned and made a feeble step towards it, opened it, and took from it the cordial which he used in great emergencies, and to which he turned vaguely in this utter overthrow of all his forces now. But then ensued a piteous spectacle; all his strength was not sufficient to pour it out. He made one or two despairing efforts, then put the bottle and glass down upon the table with a low cry, and sank back into his chair. He looked at Geoff with the very anguish of feebleness in his eyes. “Ah!” he faltered, “it is true—they are right. I am old—old—and good for nothing. Let them push me away, and take my place.” A few sobs, bitter and terrible, came with the words, and two or three tears dropped down the old man's gray-pale cheeks. The depth of mortal humiliation was in this last cry.

Geoff almost wept too in the profound pity of his generous young soul—it went to his very heart. “Let me help you,” he cried, pouring out the cordial with anxious care. It was all the Squire could do to put it to his lips. He laid one of his trembling hands upon Geoff's shoulder, as he gave back the glass, and whispered to him hoarsely, “Not Randolph,” he said; “don't let Randolph come. Bring me—do you know?—the little boy.”

“Yes, sir, yes,” cried Geoff; “I understand.”

The old Squire still held him with a hand which was heavy as lead upon his arm, “God bless you, my lad,” he said. He did not know who Geoff

was; but trusted to him as in utter prostration we trust to any hand held out to us. And a little temporary ease came with the potion. He smiled feebly once more, laid back his head, and closed his eyes. "My little Johnny!" he said; and his hands fell as Eastwood had described them, the fingers crumpled together all in a heap, upon the arms of his chair.

Geoff rushed out of the room with a beating heart, feeling himself all at once thrust into a position of importance in this unknown house. He had never seen death or its approach, and in his inexperience did not know how difficult it was to shuffle off the coils of mortality. He thought the old man was dying. Accordingly, he rushed up the slope to the old hall like a whirlwind, where Mary and the children were. "Come, come," he cried; "he is ill, very ill!" and snatching Nello's reluctant hand, ran back, dragging the child with him, who resisted with all his might. "Come, your grandfather wants you," cried Geoff. Mary followed, alarmed and wondering, and—scarcely knowing where she went in her agitation—found herself, behind the young man and the boy, at the door of that sacred library which the children had never entered, and where their very existence was ignored. Her father was lying back in his great chair, Eastwood, whom Geoff had hastily summoned, standing behind. The old man's heavy eyes were watching the door, his old limbs huddled together in the chair, like something inanimate thrown down in a heap, and lying as it fell. At sight of this awful figure, little Nello gave a loud cry of childish terror, and,

turning round, would have fled but for Geoff who stood behind him. At the sound of the child's voice, the old man roused himself feebly; he moved his arms, extending them in intention at least, and his lips with inaudible words. "Go to him, go to him!" cried Geoff in an imperative whisper. Little Nello was not without courage, though he was afraid. Finding the way of escape blocked up, he turned round again, stood irresolute for a moment, and then advanced with the strength of desperation. The old man, with a last effort, put out his arms, and drew the child between his knees. "My little Johnny," he said, with an only half-articulate outbreak of crying and strange laughter. Then his arms fell powerless; his head drooped on his breast. Nello broke out wildly into crying; but stood fascinated between the feeble knees.

Was he dead? Geoff thought so in his simplicity as he led the child away, and left Mary and the servants, whom he had summoned, in this death-chamber. He led Nello back to the hall, and sat down beside the children and talked to them in low tones. His mind was full of awe and solemn feeling; his own youth, and strength, and happiness seeming a kind of insult to the old and dying. He went back after a while very grave and humble to ask how it was, and what he could do. But the Squire was not dead. He was stricken by that silent *avant-courier* of the great king, who kills the mind before the body dies. It was "a stroke," Eastwood said, in all the awe, yet importance, of so tragic an event. He had seen it coming for weeks before, he said.

To be continued.

PESSIMISM AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

THE consideration of general questions not admitting of definite answer, and always throwing us back on the consciousness of the extreme limitation of our knowledge, is not a profitable direction of mind, nor to be recommended as an exclusive study.

Still, occasionally, it may be wholesome, as it has confessedly a strange attraction for us, to journey to the confines of our little island of knowledge, and thence speculate a little on the trackless ocean of mystery to the navigation of which science and logic are alike inadequate. All true religion is founded on this consciousness of the infinite, of an ultimatum transcending our comprehension, but stimulating and exercising our faith.

The moral government of the world, the spiritual tendency, or indeed any dominant direction, of things, is not patent to the fleeting glance, does not reveal itself even to the most strenuous thought. The history of the world presents itself rather as a Jeremiad, as a bottomless chaos in which evil and good wrestle with each other for the mastery, and where evil generally boasts the vast majority of forces.

Savage countries lie thousands of years morally stagnating or decomposing, often physically starving, ground down under cruel despotisms and superstitions, reducing one another in perpetual warfare. The pages of the most favoured countries show long chapters of declension, and the moral influxes, like angels' visits, only few and far between. The cause of Brutus opens the way to Caesarism and death. Spain shares in the tide of new life, but that life is zealously extinguished, and the nation settles down to decay. Cromwell and his Puritanism introduce Charles II. and licentiousness. The Pilgrim Fathers, Washing-

ton, and other great men, lay with solemnity and greatness of mind the foundations of the United States, and is its history hitherto a satisfactory result? Nation after nation, Egyptian, Persian, Jewish, Grecian, Roman, Arabian, and Celtic shoot into blossom in order to rot back into forgetfulness.

And if we take regard of the individual units that are always swarming by the millions into the world, what vast quantities get blasted out before they have well begun to cry, not to speak of the possible units frustrated of birth. And of those surviving the perils of the outset, how all get bruised and damaged sooner or later, till death comes and snuffs out the smoky tallow lights. People made a great fuss at the time about the late William King Thompson, of Brooklyn, New York, ship exploder, as if he had done something more than usually wicked, but now it is seen for the mere trifle it is. Say he exploded half a dozen shiploads of men, was there, out of the six human cargoes that flew successively all at once into ten thousand pieces, as much as *one* individual that properly speaking ever lived, or lived other than the most insignificant sensational existence? At every change of the temperature of the atmosphere from heat to cold are not many thousands of aerial midges summoned, on very short notice indeed, from their gay discursions to face the solemnities of eternity? Animal existence is cheap as dust, the earth and stones only requiring some little mixing and kneading in order to turn off endless batches of men and women.

Consider the tens of thousands always being born in our large cities, who by bad parentage, bad conception, foul air, foul food, and all manner of evil influences get at once summarily

stamped and sealed off to depravity and perdition. Think how in all our towns are houses where choice human cattle are kept, fed, and dressed, their soundness attested (on the Continent) by qualified officials; and how your choicest human cattle, rejoicing in their spiritual culture, throng into these shows to inspect and purchase. And in this enlightened age we know this is nature all the world over, and nature must be obeyed.

We are proud of the present age as the triumph of trade and mechanism. And we know the high genius and aim of trade. Trade thinks only on a good balance, and is proud of a good balance, be it got out of the follies and vices of men or in whatever way. Trade is thinning the country, crowding the towns, swelling dukes' incomes, fattening distillers and brewers, disfiguring and reducing the human physique, blighting the tenderness of relations between man and man, checking you off the values of the different sorts of intellect and inspiration. And, thanks to the extreme nicety of our mechanical arrangements, we are cut down into the most fractional existences. As if the *disjecta membra* left on a field of battle were made to spin into some sort of galvanic life. In the higher provinces, too, your intellectual men are distributed into departments and sub-departments as writers or speakers, while life in the walks of fashion is a game of consumption and show. And when on the part of busy men the day's arduous endeavours towards the continuance of sublime human life are accomplished, and leisure is left for reflection, then a glass of beer, a pipe, cards, coffee and cake, a game at billiards or whist, a novel from the circulating library, is illimitable scope for the spiritual faculties.

And if we turn to our highest spiritual institutions we see equal signs of prosperity. At all our famous universities droves of young men called "students" are invited to profane the holiest names and symbols

under the pretext of studying them, as if the first and foremost condition to intellectual activity or "study" were not a certain degree of spiritual faculty, of purification of the heart. The towns where they are collected for spiritual culture they defile more scandalously than any other class which makes no pretensions to spiritual culture.

Even if we single, out of the whole range of human history, the few men of genius whom we are constrained to regard as the eminently favoured and endowed of our race, we find what a broken career has been allotted to the most of them. Have not many of them, possessing courage to inspire, intelligence to enlighten, sensibility to refine the world, sickened under the languor of neglect or got embittered at the endless contradictions and misrepresentations of their fellows, dying at last as unfortunate men, unhappy to themselves, unbeneficial to their contemporaries? What an evil is the not unfrequent depravity of genius, and which under happier circumstances might have been a great salutary influence instead! Might not the tremendous forces of Swift, for example, have been turned to better account than left to explode in shocks of half-diabolic hate in earlier days, and in madness at the end? Think of the generous human heart, brave will, and clear head of Burns, a man of quite transcendent powers, yet fain to slink past on the shady side of the street, left to bleed so wretchedly to death in the midsummer of his days. Contemplate the great intellect and great heart of Lessing, a man of thrice excellent mother-wit and effectiveness, disposing with a lordly air of the whole literature of Europe, awakening with his clarion voice his slumbering nation to new intellectual conquests, yet himself imprisoned for so many of his best years in the stifling library dust of Wolfenbüttel, isolated there in the midst of an unhealthy swamp; the world such a dish of skimmed milk as to be incapable of any sense of honour.

Was not Lessing's child a boy of remarkable sense, who no sooner came into the world than, seeing his mistake, made out of it double quick? Is it not probable that many brave souls, braver and better perhaps than any known to fame, have gone down to silence unregarded, the world's stupidity being more than a match for the gods themselves? Think of good Edgar in *King Lear*, and had he been left to die a maniac, would that, think you, have been untrue to fact?

Even the one or two to whom fate has been most propitious, a Shakspeare, a Goethe, have not they too suffered from the bruises or flattery of fortune, fallen at any rate far short of the fullness and balance a happier age and education might have conducted them to?

People are indeed fond of raising monuments and holding centenaries (to the so-called honour!) of great men, but do you think there is any significance at the bottom of it? Very little indeed. The fathers kill the prophets, and the sons garnish their sepulchres.

In the face of these facts and considerations how disgusting to hear the universal cant about "public opinion." The shoemaker's opinion may indeed have some value on the matter of boots, the tailor's on that of clothes; but what opinion can the masses, all absorbed in the question of simple existence, have about government and education and religion? At best they are capable of a total heart-belief in *names*, of dying as martyrs for *names*. Dean Stanley admits that most of the noble martyrdoms have been in attestation of peculiar combinations of letters of the alphabet. See the intellect and heart of Scotland wrangling, down into the latter end of the nineteenth century (and into how many later centuries?) as to whether little children at school shall learn how to define effectual calling and distinguish between justification, adoption, and sanctification!

And all men shall be immortal? Each despicable unit must needs be

an immortal and independent soul? Came from God? And God sends by special appointment such swarms of immortal souls, often in such questionable ways into the world? And if you are really eternal the *one way, before*, you must also be so the other way, *behind*? What, then, of your being a thousand years ago? And you do seem to carry the air of eternity about you, sleeping and digesting and pottering about nothing as you do! Is not each individual man, according to Darwin and Haeckel, but the temporary inheritor and transmitter of the qualities of his ancestors, modified by the impressions received during his own tenure of life from intercourse with people, reading, &c.? And how can the self same life be held at one and the same time by each individual successive link in an endless chain, seeing the life devolves but in succession, and that each link in the chain sparkles into existence and luminousness only during the short term of actual possession?

It is no use arguing that men are left to their own free wills, and have themselves to blame for their fates, when the whole complaint is simply that men have no free wills to be left to, but are total slaves. And yet not a poor devil desecrating the earth but, under very possible circumstances, through a kinder providence and better influences, might have been saved in the first place from being born a devil. Where, then, is the moral government of the world, the ideal tendency of things, the high and lofty destinies, and all that? Schopenhauer and Bahnsen, earnest thinkers, arrive, after exhaustive examination and mature deliberation, at the conclusion, that the world is not the best but the worst conceivable, the best possible issue for it annihilation, man's greatest misfortune birth, his greatest happiness death.

And yet the everlasting impossibility of accepting this as a final statement proves unquestionably its partiality—

proves there must be quite a different and broader verdict. *Dum spiro spero*; respiration is aspiration. Life is hope, is struggle upwards and onwards. Healthy and robust life can set no final goal to its endeavours and hopes, but carries deep in its bosom the promise of quite an infinity of inheritance—dim and unconscious perhaps, yet latently warm and unquestioning.

Despair is death, declension from once recognised higher ideas is degeneration, violation of principles of honour and justice once recognised is inevitable injury. In the active furtherance of spiritual or universal ends alone has man solid and complete satisfaction. What is the meaning of the universal Jeremiad from the beginning of time till now but "the fall," the declension from the necessary justice and goodness? Down to the last stage of depravity the man is never at home in his depravity. It is always *depravity*, and not native badness. The man's unsightliness, alienation from himself and his fellows, inward sense of bankruptcy and ruin, is an eloquent, pathetic sermon in behalf of the True. Injustice, selfishness, disavowal of obligations, seizure of others' property, never enriched or profited a man, but has always been so much inward contraction, induration, plethora, delirium—always so much disease involving so much pain, demanding so much expiation.

The subordination of self in the pious recognition of the eternal laws (= religion) and the adequate willing execution of the same (= art); that alone is life, and a man is more or less according to the measure of his possession of this life. In the name of God, which is our highest expression of the world, is recognised something higher than our utmost sense of the just, good and beautiful. If, then, our hearts go out in fervent irrepressible longings of love towards the great men who have met on this planet the most unhand-some reception, if we demand that the heavy debt of love and esteem which was due to Lessing, for example, but

never paid, be at last made good to him, that this excellent spirit, which out of a full heart would radiate to the quickening and enlightening of his country and Europe, do not strike his beams into emptiness, but that he himself also be gladdened by the warm reflection of his own light; is there, are we to suppose, nothing in the heart of things, nothing in the primal intellect and heart corresponding to this unsubduable demand on the part of our remote individual consciousness? Shall the mother-sun be less warm than a reflex ray of itself? If, again, our hearts, though so poor and insensible, can yet break in salt sorrow over the confused helpless misery of the masses, is the prayer that bursts involuntarily from them not in accord with the heart of God Himself? Is it a foolish and false impulse which nature stirs in the heart of the mother when she recognises a quite infinite value in the poor helpless chick newly-born to her? When Jesus Christ appeared as a symbol of love and mercy in this world, preaching the prodigal son, and proclaiming the God of this world to be a God of righteousness and compassion, could the hearts of His hearers remain insensible to the manifestation and the sermon? Have not the words been caught up as the truest gospel of the highest God? And in Jesus Christ, who felt an unspeakable interest even in the outcasts of society, and whose attitude towards the morally wrecked man, in whom desires and appetites had devoured all the handsome capital and prospects and possibilities in life, was *not* the side sniff of cold disdain, but condemnation into everlasting fire or an infinite yearning of compassion—in this appearance of Jesus Christ on earth have not men been constrained worshipfully to recognise the truest incarnation of God? Religion which sinks in us all personal regards, which would bring us into immediate communion with the Supreme, is ever a consciousness of inexhaustible resources—is more than

a counterpoise for all the ills of life, and all the black facts which history can adduce—is a power which can dwarf all history, all the hitherto actual, into the insignificance of a mere prelude, and not an essential act in the drama of life itself.

Meanwhile, over and above this general reflection, which, if needed, can always serve as our last impregnable resource, it is possible to predicate particularly some of the advantages, and even the absolute necessity, of the confusion and misery everywhere attaching to reality.

This confused world of good and evil is the right arena and training school for battle, enterprise, patience—for all the active and indeed also all the passive virtues. The baseness, stupidity, folly, injustice, suffering and wreck this world everywhere presents are always a splendid challenge to strength, diligence, endurance, faith, wisdom—to all sublime and manly qualities. Sloth, indolence, sweet dreaminess and credulity have a hard time of it here—meet everyday with the shrewdest rubs and tosses till they are either forced into wakefulness or gored into death. A long-living and prosperous nation must plough the soil, must sail the sea, must live much out of doors, must ever be prepared to defend its own against the whole surrounding world. And the artist or man of letters must not ensconce himself too much in his cosy study, but lay himself open to the shock of opposition and the misconstruction of his fellows, must not shrink from the experience of unkindly facts to try his nerve and test his digestion. Only to the man who lives industriously, moderately, honestly, truthfully, and piously, does God vouchsafe higher disclosures; and to the man who will eat the bread that has been by the labour of other hands procured for him without paying an equivalent, the kingdom of heaven is for ever shut.

The personal pain, languishment, and embitteredness do not spoil for

the brave man his appreciation of life, but by persistent faith and well-doing he subdues and converts contrarieties into furtherances. Socrates and Paul and Cromwell and Milton did not break their hearts or give up the fight. Lessing, after all the languor and sickness of Wolfenbüttel, refused to die, though he bore in his heart the deadly ravages of fate, till he had first presented to his ungrateful country his large-hearted offering of *Nathan der Weise*. Nor was he egoistically looking forward to a world of happiness beyond the grave, as compensation for his sufferings, as reward for his magnanimous services.

“He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho’ cursed and scorned, and bruised with
stones.”

Think what sort of world it would be without the pain and persecution. When in our church pews our ears are tickled with the sweet eloquence about heaven, where there will be no tragedy, no pain, no tears, no trial of temper, no tempers, no passions, no black, all white, only white, everlasting singing, and so on, does not every masculine heart feel the most melancholy misgivings about the concern? would he not willingly sell out on that policy even at a liberal discount, could he but invest with the realised capital in this troublous yet withal interesting planet?

The truth is, the mixture and antithesis is the appetising quality in the fare of life. The dangers, misunderstandings, jealousies, errors, and seductions on the one hand; on the other hand the joy in healthy relations to the sensuous world, and in the æsthetic contemplation of it, the sense of the ludicrous and ridiculous evermore tickled by the wonderful conjunctions of the sublime and vulgar in human affairs, the feeling of heaven in true relations to our fellow-men and women, in work accomplished and duty performed, the highest bliss of all in the recognition of, and nearer

and nearer identification with, the Supreme Spirit; the sense, in short, of a hell on the one hand to be shunned, and a heaven on the other to be enjoyed—whoever vividly realises all this will not underrate life on this planet, but infinitely prize it.

Yes, this earth is dear to mortal men, not merely in spite of its tears and crosses, but also on account of them. The bitterest experiences we pass through need but to drift to the due distance in the past, and they assume a wonderfully interesting guise. Strangely, tenderly affecting in the retrospect are our riotous "Hal" days, our sighing Venus and Adonis fit, our sultry Werther fever, our sweet and bitter Faust period, and all the other dear illusions which beset us on our devious path.

For indeed we prize life not by the sum of our possessions, but only by the rate and steadiness of our growth. "Not the possession," says Lessing, "or fancied possession of the truth, but the endeavour after it determines a man's value. If God held in His right hand the sum total of truth, and in His left the ever-inextinguishable desire after truth, though linked with the condition of everlastingly wandering in error, and called to me, *Choose*, I should humbly close with the left and answer, 'Father, give me this; the truth pure and simple is for Thee alone.'"

But if we will have cleared to ourselves at the highest court what it is imparts to error, crime, and tragedy their powerful attraction, so that they are indispensable to high poetry and music and art, we shall find it is only because they constitute a dark background to heighten the play of the lightnings, to glorify the splendour of the sun. The trial and sorrow and humiliation serve to bring out in distincter outline the faith and serenity and triumph which, as in St. Paul, are more than a match for all the powers of darkness. Our conviction of the dominance and necessity of moral law is so deeply grounded, that the storm

and earthquake threatening its upheaval only summon into livelier consciousness our inexpugnable confidence. Let the heavens fall. Though the earth be removed, God is our refuge.

It is the conscious or unconscious conviction of every sound man that truth is better and more beautiful than any delusion, that a man's well-being is the measure of his conformity to truth. Does a man find his hitherto solid philosophy impugned, his most holy religion out of joint with new emerging facts, he will not shut his ears to the severe reason. Does science come and knock from under his feet the ground of immortality on which he had rested, it may help only to startle him out of his egoism—startle him on to some firmer footing. He must feel the immortality in the present, and not postpone it to the future. Only he who has eternal life in him (= intellectual recognition of, and hearty identification with, eternal law) is eternal. If Darwinism is true, and a man's spiritual supremacy is also true, the two facts will square with each other. For mind and nature are the type and impression, in perfect correspondence to each other. The harshest exception is, when properly understood, no exception but a confirmation of the beautiful law. Depth and wholeness of vision will always be song and piety, be Dante and Shakspeare, never scepticism and mockery. The reconciliation of the spirit with fate and nature is a grace which rests sweetly and unconsciously in the heart of simple goodness, but is also the crowning grace of the boldest intellect which has pierced deep enough. Plato, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Kant, Goethe, and Schiller are reverent worshippers, and walk in the sanctuary above arm in arm with Christ and the apostles. We see in the *Nathan der Weise* how the brave Lessing received before death in fullest measure the gift of reconciliation.

And out of the perplexities and corruptions and misunderstandings of human affairs we have in nature,

which ever over-canopies and surrounds us, a retreat into the beautiful, where we can evermore refresh our sense and conviction of the holy. The sun, stars, woods, grasses, shells, birds, and wild creatures are not corrupt, or at least do not suggest to man, when he contemplates them as a whole (æsthetically and not scientifically)—do not suggest images of corruption; but the poor besotted wretch beholds a perfect splendour in the sun, the prey of ruinous appetites looks into an eye of innocence in the flowers, the bankrupt gazes around and above him, and wonders why in a royal palace he should be a blot and disgrace.

As soon as the man rises above his desires, and throws the roots of his being beyond the narrow confines of his egoism into the spiritual realm, where his own individual self sinks in other individuals, where other individuals become as much his proper interest as himself, then the soul becomes one with the universal soul, and perfect reconciliation is enjoyed. The man's past pains are healed, his very sins and sorrows yield themselves to him as experience and instruction and romance.

The devil himself is subdued into good. Job's latter days are more beautiful than his early days. Through his sorrows and errors, Faust at last attains to a wider and holier life. The attraction to Gretchen, notwithstanding the sensuous illusions, has, in the heart of it, a soul of love and

sacredness, and through the deep welter of sin and suffering is purified at last into sanctity. Do you think Faust in the end would annihilate his experience of Gretchen if it were possible? No, the earth and heaven are dearer because of her. Gretchen is universalised, and the universal is Gretchenised, the world is all a sacred, pathetic Gretchen.

That an unhappy life may be happier than a happy one is indeed a paradox, but is meant in earnest. A tragedy is more delightful than a comedy. Or a comedy is better for a mixture, and strong mixture, of tragedy, so the tragedy only get digested in the end. Black is necessary not only to the relief, but even to the very composition of white. I should not choose a life of uninterrupted pleasure, were the world to engage its utmost to secure it me. The lightning is born of the darkness, and the battle, joy and splendour of life are to be measured by the amount of opposition overcome.

"They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad."

Let us with assured hearts trust the Cause of all, who has created the good and the evil, but has, we believe, made the evil to be ultimately subservient to the good.

CHARLES NISBET.

THE DECLINE OF PARTY GOVERNMENT.

THE late Presidential Election appears likely, in its results, to mark an epoch not only in the political history of the United States, but in that of all constitutional countries. In the person of the new President the American government has come out of party and is trying to be the government of the whole nation. Sir Robert Peel tried the same thing in England, though in his case the "splendid perfidy" to party was less marked than in the case of Governor Hayes, because the repeal of the Corn Laws was not more essential to the interest of the country, which it rescued from dearth, than it was to that of the Conservative party, which it rescued from hopeless opposition to the nation and from utter political ruin. Party found a dagger with which to stab Sir Robert Peel. President Hayes has shown himself a strong man, but the greatest trials of his strength are still to come. When Congress meets he will have to contend both with the resentment of the regular managers of his own party and with the hostility of the thorough-going Democrats, who will see their opportunity in the breach between the President and the party which raised him to power, as the Whigs in 1846 saw their opportunity in the breach between Sir Robert Peel and the Protectionist section of his followers. Supposing, however, that President Hayes, like Peel, should fail, his attempt, like that of Peel, will have a significance which no momentary failure can annul. It announces the decline of the party system, and the advent, not immediate perhaps, but still certain, of national government.

It is curious with what implicit faith we have all reposed upon party, as the normal, permanent and only possible mode of carrying on a free constitution, disregarding not only the objections which reason

obviously suggests to the system and the general evidences of its bad effects on politics and political character, but the facts which showed plainly enough that its foundations were giving way, and that if this was the only basis of government, government was likely to be soon left without a basis.

Burke, in his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent*, has given at once his definition and his defence of party:—

"Party is a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics or thinks them to be of any weight who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ these with effect. Therefore every honourable connection will avow it as their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things; and by no means, for private considerations, to accept any offer of power in which the whole body is not included; nor to suffer themselves to be led or to be controlled or to be overbalanced, in office or in council, by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on

which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from those numberless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude."

To form a rational and moral basis for party, to prevent party from sinking into faction, the party leader from becoming an "impostor," and the "generous contention for power" from degenerating into a "mean and interested struggle for place and emolument," there must be, as Burke says, a particular principle on which the members of the connexion are agreed in desiring that government should be carried on. Failing such a principle, party, and the golden haze with which Burke, according to his manner, has surrounded it, vanish, and leave a faction or a void.

The principle must not be a moral principle, because this would imply an organised opposition to morality on the other side, and the permanent existence of an immoral party; two parties always in active existence being plainly essential to the working of the system. You cannot, for example, have a party of purity, because this would imply, as its correlative and complement, a party of corruption, and it would be a grotesque arrangement to devote half your citizens permanently to the service and advocacy of corruption in order to maintain the machinery of your government.

The principle must be one of expediency. Parties, in other words, must be divided by some question of policy, about which honest men may differ. And it must be a question of sufficient magnitude to transcend in importance all other questions; of sufficient importance to warrant a man

of sense and a good citizen in surrendering for its sake his private judgment on all other political subjects to the guidance of the party leader and the exigencies of the party struggle, and in doing his utmost to exclude from the legislature and the public service all men, however honest, however able, however useful in general respects to the country, who do not agree with him on the vital point. We need not use the invidious term *proscription*, the thing will be the same.

Now it is manifest, in the first place, that the occurrence of such questions is exceptional, and not normal; they can seldom arise in fact except with reference to some organic change in the constitution, such as the transfer of supreme power from the Crown to Parliament, or the change in the character of Parliament itself, embodied in the English Reform Bill of 1832. American slavery was an issue of a different kind and of still more transcendent importance; but it was one lying quite beyond the pale of ordinary politics. In normal times the occupations of legislatures and governments will be matters of current administration, not one of which is likely to form an issue of sufficient importance to swallow up all the rest and form a rational ground for the division of the nation into two organized parties struggling each to place its leaders in exclusive possession of the powers of the state.

In the second place, questions of expediency, however important, do not last for ever; in one way or other they are settled and disappear from the political scene. Slavery dies and is buried. Parliamentary Reform is carried out with all its corollaries, and becomes a thing of the past. What is to follow? Another question of sufficient importance to warrant a division of the nation into parties must be found. But suppose no such question exists, are we to manufacture one? That is the work to which the wire-pullers devote themselves in democracies governed by party; but the results seem hardly to correspond to our notion

of the adamantine basis on which the political edifice is to rest for ever.

Some astronomers say that the moon once had an atmosphere, but that she has exhausted it, and that she shows us what our planet will be when, in the course of ages, its atmosphere also shall have been exhausted. The Colonies, in this matter of party government, may furnish an indication of the same kind to the mother country. In Canada, for example, while New World society was struggling to repel the intrusive elements of the old *régime* forced upon it by the Imperial country, and to extort self-government, the parties, though not altogether edifying in their behaviour or salutary in their influence upon popular character, were at least formed upon real lines. But the struggle ended with the abolition of the State Church and the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. Since that time there has been no real dividing line between the parties; they have ceased to be truly directed to public objects of any kind; their very names have become unintelligible. Politics under such a party system must inevitably sink at last into an "interested contest for place and emolument" carried on by "impostors who delude the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and afterwards incense them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude." It is needless to say what effects an incessant war of intrigue, calumny and corruption carried on by such party leaders, with the aid of the sort of journalists who are willing to take their pay, must produce on the political character of a community, however naturally good, and well adapted for self-government. Nobody is to blame. The blame rests entirely on the system. Lord Elgin found fault with Canadian parties for being formed with reference to petty objects, not to great questions. It is singular that so acute a man should not have asked himself where the great questions were to be found. Were they to be manufactured or imported?

Nothing is more curious than the ingenuity with which new reasons are invented for old institutions when the original reasons have ceased to exist. The advocates of the party system in countries destitute of party questions, at a loss for rational grounds of defence, take a desperate dive into psychology, and affirm that all men are by natural tendency either Conservatives or Liberals, so that the division of every community into two parties is not merely a practical exigency of politics but a general law of humanity. In that case nature must have been peculiarly kind to certain politicians who are furnished with a double set of tendencies enabling them to appear in both the parties at different periods of their career. It is hardly necessary to prove that the varieties of natural temperament are numberless, and are still further diversified by the influences of position, age and fortune; and that to divide any nation into two organized parties according to their temperaments would be an undertaking far transcending in absurdity all the fancies of Laputa. Yet such philosophy probably helps to cast a halo over a contest of "impostors," the character and objects of which could not otherwise escape the most "vulgar" eye.

We have an example of the tendencies of the system in the Australian colonies if Australian journals may be believed. Whatever land questions, or other questions of an organic kind or of permanent importance there were, having been settled, and no basis for parties left, party government it seems in those countries is weltering in cabal, senseless faction fighting and all the concomitant evils. The worst arts and the worst men inevitably acquire an increasing ascendancy in public life. Changes of ministry, brought about for the most part by mere personal intrigue, are of constant occurrence. Government is almost as unstable as in Mexico, and though the mode in which the revolutions are effected is less violent, they are perhaps not much less injurious to the political character of the people or less likely to produce a

complete disintegration of authority in the end.

Imitation of England has led the political world a strange dance. The Chinese shipwrights when desired to build a vessel in place of one which had been disabled by dryrot, produced an exact copy, dryrot and all. Montesquieu fancied that the grand secret of English liberty lay in the separation of the executive and the judicial power from the legislative. With their union in the same hands liberty would end. This theory found general acceptance; yet at the very time when Montesquieu made this profound observation, the legislature had in fact got into its hands the executive, which it appointed by the vote of its majority, and the judiciary, which was appointed by the executive. But the effect of the notion is visible in the provisions of the American Constitution; and the consequence is an occasional deadlock, arising from a conflict between the legislature and the executive, as in the case of President Johnson, who was impeached to force him into harmony with Congress. Again, the House of Lords has been taken for a Senate, and the check imposed by its mature and deliberate wisdom on the rashness of the more popular House has been supposed to be the grand safeguard of British legislation. The House of Lords is not a Senate, nor a Second Chamber, in the sense in which the term is practically employed by the architects of new constitutions. It is an estate of the realm: it is a privileged order having an interest of its own separate from that of the nation at large, and defending its own interests, which are necessarily those of privilege, and therefore of reaction, by resisting every measure of political change as long as it is safe to do so. Of its revising precipitate legislation in an impartial sense no instance can be found. But other nations try to reproduce it in the form of a Second Chamber, and they find, one after another, that compose your Second Chamber and appoint its members as

you will, the result is either a nullity or a collision between the two Houses, in which the more popular House will probably prevail.

In the same way it has been assumed that the English system of party and of cabinets, which are committees of party, is the vital principle of constitutional government. But party in England has been the instrument, probably the indispensable instrument, of a chronic revolution. By the action of the party which in its successive phases has borne the names of Puritan, Whig, and Liberal, the Tudor autocracy has been reduced to a limited, or rather a faineant, monarchy, and the Tory oligarchy, once entrenched in the rotten boroughs, has been replaced by a House of Commons elected on a more popular basis; supreme power, in other words, has been gradually transferred from the Crown and the aristocracy to the representatives of the people. All this time there has been a real ground of division and a question of importance supreme enough to warrant allegiance to a party. But the process is now nearly complete. Other questions, of which the name Radical is the symbol, will probably emerge, and may again furnish grounds for the action of party. As it is, the lines between the aristocratic and democratic parties remain, though their outline is confused and the democratic party is paralysed for the time by the Conservative reaction, caused mainly by a vast influx of wealth. But we have an inkling at all events in the present state of things, even in England, of the time when the materials for party will be finally exhausted, and when we shall be obliged perforce to look out for some other mode of working constitutional government. Bayonets have their uses, but you cannot sit on them. Party has its use as the organ of a pacific revolution; but it will not supply the permanent basis of a national government.

Even in the course of the revolution, effected by means of party in England,

as often as the movement has been temporarily suspended by accident or lassitude, the weakness of the system has appeared. Between the fall of Jacobitism and the advent of the French Revolution, when there was no great party question on foot, but the offices of state were still put up as the prizes of success, in the struggle of parliamentary factions, you had half a century of chaotic intrigue and corruption, broken only by the short dictatorship of Chatham, whose own conduct, in the cabals which drove Walpole into the war with Spain, was an example if not of place-hunting, of place-storming, of the most flagrant kind. The boasted efficiency of party, as a detector and exposé of abuses, was then proved to be little sustained by facts: it was seen, neither for the first nor for the last time, that two factions, whatever their mutual hatred, may virtually combine to preserve a privilege of plundering the community, which each hopes to exercise in its turn.

Not only is the usefulness of party as a political instrument closely connected with the peculiar circumstances of English history; it is closely connected also with the peculiar circumstances of an age of unscientific politics, of combinations formed upon class interests, of little independence of mind, feeble reasonings and strong passions. With the advance of political knowledge, of independent thought, and it must be added of public morality, allegiance to party grows less possible, party discipline loses its hold, the cohesion of party is broken up and refuses to be restored. The better a party is in point of intelligence, individual sense of responsibility, individual regard for the public good, the less submissive to the whip, and therefore the weaker it becomes; a singular result of the only perfect system. What do we see in England now? On one side is a party weak to the verge of impotence, unable to act together even for one evening, to all appearances hopelessly excluded from power; and this because it is a party

of opinion, of individual intelligence, of individual conscience, of individual desire to improve the condition of the people. On the other side is a party overwhelmingly strong, acting under perfect discipline and likely to be for an indefinite time master of the state; and this because it is a party of interest, which always unites while opinion inevitably divides.

Efforts are made on the Liberal side to compensate the weakness of mental independence as a basis of party union by increased stringency of organization. But these only bring more clearly to light the incompatibility of mental independence with the party system. In a recent number of this magazine we published a very graphic and interesting account of the political machinery used by the Liberal managers at Birmingham. We are not in a humour to quarrel with anything which in the present dearth of ability, especially of rising ability in the House of Commons has helped to secure the election of Mr. Chamberlain. Nor do we overlook the fact that the spontaneous organization on the side of the Tories, in the shape of social connections and the tyrannical pressure they exert, is such that it can only be counterbalanced by artificial organization carried to a high pitch on the other side. But we must say that the use of such machinery does seem to involve a terrible sacrifice of those very habits of mental independence which it is the pride of Liberalism to promote. The absolute necessity of defending progress and the interests of the community at large against the despotism of a class alone reconciles us in any measure to the system. In the United States the masters of the party machines have everywhere taken the representation out of the hands of the people; you are practically not at liberty to vote for anybody but their nominees; and the Republican horse, to vanquish the Democratic stag, becomes absolutely the slave of its rider.

In the United States the opinion of the best judges, so far as we can gather

it, is that the disorganization of the parties is increasing and is likely to increase. Nor is it possible to name any issues on which new parties can be formed. There is no question which, even supposing it to be of sufficient importance, would at all coincide with the existing lines; and a complete reconstruction of parties with a new arrangement of the leaders and wire-pullers, irrespective of all personal connections, would be practically out of the question. Two alternatives will present themselves to the people: either a new mode of working constitutional government and maintaining the proper check on the executive must be found, or the President must be allowed to become something very like an elective dictator for a term of years.

The practice of setting up the offices of the executive as the prize of victory in a legislative contest carried on by the agency of party, appears to be injurious alike to legislation and to executive government. It is injurious to legislation, because public men are constantly tempted to deal with legislative questions in the interest of their own ambition, for the purpose of paving their way to office, or strengthening their position there, not with a view to the proper objects of legislation; whence a number of unnecessary, premature and dishonest measures. All the members of the Conservative party, before 1867, had recorded their opinions against a large extension of the franchise as tending to place political power in ignorant and irresponsible hands. They, then, to keep their party in office, and at the bidding of leaders who they knew had no other motive, themselves extended the franchise to the most ignorant and irresponsible part of the population, the populace of the towns. The practice is injurious to executive government because it excludes or ejects from office the ablest and most trusted administrators on account of opinions respecting legislative questions which in no way affect administration. It wrongly unites, in short, two political functions which

are perfectly distinct and which mutually suffer by being bound up with each other.

It is needless to dilate upon the relations of party, its machinery, its strategy, the press which serves it and expresses its passions, to public morality and the general interests of the state; the facts are always before our eyes. But experience of a colony or of some new country is needed to make one thoroughly sensible of the effects of this warfare upon the political character of the people, and of the extent to which it threatens to sap the very foundations of patriotism and of respect for lawful authority in their minds.

It is supposed that the hostile vigilance of party is the great safeguard against political corruption, and one which, if removed, it would be impossible to replace. But there are some countries at least in which the indiscriminate slander in which party constantly deals forms really a cloak of darkness for all corruption rather than a lantern for the detection of any; while its effect on the character of public men is to produce general lowness of tone and brazen indifference to accusations of every kind. The experiment has not yet been tried of legislating definitely against the corrupt use of legislative or executive power, which is a perfectly tangible crime (at least it is difficult to see why the sale of a vote in a legislative assembly, or of a government contract, is not as tangible a crime as the fraudulent breach of an ordinary trust) and of instituting a tribunal for the trial of offenders. And therefore we are still at liberty, at all events, to entertain the belief that the sight of a single politician suffering a felon's doom by the impartial and righteous judgment of a court of law for the corrupt betrayal of his public trust, would have a more salutary effect than the interested and reckless denunciations of all the party orators and journalists in the world.

It is easy to see why, up to this time, party has been the law of

politics; but it is not easy to see why, for the future, and as reason extends its sway over the political sphere and limits the reign of passion, party should be the law of politics more than of any other subject. Party, we mean, organized and permanent; such as the parties of the Guelfs and Ghibelins, of the Blacks and Whites, of the Caravats and Shanavests. On social and philanthropic questions, on questions and in movements of all kinds people combine for a particular object, and the object having been gained they fall back into their ordinary associations. Why should they not do the same in politics, supposing politics to be a matter not of passion and ambition, but of reason and of the public good? This is the answer to the argument on the side of party that nothing can be carried without combination. It can hardly be necessary to meet the argument that political truth can only be hammered out by the constant collision of parties. With regard to all other subjects it is supposed that while free discussion is conducive to the discovery of the truth, party feeling and subserviency to party are most adverse to it. But people tacitly assume that they can have party without party feeling and the evils to which every one, when the question is distinctly proposed to him, admits that party feeling must lead.

Nor again need we dwell long on the argument that party is necessary in order to keep up an interest in human affairs. Human affairs, according to all present appearances, are likely to be interesting enough to keep the mind of man alive and to give birth to abundance of controversy (if that is the thing desired) for generations to come without our forming artificial parties for the purpose of enabling ambitious men to obtain exclusive possession of the power of the state.

Party is no doubt indispensable to selfish interests, which by taking advantage of the balance of factions are enabled, to an almost indefinite extent, to compass their special objects at the

expense of the community. It is indispensable to political sharpers who, without legislative powers or any sort of ability or inclination to serve the public in any honourable way, find subsistence in an element of passion and intrigue. To whom or to what else it is indispensable, no one has yet been able definitely to say.

Burke himself, the great apologist of party, was the great apostate from it. He called his apostasy fidelity to the Old Whigs; but the Old Whigs were in their graves, and the rhetorical turn given by him to his secession did not alter the fact. In the case of his defence of party, as in many other cases, his fervid and unbridled imagination has erected a particular expedient, the necessity of a special occasion, into a universal and everlasting law. Before him, another man had shaken off party trammels apparently from the conviction of their radical inconsistency with the public interest. The life of Lord Shelburne is in this special respect a most important, as well as in all respects a most interesting, addition to political biography, and we shall see as it proceeds whether Shelburne is entitled to the credit of having tried to be a national statesman.

Our proposition, however, is this—that let party, as a system of government be good or evil, the materials for parties are nearly exhausted in the British colonies, and probably in the United States: that they are temporarily exhausted, and may one day be entirely exhausted, in England: while in other countries (in France and Germany for instance,) the sections and subsections of opinion are too numerous and the lines between them are too wavering to admit of the clear division into two parties absolutely essential to the working of the system, which, when there are three or four parties instead of two, becomes a quicksand of intrigue on which no government can be founded. Under these circumstances it is necessary, whether we will or not, to look out for some other foundation for constitu-

tional government. The penalty of not doing so will be either confusion or the domination of some selfish and, because it is selfish, compact and all-powerful interest.

To determine what that foundation is to be, is probably a task reserved for better heads than ours. But perhaps the Swiss constitution, in its general principles, may point the way. It suggests the regular election of the executive council by the legislature in place of a struggle of parties to determine which side of the house shall have the privilege of distributing the prizes among its leaders. The proper relations between the legislature and the executive might be preserved by a proper rotation of elections, with any such provisions as seemed expedient in the way of cumulative voting. The tenure of office would of course be limited; whether to the duration of the parliament (which is the Swiss system) or to a term of years would be a question of detail, but the advantage of a continuous executive would be in favour of the latter plan. It does not seem that with this limitation the power of the members of the executive council would be too great, or that their responsibility would be unduly diminished; excess of authority, provided it be constituted in the interest of the whole nation and accountable to the nation in case of an abuse of power, is not the political danger which at present we have most reason to dread. Nor does it seem that, with, say, three elections occurring each year, the executive council could get much out of harmony with the legislature, or fail pretty adequately to represent the prevailing sentiment of the legislature for the time being. But the executive under such a system would do its own work, and leave the legislature free to do the work of legislation. The special initiation of the Minister of Finance in financial matters would be preserved by the same sense of an obvious necessity which has established it. In the performance of purely administrative duties, all the members of the council

might without difficulty agree, and their co-operation in their proper work might be perfect, notwithstanding possible differences of opinion about matters of legislation. Why should not a good Chancellor of the Exchequer act in harmony with a good Home Secretary notwithstanding a difference of opinion about the Church Establishment or the extension of the franchise? Why should the country be prevented by that difference from availing itself of the administrative capacity of both? And why should not each be free to vote as a member of the legislature, in accordance with his personal opinion? At present a Cabinet has something of the character of a conspiracy, members often suppressing or even acting against their own opinions in order to present a united front to the enemy and to maintain their hold of power, from which no small calamities have flowed. It would not be difficult to point to instances of measures forced on a Cabinet by some leading member, his colleagues acquiescing merely from fear of a break-up, and then carried through parliament by the influence of government, though the sense both of the legislature and the Cabinet was really the other way.

The tendency inherent in party government to supersede the national legislature by the party caucus has long been completely developed in the United States, where it may be said that in ordinary times the only real debates are those held in caucus, congressional legislation being simply a registration of the caucus decision, for which all members of the party, whether they agreed or dissented in the caucus, feel bound by party allegiance to record their votes in the House; just as the only real election is the nomination by the caucus of the party which has the majority, and which then collectively imposes its will on the constituency; so that measures and elections may be and often are carried by a minority but little exceeding one-fourth of the house or the constituency, as the case may be. The

same tendency is rapidly developing itself in England; and it is evidently fatal to the genuine existence of Parliamentary institutions.

So far as England is concerned, the institution of an executive regularly elected by the legislature at large in place of a cabinet formed of the leaders of a party majority would be substantially a return to the old form of government—the Privy Council. Parliament is now the sovereign power, and election by it would be equivalent to the ancient nomination by the crown. The mode of electing and confirming a Speaker shows how the forms of monarchy may be reconciled with the action of an elective institution.

However, be the proper substitute

for party what it may, the thing here insisted on is that party is evidently in a state of decadence; that the causes of its decadence are not accidental or temporary, but inherent in its nature, which is that of an instrument of change, not that of a permanent principle of government; and that, consequently, sooner or later, some other basis for government must be found. "You are sanguine," say objectors, "if you think you can carry on constitutional government without party." We trust not; for, if it is so, the end of constitutional government is at hand. The decline of party may fairly be said to present an urgent question: for the political observer to-day—to-morrow for the statesman.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A poem has not the same political value as a diplomatic document. But it may possess a deeper significance; and the following lines by A. Maikoff, printed in the May number of Katkoff's monthly review, the *Russian Messenger*, are worth considering, if only from the fact that they are the work of a popular Russian poet, and are published in a popular Russian periodical.

TO THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

SAY that in thee again the Prophet doth arise,
 Say, an thou wilt, thou'rt of the gods elect;
 But, Empress of the East! in native eyes
 No sway imperial shall thy claim reflect.
 There in the Orient, rooted in the soil,
 Live prophecies and very old traditions,
 Which round the hearts of men like serpents coil
 And nestle in the strangest superstitions.
 The Eastern mind has strange prognostic drawn
 Of dark dominion chased by northern star,
 Which, as the herald of a promised dawn,
 Shall signalise the reign of the White Tsar!

A SCOTTISH "ELIA."

AN obscure Scottish novelist, whose luck or whose merit obtained him favourable notice in certain journals south of the Tweed, recently, it is said, received the congratulations of an Irish friend to whom the thing was no mystery—the fact is, he remarked, everything Scotch *takes* there just now. If this candid friend was not mistaken, there is a chance that *The Life of a Scottish Probationer* may prove to be an attractive title in England, notwithstanding the circumstance that probably not one person in a hundred will have any notion of what it means. A little work with this title has just been published, which deserves its share of whatever popularity "everything Scotch" enjoys, and which might even have the effect of contributing to that popularity in the way in which Scott's novels and Burns's poems have enhanced the reputation of Kilmarnock bonnets and Glenlivet whisky. It is seven years since Thomas Davidson, the subject of the brief memoir which appears under this title, after pining through several dreary winters, the victim of a hopeless malady, "fell on the threshold of the summer," and was carried to his grave in Teviotdale, leaving behind him a few poems and a quantity of letters, which to his friends and fellow-students were precious memorials of genius, and which now tell to the world the tale of a poet and a humourist numbering his days and applying his heart unto wisdom. What came from his pen after his illness assumed a fatal aspect occupies about a half of the space to which his biographer has limited himself, and is the text to which the rest of the book is introduction and commentary. Even when illness and death therefore are not in the writer's thoughts they are in the reader's;

where they are not the central figures of the picture they are shadows in the background, more conspicuous for being there. *The Life of a Scottish Probationer* ought thus to be a book for readers whose tastes are what Davidson called "necropolitan." The charm of the volume lies in the fact, that, in spite of fate, it is bright and festal with a poet's joy in all that is sweet and fair in nature, and with a humourist's delight in all that is queer and not too deformed in man. It contains verses which bear the undoubted stamp of poetic genius, and it largely consists of letters which only a consummate humourist could have written. But to the thoughtful reader its interest in this point of view is immeasurably inferior to that which it possesses in respect of being a monument of as knightly an encounter "with that old Ishmael whose hand is against us all," as any that has been recorded.

Perhaps the most famous Probationer on record was one whose connection with the order would have made it at least as famous as himself, if his first public appearance in that character had not also been his last. Readers of *Guy Mannering* will remember the passage recording the event:—"In process of time Abel Sampson, Probationer of Divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation, upon his first attempt he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse; gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, tumbled down the pulpit stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take

their station there, and was ever after designated a 'stickit minister.' To Meg Merrilies and all his acquaintance it was in the latter character that the Dominie was known. His connection with the order of probationer was too slight to be of any advantage to it in the way of making it as illustrious as himself. Yet any one who is curious as to the meaning of the term may learn something from the passage in the Dominie's history in which his first appearance as a preacher is recorded. He will gather from it that after Abel had completed at the university his studies in arts and in divinity, and was duly licensed to preach the Gospel, he was, technically speaking, a probationer. If his nervousness had been less overpowering, or if the risibility of his audience had been better restrained so as to allow of his proceeding with his first discourse, his occupation for the next few years might have been to go about the country exercising his gifts as a preacher, when invited to do so, in vacant charges, or by ministers wanting his help for a Sunday or two, and in that case his proper style and title would have been Mr. Probationer Sampson. Had his probation not been cut short as it was, his lanthorn jaws and gaunt figure would have become familiar to grinning school-boys in numerous parishes, perhaps in several counties. Having to provide himself with a horse as the first equipment for his work, "he would have been seen riding from church to church, with his sermons and changes of raiment packed in his saddle-bags," his reward for his apostolic labours and travels being "bed and board" for a week at the place at which his saddle-bags were opened for the delivery of a specimen of his slender stock of sermons. Since the Dominie's day the world has changed for the preacher of the Gospel as well as for other mortals. But in some respects the probationer of to-day is as nearly as possible what he was then. His life is still one which has its own share of romance, from

which indeed rather an uncommon share of romance is excluded only by the fiction that those who preach the Gospel care little whether or not they can manage to live by the Gospel. His *Lehrjahre* is followed by a *Wanderjahre* which cannot last for ever, and in the course of which he gains or loses a fortune as often as he appears in his proper character, that is to say, as often as he has to exhibit his gifts in a vacant charge. If his discourse pleases by its piety or its bombast, by its logical force or by the force with which its logical weakness is delivered, it is manse and stipend to him; if it makes no impression, or a bad one, he has lost a living by preaching it. The event too, whatever it may be, is known to the public and to all his friends and acquaintance, including perhaps (as in Davidson's case) an aged father and mother, whose supreme desire is to see their son settled in life, and possibly "a nearer and dearer one yet than all other," who has a still deeper interest in the question of his settlement in life than his father or his mother. It is not every probationer whose *Wanderjahre* is concluded within one twelvemonth, and when it extends to three or four years, the hopes which cheered and brightened its commencement are apt to be chequered with dismal apprehensions as to its end. Apart therefore from the circumstance that the probationer sees cities and men and congregations in the course of his travels, his life is not destitute of variety and adventure, nor without opportunities for the cultivation of gifts like those with which Thomas Davidson was destined to preach to a larger and more appreciative audience than ever listened to his sermons.

It is only, it must be remarked, in one of the Scottish Churches that this description of the probationer is now strictly applicable. But to that Church Davidson belonged. In the Established and Free Churches licentiates are as a rule employed at mission stations, and as assistants to ministers,

much as deacons are in the Church of England, and earn in that way a modest stipend, on which they are able to nourish the hope of being promoted some day or other to a parochial or, at any rate, a ministerial charge. In these Churches the probationer accordingly is hardly known by that name. It is only in the United Presbyterian body, whose Committee of Supply distributes preachers over the country according to a regular plan, that the legitimate representative of the old probationer is now to be found. Davidson was on the "list" of probationers in that Church for five years, and for the first half of that period, until fairly disabled by illness, travelled wherever he was sent by the Committee of Supply. He had gifts as a preacher, but they were not popular gifts. In truth, they were unpopular gifts—modesty amounting almost to Abel Sampson's nervousness, disdain of clap-trap, sense, sincerity, culture, being among the number. As a preacher, therefore, his probation was not encouraging, and possibly never would have been brilliant. In spite of his talents, or rather in virtue of them, he seemed as likely as any of his contemporaries—far more likely than the dullest dullard of them all—to lapse finally along with Abel Sampson and many other good and some able men into the condition of "a stickit minister." His biographer, with a natural desire to screen the Church to which Davidson belonged from the imputation of indifference to genius, labours to make it appear that the poet and humourist was not unsuccessful as a probationer. Davidson himself took another and, it would seem, a juster view. He knew the worth as well as the worthlessness of popularity. He was strenuous in advising his probationer friends to cultivate it with all their might, especially in the way of an energetic delivery. He was resolved, "if the great Healer should bid him preach again," to follow the advice which he gave his friends. But this resolution,

announced by him in a letter written a few weeks before his death, was very much of a recollection, and very little of an anticipation, and pointed to the fact that the most gifted probationer of his time had been weighed in the balance of popular judgment and found wanting—a hint perhaps to Church reformers that even when the sheep are free to choose their shepherd, mistakes may possibly occur.

It was, as has been said, after his name was placed on the list of probationers of the United Presbyterian Church, and indeed after the time when it might as well have been transferred to the catalogue of preachers whose probation was ended, that he wrote those poems and letters, the publication of which, as his biographer has well judged, is the best possible monument to his memory. Davidson might, therefore, be left to speak for himself in some of these later writings of his, and to furnish a new instance of the truth or falsehood of the Irish dictum—that everything Scotch *takes* in England. But it will perhaps not be without interest for the reader of these pages if we first avail ourselves of the help of his biographer to take a glance at the earlier part of his career, and to note some of the influences which regulated the growth and fashion of his genius and his character.

He was born in a shepherd's hut, near Jedburgh, in July, 1838, and, with the exception of the period of his university career and of his wanderings as a probationer, his life was spent in different places in the neighbourhood of that famous border town. All the influences of flood and fell, of song and story, which have rendered the border counties of Scotland so prolific of singers, and to which the genius of Scott owed so much of its inspiration, were influences in which Davidson's mind was steeped from his infancy, and from which he was never less insulated than when he was furthest away from the Cheviots and the Teviot. Influences no less

favourable to his character and the growth of his mind were those to which he was subjected in his father's house. His parents were born and married south of the border, but they were Scotch by devoted attachment to the Secession Church, and, as his biographer hints, by the cultivation of all the virtues upon a little oatmeal, in which the Scotch peasantry have always been considered adepts. When he was four years old he was put in training for the vocation of poet by being taken by his father on his rounds among the hills. At six years old he had devoured every scrap of child's literature he could lay his hands on, and "his mind was filled with a mass of border traditions and ballads." From his twelfth to his twenty-third year the home of the family was on a farm in the parish of Ancrum. Here Ruberslaw and Minto Crags, Tweed-side and the Eildon Hills were scenes on which the eye of the youthful poet feasted on his long journeys to and from school. Among such scenes it was inevitable he should become a student of Sir Walter. He sat far into the night reading his novels and his minstrelsy, and alarmed his anxious mother lest "reading Walter Scott should turn his head." By the advice of Dr. Nicol, minister of the church of which the shepherd and his wife were members, who detected the boy's ability, he was enrolled as a pupil of the Jedburgh Academy, and after spending a few years in that institution, removed to Edinburgh to begin his studies for the ministry. His biographer gives us some glimpses of Scotch university life, for which English readers will be thankful to him. But it is enough here to say that Davidson's introduction to it served to mark distinctly his vocation as a poet and his bent as a humourist. Like a born singer as he was, he sat in his city lodgings dreaming for hours of his native borderland, and with a humour which already showed that a veritable, if lesser, Elia had been born on Scottish ground, he described to

old friends his new experience. Though he had not yet made the acquaintance of the daintiest of English humourists, it was in Elia's manner that he related in one of his letters "how he and a companion had been driven to the *café* in search of their dinner because a fellow-lodger in charge of the commissariat had ordered salt herring and potatoes for the mid-day meal;" moved thereto by the fact that in his habit of chanting in an ejaculatory manner certain random lines, generally the introductory ones of any song that suggested itself. The particular line which Davidson was most frequently crooning over at that time was—

"I hae laid a herrin' in saut."

Poetry, as well as hunger, was sauce for the dinner on this occasion, and specially for the apple-tart.

Tart! it was no simple tart we were eating! It was an aggregate of all savoury substances, of all delicate essences, of all delicious dainties. There was flour in it, fine flour at the sowing whereof ploughboys had whistled, over the green expanse whereof birds had lilted and warbled, and at the reaping whereof the reapers had sung the songs of harvest. . . . As a background to this, imagine two fellows sitting grim, assiduous, anatomical, bone-discovering, over potatoes and salt herrings."

As might almost have been anticipated from the decided bent of his mind towards literature, that starved and neglected department of university business, Davidson's career as a student imperfectly answered the expectations of some of his friends, but it gave ample promise of a brilliant future in the respect and admiration which it drew to itself from his fellow-students. In the English literature class in which he had the opportunity of displaying his poetic gifts, he obtained only the second place. But the poem of *Ariadne at Naxos*, by which he gained that place, was zealously passed from hand to hand among his fellow-students, was submitted by one of them to the critical judgment of Thackeray, and to the great delight of

many friends and the utter astonishment of the author, appeared, with an illustration, in the *Cornhill* in 1860. In the music of the verse and the delicate tenderness of the sentiment, the poem shows clearly that Davidson had not in vain combined some study of the melodious minstrelsy of Greece with an erudite acquaintance with Border Ballads. First prize poems, as a rule, after one day's fame, are consigned to eternal oblivion outside the University Calendar. It would be curious to consider in how many instances second prize and third prize poems have a different fate, or deserve it. In this case it would have been interesting to have had Thackeray's judgment, or Matthew Arnold's, as to the comparative merits of *Ariadne* and the poem, now, it is to be feared, no more; to which it was declared by academic authority inferior.

Strangely enough, the record of Davidson's divinity course, which extended over five years, and which is to be traced in his journals and letters, begins with the first mention of his illness. On his way to Edinburgh he caught cold, in consequence of travelling by rail in wet clothes. It was many weeks before he recovered, and he was always afterwards very susceptible of cold. It is not beneath the dignity of journalism to note the circumstance. It may be that many cases of illness might be traced to the sufferer having sat in a railway carriage in damp clothes; but it is not every illness thus induced which is as memorable as Davidson's has been made to those who read his poems and letters, and who "assist" at a death scene from which fear has been driven away by piety indeed, but also by subdued laughter.

During his divinity course, "not wishing to eat the bread of idleness," and eager to relieve his parents from the burden of supporting him; he laboured as a teacher in one or two places, particularly at Forres, where he stayed a couple of years, and where he is still remembered as a "tall,

erect, slender young man, with hair and complexion exceedingly fair, with a lofty forehead, and with an eye in which rest and reflection and deep meaning were to be noted."

He loved teaching no better than other poets, or than many who are only poets in detesting drudgery; but "independence" was very much to his taste, even though he had to teach for it. "After all I like Forres very well; the consciousness of independence gives life a smack which for me it never had before; for there is a real pleasure in being able to say as you put your butter on your bread—I have bought this bread and I have bought this butter; ergo, I have a right to them both."

While he was at Forres the monotony of a life of uncongenial toil was broken for him by Presbytery examinations, of which he affected fits of inexpressible horror, and by the composition of verses, of which at least one specimen—"The Auld Ash Tree"—is likely to live. As Mr. Scott Riddell, a good judge in such matters, has said, it breathes the true spirit of simple Scottish song.

"There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
And birds sit singing on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
An' o' your liltin' let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!"

That great crisis which happens at least once in the lives of most men, and which is inevitable in the life of a poet, occurred in Davidson's experience after he had taken up his residence in Edinburgh in 1861, and is thus recorded by his biographer:—

"In the sister of one of his fellow-students he found a companion of kindred tastes, who cared for the books in which he delighted and shared his enthusiasm for poetry and for music. All through his wanderings as a probationer, and during the long years of trouble, he wrote the weekly letter, and the letter which he received in reply was one of the joys that lightened his darkness. In this attachment he found a new motive for intellectual activity."

If only on account of this attachment, one of the purest and tenderest of which there is any record in the lives of those who learned in suffering what they taught in song, Davidson's experience at the conclusion of his divinity course was calculated to turn a wholesome heart to gall. The sermon which he preached before the Presbytery on presenting himself to be taken on trial for licence was rejected. It is seldom that in any Presbytery any student (be his gifts as poetical or prosaic as they may) meets with anything but compliments and congratulations on such an occasion. As a rule, some member of court, after hearing a few sentences of the sermon, is prepared to affirm that the young preacher will prove a burning and a shining light, and in this judgment it is the custom for all present to express their hearty concurrence. It is difficult to see why this custom, good or bad as it may be, should have been set aside in Davidson's case. Since the Presbytery of Edinburgh is obliged to hear its share of the first discourses of all those preachers, not born orators, under whom Christian congregations have afterwards to groan or sleep, and must thus, in the course of many years, have allowed many sermons of little merit to pass muster, it might have been expected that a discourse rejected by the Presbytery would be found to be marked by some remarkable features either of literary or doctrinal depravity. Davidson's biographer, himself a preacher of merit, assures us that the reader of the poet's sermon looks in vain for anything to justify its rejection. The thing is a mystery like other proceedings of Church courts in ancient and modern times; for example, the application of Jeddart justice to cases of heresy, by which a person suspected of that crime is suspended from office before he is regularly accused or brought to trial—hanged, and then tried.

Happily, however, it would seem that, as far as Davidson was concerned, there is little to regret in his

rejection by his Presbytery. He had the art, which few poets have had, unless, like himself, they have been humourists as well as poets, of turning evil to good on the score of enjoyment as well as of intellectual and moral profit. He felt keenly the indignity to which he had been subjected; but he felt still more keenly the absurdity of the situation. As usual, adversity became his friend, and grinned pleasantly at his jokes. He composed a doggerel verse, beginning with

"Woe's me that I rejected am,"

which he was accustomed to sing to the tune "Coleshill," the most doleful measure in use in the Scotch churches. One young member of Presbytery, who had been Davidson's fellow-student, distinguished himself by the warmth with which he took part in the proceedings of the court. Davidson had his revenge upon him when he wrote to a friend: "I have broken bread with this man; I have cracked jokes with him; though, to tell you the truth, I had generally to act as both legs of the nut-cracker myself."

What remains to be noticed of the Probationer's story must be told in a few words. A year after his rejection he was accepted by the Presbytery, and began his travels in search of a living—a humble, rural charge, "free from colliers," being that which would have contented his ambition and gratified his tastes. What the United Presbyterian probationer has to fear, besides the chance of never obtaining a living, is that he may be sent to Orkney in winter to look for one. It was Davidson's fate to be ordered on that dismal errand. He spent some weeks on the island of Shapinsay, suffocated with smoke as long as he kept within doors, and unable, except for an hour now and again, to face the tempests raging over sea and land. Few probationers would have found Shapinsay, under such circumstances, an entertaining residence; but Davidson, to whom nothing human was alien, and much

that was human was droll, found amusement for himself even in Shapinshay.

" . . . Really one never knows what the next five minutes will develop. I was just going to go straight into some very interesting subject or another, when the dishevelled old Eliza before mentioned made her appearance with the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, and a threatening of supper (both of which I knew quite well were a mere apology for a *haver*—the cunning old Eliza) and put the whole affair out of my head.

"Eliza is a very peculiar little old body. I can scarcely describe her. I have called her dishevelled, and yet there is a certain show of orderliness about her too. She always reminds me of some of the *touzie* little girls at country schools, bright-eyed and sprightly, with a lock of black hair hanging on their brows and threatening to make them squint all their days. Eliza is like one of these lassies turned all of a sudden forty-five years old. That looks absurd in the extreme certainly; but that does not in the least spoil the description, for Eliza *is* absurd. She has a good deal of shrewdness too mixed up with much nonsense: for mentally as well as bodily she is dishevelled. She has continually-recurring "lucid intervals," so continually recurring as to get mixed up with the other intervals beyond all possibility of disentanglement."

On one of his journeys he was travelling in a third-class carriage, and had for a companion an old woman, who had much to tell him respecting her family, and particularly a son, who was a soldier, "far away on the banks of the Yang-tsi-Kiang." To this incident the students of the University of Edinburgh are indebted for a song of Davidson's, "which they have often sung with great effect on occasions like that of the election of Lord Rector," and which still, we believe, maintains among them its original popularity. It thus begins:—

"My name is Polly Hill, and I've got a lover
Bill,

But he's caused me many a pang,
For his regiment got the rout, and he's
gone to the right about,
To the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

"Oh! the war had broken out, though I
don't know what about,

But they that make the wars go hang!
For he's gone with thousands ten to fight
the China-men
On the Yang-tsi-Kiang."

One evening, at a friend's house, in June, 1865, after a severe fit of coughing, he remarked: "Rather a necropolitan tone that." "No, no," his friend replied. "Ay, man," he persisted, "there's the ring o' the kirk-yard about it; it pits ane in mind o' the clap o' the shool (shovel)." His wanderings as a probationer, particularly those which made him acquainted with the dishevelled Eliza of Shapinshay, had overtasked his strength. From this time the progress of his malady seems to have been as steady as was his determination to make no account of it. In spite of occasional blood-spitting and other indications of its gravity, he went on preaching till the end of 1866, when his career as a probationer closed on a Sunday, of which there is this characteristic record in his diary:—

"Of all places in the world, Clackmannan, Saturday, 15th December.—Came to Stirling to-day with Gibson, and after waiting some time there, continued to this place. They seem to be thoroughly in the hands of revivalists here: I am lodged in the same room with an Evangelist. I hope I love the Evangel: but I don't know about *these* Evangelists. This one is a feeble brother. He inquires 'if there is any *stir* in Glasgow?' and seems to carry on a kind of warfare against an invisible tricky, practical joker, whom he terms 'The Old Boy.' Oh, for Monday! Have read nothing this week."

His father had now leased a small holding near Jedburgh, consisting of an orchard and some fields, and to this humble, but to him delightful, home, Davidson returned, in the hope that a few weeks of rest would recruit his strength. But even from an early stage in his illness the chance of recovery was possibly small; and whatever the chance was, it seems pretty clear that the most was not made of it. Davidson, like many whose lives were valuable to mankind, appears to have been ignorant enough of the laws of health to be unconscious of his ignorance, and to be incapable of learning the lesson which duller minds have sometimes been taught by empty pill-boxes, and by waste-paper in the shape

of prescriptions. He submitted willingly, or, if not willingly, he submitted somehow, to treatment which relieved him of bile by making a skeleton of him in a week.

"I had been going on from one cold to another—carrying, of course, a little of the old forward with me to the new, and at length I could not help seeing that if I wished to advance in any direction other than cemeterywards, the sooner 'I went bald-headed' for plain shelvation the better. And I shelved myself accordingly. I shelved myself shortly before Christmas; I am on the shelf still, and whether or no Fate is going to put sides, ends, and a lid upon it does not yet appear very clearly. . . . The family doctor fell upon me, armed with a box of most remorseless pills, and in little more than a week reduced me to a condition which was not merely *lean*, but utterly fleshless. To give him his due, however, I must be honest enough to own that what he left of me was quite cured; in fact, it could scarcely be otherwise, seeing my complaint was neither a skin disease nor a bone one!"

Almost to the very end the inevitable stages of his progress towards the grave were regarded by him as so many accidents, fresh colds, to be encountered by new remedies and (for such often are the regular practitioner's regular remedies) new diseases and new miseries. As far as it is possible to judge from his journals and letters, it would seem that, only when it was too late, he took any decided steps for the recovery of his health, and that some of those which he then took were well calculated to make recovery impossible. If, when he was first struck with the necropolitan tone of his cough, he had given some time to the study of health, with the view of becoming his own physician, he might possibly have lived to preach many sermons, too good to be popular, and to write many poems, too good to perish. As it was, we read how, after spitting blood one Monday in November, he spent the following Monday in walking a few miles with a friend; and we anticipate with a deplorable certainty what tomorrow will bring forth in this kind:

"Tuesday.—Spent the forenoon in reading Carlyle, and in spitting and

coughing, attributable to yesterday's buffeting with wind and defiance of snow."

Such is the story (admirably told by his biographer) of the Probationer's fortunes, and of the course of his not very eventful life, till the time when its only events were those which marked the advance of death.

We have reached at this point the last chapter of the "Life." But here, as has been said, the end is a beginning. The book, in point of peculiar and characteristic interest, consists of one concluding chapter, which lends to what precedes it some value as a preface. Of this chapter, however, it is impossible to render any just account except by the method of transcribing a great part of its contents, and thus at our hands the book must have scant justice done to it exactly where its claims to notice and to approbation are least questionable. A very few extracts from the poems and letters written by the Probationer in the course of his last illness would serve to show that he had at times, in a fashion of his own, "a heart for any fate;" but our space forbidding us to quote the whole collection, we cannot hope to show in how notable a manner it was his habitual and customary way to smile cheerfully in the face of destiny when that face wore its worst frown. It is as if we were required to illustrate the genius of Beethoven, and were permitted to do so only by whistling snatches of his sonatas. Since nothing better however is possible, if we cannot give Davidson's sonatas, or any considerable specimen of their quality, as they came from his hands, we must be content to indicate, as we best can, a strain which runs through them all.

It is the old familiar strain of which love and death are alternate notes. With other imaginative writers, familiar only in fancy with the gloomier side of human experience, it is a strain of forced and rather tuneless melancholy. With Davidson, acquainted with the undertaker's shadow as with

his own, it is one of easy, artless, melodious cheerfulness—always rippling out into laughter. What he wrote was not intended to be given to the world; but if his purpose had been to supply materials for a biography, it would have been clear that he was resolved to have nothing to say to readers who take pleasure in death-bed scenes, and that in fact he held such readers and their tastes in some considerable contempt. Not that, any more than the subject of the latest religious biography written *à-la-mode*, he was ignorant of the fact that death is no joke. He comforted others with sadness—deep and genuine sadness too—when they needed it, in regard to death and his doings, though it was not his way to bestow that sort of consolation upon himself. To a friend who had suffered the loss of a daughter he wrote: "God Himself can do much (in the way of comforting the sorrowful), and indeed the most that we can do is only to remind one another of *that*." Only the most Bœotian stupidity or the most senseless religiosity will discover any improper levity in the tone of a letter of his, in which the doom of death is registered upon authority only too indisputable, that of Professor Gairdner.

"I am going to tell you a secret—'tell no man.' Seriously, I had my chest once more looked into the other night by a Glasgow doctor. He told me my left lung is 'affected,' a fact of which I have been perfectly well aware for many weeks past, but which now looms to me slightly larger through the haze of this professional confirmation. Now, that fact is a little unpleasant: in the great majority of cases the unpleasantness gradually deepens until it terminates in the plain 'necropolitan.' The coming winter, I suspect, will settle the matter (and possibly *me*). Now, you will understand that all this, except the hopeful possibilities it contains, is *entre nous*. (I wonder why I am betaking myself so much to my little stock of French. Perhaps it is that I am a little serious, and trying to seem the other. Well.) To people that inquire for me you will say that I am 'middling'; that I am not *quite* ready yet for re-entering the 'lists.'"

To say nothing of a deeply religious nature in him, his poetic gift was too

large to admit of his wayfaring in the valley of the shadow of death and erring therein as a giggling fool might err. His levity, indeed, if any can be laid to his charge, is not a sign that with him the stream of proper feeling—proper according to every accepted rule—is shallow, but that it runs deeply, and therefore smoothly: the bubbles on the surface mark the depth and even flow of the current. To him the stern realities of life and death are so great and awe-inspiring, that, with the self-deprecation of a poetic soul, he cannot allow himself to speak of them as if he could measure them with a foot-rule and enter them in a ledger; he indulges instead in a vein of banter, always at his own expense, to hide the fact that he is obliged to contemplate them in silence.

To a friend who noted in his altered looks the ravages of disease, and who advised him not to lose heart, he said, "There is no fear of my losing heart if I do not lose my lungs." The truth of this remark is what forces itself upon our notice as we peruse the correspondence with his friends, which he maintained as long as he was able to hold a pen. It challenges our attention in a variety of forms, one of the most striking of which is that of the probationer going on with his studies and his literary recreations as if his lungs were no less sound than his heart. "He resolved to study the early English dramatists, and his first weeks at home were spent reading Marlowe, Greene, and Ben Jonson." This was previous to the occasion on which, as has been seen, his physician relieved him of bile by reducing him to a skeleton. But after that time, and when, in spite of further medical help, or in consequence of it, the skeleton which was left to him could with difficulty find its way from the fire-side to the garden, he had this account to give of work still in progress.

"We must all die, and we know that pretty well. But the feeling I used to have about it, and which I suppose most people have,

was that over the hills and far away, and deep down in a certain 'dowie home,' sate that Lean One playing with his dart, and that by the time I reached him I should be so wearied and jaded going up hill and down dale, that I should take the *coup de grace* at his hands not ungratefully. But all of a sudden, or comparatively of a sudden, this idea changed itself into the feeling that he was risen up and coming over the hills swiftly to meet me, and that at the top of the very next ridge or so I should infallibly have my weasand slit and the life let out of me. To speak plainly, during all the earlier part of last winter I fully expected to be gobbled up quite shortly. Now this change of feeling—especially if it be a sudden change—about the last incident is very apt to have a paralysing effect upon some of one's faculties. At any rate one feels but little inclination to initiate anything—in the writing way, I mean. I therefore procured myself a grammar and dictionary, and sat down to learn the German language, and to see what should occur; I acquired the German language, and nothing occurred. I am alive, and can read Schiller and Goethe."

While he was waiting to see what would occur, something did happen—a report that he was dead came to his ears. He took up his pen and wrote a poem on the subject, a poem on which the labour of the file was not spared and was not wasted, but of which any specimen we could give would represent the whole only as a head or a leg might represent the human figure. Not even when death would brook no more delay, and pressed for his own as upon a bill long overdue, would the fainting student forswear his German or the poet and humourist lay aside his pen. He was laid prostrate by what he called a *dwam* (*Scotticè*, a fainting-fit), of which his correspondents heard nothing but the name for many weeks. This *dwam*, when the real nature of the seizure could no longer be concealed, was described by him in prose and verse.

"About six or seven weeks ago, I had quite a thrilling and romantic visitation in the shape of bleeding at the lung. I don't know very well what brought it on: it may have been over-exertion in the way of walking or lifting weights; or it may have been the sudden swoop of severe weather which took place then; or it may have been a cold, for I had a cold,—we all had colds, and the whole house-

hold was in a state of 'hoasts encountering hoasts,' as the paraphrase has it. In short—

'How it cam' let doctors tell—
Ha! ha! the bleedin' o't!'

Come it did—first two slight attacks which I suppressed, and then another one which caught me at the fireside reading *Juventus Mundi* after breakfast, and which was of too *fountainceous* a nature to be suppressed. My mother thought I was going to die; for myself, I had an avalanche of three hundred and seventy-six thoughts at once; my sister went for the doctor—having some thought that there might be 'succour in God and good leeching.' In a minute or two the affair hushed itself up again for the time, and under persuasion of morphia its visits became more and more of the angelic kind—shorter and farther between—until in a week they happily ceased altogether. To-morrow it will be five weeks since I had the last of them. The morphia often made my eyes too heavy for reading, and to keep myself from moping during the demi-semi-lucid intervals, I endeavoured to extract some faint amusement out of the attempt to lampoon myself and my rickety old lung. I send you the result, that you may see what I can do in the hobgoblin line."

Of the "lampoon," or, as he otherwise called it, "the Hobgoblinade," which accompanied this letter, only a stanza or two from the first of the four parts of which it consists can be here given, but even this will perhaps suffice to show that Davidson had in him something of the quality of S. T. C.

"A DOGGEREL ALLEGORY OF HEMOPTYSIS.

PART I.

(*The Singer catcheth Cold.*)

"Last night I left my door ajar,
To-day I much repent it;
For there stepped One into the floor
Unbidden and unwanted.

"'I'm Death,' said he. 'I know,' said I;
'I know already; bless you,
The merest babe could ne'er mistake
That wondrous want of tissue.'"

Davidson had still to linger on a few months after finishing his "Hobgoblinade." It was not the last effort of his muse. How the balance hung now for him in regard to the number of his days, or rather hours, was not doubtful, but he wasted no time

watching it; he devoured books with as keen a relish as ever, and exercised his pen as long as he could hold it. He thought it shameful to "succumb" when, having borne up through a long winter, he "smelt spring air and saw the crocus again." No stain of shame, even of this kind, was to blur the white shield of a noble life which he had so far carried. His weekly letter, written on the 24th of April, was in his usual vein. "On the 29th he passed calmly away."

"His poems are as beautiful as flowers or birds, and the letters might have been written by a Scotch U. P. Charles Lamb." Such is the judgment pronounced upon the Scottish Probationer by one of whom all Scotchmen are proud, whose approbation is worth a large measure of common renown. It is a judgment which will be readily indorsed by all who read Davidson's poems and letters, after having cultivated a taste for poetry and for humour by reading *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Davidson described himself, when, in his last unfinished poem, he said of his hero—

"it was his nature
Rather to stoop than overstretch his stature."

This was his nature, and in this lies the secret of any mastery he attained in the art of living a noble life—that art which to him, as to most whose names are least perishable in the history of literature, was many arts in one. If it is a fashion for young men of parts to clutch at unripe fruit in the shape of literary distinction, it was a fashion which he could not follow. Expecting nothing from life except what was to be got by patient continuance in well-doing, and in doing things well, he learned to be, in the best sense, sufficient unto himself. His aim was not success, but merit. This was his merit, and it was his success. He did not go out to meet fame,

therefore fame has come to him. His biographer remarks upon the rapid increase of his powers as his bodily strength declined, and appeals in proof of it to that concluding chapter from which our quotations have been drawn. Perhaps there was some increase of his powers, as, for certain, there was no failure. But it is more unquestionable that time had brought along with illness the opportunity to use his powers, than that bodily debility served to augment their volume, or intensify their action. To another mind than Davidson's, illness and the prospect of death would not have been literary advantages. But such they were to him. Opportunity came with them for the man to show what he was, and with it the opportunity for the poet and humourist to exercise his gifts on themes not unworthy of them, and in circumstances which lend to his work a dramatic interest. It was only to a nature like his, strong and self-possessed in virtue of its perfect modesty and sincerity, patient in well-doing, devoid of self-seeking, asking and expecting nothing from circumstances, that the valley of the shadow of death could have been a tolerable abode, a homely bit of the world in which it was not profane to be one's self and smile. In possession of such a nature, Davidson, as a poet and humourist, had not to go on any doubtful quest after themes, entertaining from their novelty or variety; those which were thrust upon him by that old Ishmael, whose hand is against us all, were those which his good angel, jealous of his fame, might have prescribed for him; the oldest, and truest, and dimmest became in his hands as fresh, and glowing, and lightsome as if nothing had been ever said or sung about them in an evil world, or in the language of mortals.

JOHN SERVICE.

HOW POMMIER WAS MARRIED.

DEAR BO,—Pommier is married. We have married him—we, Lys and I, and our maid Virginie. I do not mean that we have passively become his wives, or actively made him our husband, but that we have so aided and abetted him in making the maiden of his choice his wife that I feel entitled to repeat—We have married him.

It took, you will see, a long time as it was, but I am sure it would have taken years more without us. It was not that there was any difficulty in regard to what is usually the most fruitful source of difficulty when our friends are bent upon marrying and giving in marriage—the *dot*—for Pommier was very poor when he came to us, and I do not think he can have saved much of his wages since, and so he could not expect that Mademoiselle Marie Adolphine Wangermann—but I must not introduce her yet. Dear Bo, why did not your godfathers and godmothers call you Marie Adolphine instead of the barbarous name whose only presentable form we have discovered in Bo? But I ought at once to reassure you in a matter upon which my first sentence will have made you anxious: Pommier does not leave us; so when you come you may still flatter him about his roses and gladio—is it *luses* or *li*? To begin at the beginning. One day in the garden, months ago, Pommier, looking if possible graver than usual, said to me—“Mademoiselle, if Monsieur your papa”—he never says to us, Your father—“returns during my absence, will you have the goodness to tell him that I am called away on a very important affair? It is about an important letter to my father that Monsieur Billois, the schoolmaster and secretary to the *mairie*, is going

to be good enough to write, for, as you know, I unhappily cannot.” “Why, I hope your father is not ill?” “It is not that, Mademoiselle. And perhaps, Mademoiselle”—he continued, as if a bright though perhaps desperate thought had struck him—“perhaps while you are talking to Monsieur you would also be good enough to ask him if I might speak to him as to whether he would give me permission to marry. For you see, Mad—” “Permission to marry!” said I, interrupting the stream of talk that was now let loose—“why, you know that you have no need to ask his permission to marry.” “Ah, but you know, Mademoiselle, that I come from the Mayenne, and one does not the things there as one does here, and I am so well *cased* here that I would not marry if it derange Monsieur or you, though I find it very dear living alone and having to pay for my washing and cooking, or living at the *auberge*, to say nothing of Mademoiselle my intended being able to earn enough by dressmaking to keep herself. And I asked her to write to my father for his consent, for she can write beautifully, but she thought that it was better for me to pay some *sous* and get Monsieur Billois to do that; and she had reason, had she not? And if you, Mademoiselle, would ask Monsieur for his permission I should then have no need to trouble him at all; and you will tell him that I will not marry if it would derange him—is it not so? And Mademoiselle will excuse me, for I am pressed, for Monsieur the schoolmaster cannot wait, for the school recommences at one o'clock.” And Pommier fairly ran away to avoid any reply to the longest speech he had ever made. I have taken the liberty to introduce some commas and stops

into it, but there was no pause of any sort in his delivery of it; and I have suppressed some fifty "Mademoiselles."

Well, do you know, Bo, I was disappointed. We had all been busy matchmaking—tying together our two favourites, Virginie and Pommier. And here was this self-conceited Pommier presuming to choose for himself, and knocking to pieces our castle in the air. For there was a real castle in the air, as we had found an abode for our happy pair in the waste howling wilderness of attics, where you remember the former proprietor of our house had commenced fitting up a *salle d'armes* and gymnasium, and I know not what. There we thought they might be quite at home, within bell-call, and yet out of earshot, even if they should people that wilderness with "infants wailing for their absent mother." Now all this had to be given up, and for a damsel whose surroundings we did not like—the Belgian girl whose Christian names have already created a rankling jealousy in your heart.

When I told Virginie, she was quite put out. Not that she shared your jealousy of the Wangermann, for I believe "she walks in maiden meditation fancy free," like Queen Elizabeth and me, or that her "brother's friend from Paris" sometimes occupies her thoughts. But she did not like Pommier having told me first. So we had some difficulty in bringing her round. But round she duly came, and has ever since been Pommier's chief confidante, and, jointly with Lys and me, chief adviser.

A little more than a week after, Pommier, all radiant, showed Virginie a letter that he had just received from his father with his formal consent to the marriage, duly certified. This consent is a most important affair, for without it, and many other documents also, marriage becomes almost impossible. So, Bo, when the French marquis whom you say you are expecting, turns up, see that he has it or gets it, and that you may know that it is

all right, I send you a copy of Pommier's:—

"Before Maîtres Henri Ruvault, and three of his brethren
Hath appeared

"M. Adolphe Pommier, farmer, living at the place of La Fourmandry, commune of St. François Cunch de Privers.

"Who hath by these presents declared that he gives his consent to the marriage that M. René François Pommier, his son, major, issue of his marriage with De Rosalie Cerisier, deceased, at Chatillon-sur-Colmont, the 19th December, 1859, gardener at Mr. ———, living at La Ferté Milon, proposes to contract with Mlle. Marie Adolphine Wangermann, dressmaker, also living at La Ferté Milon.

"Willing that this consent should serve him before all public officers, and officers of the civil condition (*état civil*), and before all ministers of religion.

"Of which Act is done and finished at Mayenne in chambers.

"The year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

"The twelfth October.

"And after reading made, M. Pommier having declared that he knoweth not to write nor to sign, relegates it to the notaries who have signed."

(Here follow the signatures, which, like all other official French ones, are past my powers of reading.)

"3f. 75c., Registered at Mayenne, the 15th October, 1876, fol. 18120, e 8. Received three francs, 75 centimes. (Signature again undecipherable.)

"Seen for the verification of the signatures of Maîtres Ruvault and Bietrin (two) notaries at Mayenne, written before us. For the president of the Civil Tribunal of Mayenne in presence. Mayenne, the 18th October, 1876."

(Signed—something like "Mummy" with a tremendous flourish.)

A day or two after Virginie told us that when Pommier had taken this certificate to the *mairie*, the school-master had told him that as he had not his mother's consent, he must have a certified copy of her "act of death," and that he had accordingly got some more *sous* from Pommier for writing for it. In due course it came, and we copied it also:—

"20 Dec., 1859.—Extract from one of the registers of the acts of the *Etat Civil* of the commune of Chatillon-sur-Colmont, deposited at the record of the Civil Tribunal of Mayenne.

"The year one thousand eight hundred and fifty nine, the twentieth December, at ten o'clock of the morning, before us Gustave de

Morienne, Knight of the Legion of Honour Mayor and Officer of the *Etat Civil* of the Commune of Chatillon-sur-Colmont, canton of Gorron, arrondissement of Mayenne, department of the Mayenne, have appeared Adolphe Pommier, journeyman, aged 54 years, spouse of the defunct, and François Guityr, farmer, aged 49 years, neighbour of the defunct, both domiciled in the basbourg of this commune, who to us have declared that Rosalie Cerisier, spinner, aged 46 years, born at Oisseau, spouse of the said Adolphe Pommier, daughter of the deceased Jean Cerisier, and of the deceased Julienne Maingard, died yesterday at 3 o'clock of the evening in her domicile at the basbourg in this commune; and the declarants have said that they know not to sign the present Act of Death after reading made."

The register is signed G. de Morienne.

For a true copy of the register—

"The *commis-greffier*" (a fearful signature follows, like two sea-serpents in a death-struggle).

"Seen for legalisation of the signature of the said J. Progrès, *commis-greffier*," and so on as before.

When I next saw Pommier I asked him when the wedding was to be. "Ah, Mademoiselle, if I had only known, I would never have begun to get married. When I took my papers to get my marriage notice posted up at the *mairie*, Monsieur Billois asked me for my own papers, so I showed him my *livret* (the little book that all French workmen have to carry—their passport, in fact), but he said that that was not enough, that I must also have my act of birth, and my certificate of military service or of exemption; and so he has written for them. And you know, Mademoiselle, all this costs money. And besides I have asked Mademoiselle Adolphine whether she has her papers, and she has not, and I do not know when she will get them, for she has to write to Belgium for them. And further, I asked her to write to Monsieur the curé of my country for a copy of my certificate of baptism, for you know, Mademoiselle, that we are going to be married religiously as well as civilly, and we cannot be without the certificate which Monsieur the curé has not sent, though there is now a month since we wrote!" I duly con- doled with him, and said that as I heard him whistle so at his work, I had

concluded that matters were going on all right." "Just the contrary, Mademoiselle, I whistle that I may not think!"

A few days after, Virginie came and told us that Pommier was whistling louder than ever, for he had had his application for a copy of his certificate of liberation from military service sent back because it was not written upon stamped paper, and consequently that the schoolmaster had had to write again, and Pommier to pay fourteen *sous* for the stamp. It seemed as if the fates were fighting against the wedding. At last, however, the following documents came, which, like all the others, were covered with impressed seals. To begin with the proof that Pommier was actually born:—

"25 March, 1846.—Extract from one of the Registers of the *Etat Civil* of the Commune of Chatillon-sur-Colmont, deposited at the Records of the Civil Tribunal of Mayenne.

"The year 1846, the 25th March, at three o'clock of the evening, before us, Cesar Vidier, Mayor, Officer of the *Etat Civil* of the Commune of Chatillon, canton of Gorron," &c., as before.

"Hath compeared Adolphe Pommier, labourer, aged 39 years, domiciled in this commune, who to us hath declared that to him is born this day at nine o'clock of the morning, at the village of Bas Noyers in this commune, an infant of the masculine sex, that he to us presents, and to whom he declares to wish to give the names of René François; the which infant he has had of Rosalie Cerisier, his spouse, spinner, aged 32 years.

"The said declarations and presentation made in presence of René Mullot, labourer, aged 30 years, domiciled at Brezi; and of Julien Bourgon, journeyman, aged 33 years, domiciled at Chatillon.

"And the father and witnesses have declared that they know not to sign the present act of birth after that reading to them of it hath been made."

Then follow the attesting clauses and signatures, and seals, and what not. The following is the certificate of liberation from military service:—

"We, underprefect of the arrondissement of Mayenne, certify that the named Pommier René François, son of Adolphe and of the deceased Cerisier Rosalie, domiciled at La Haye Traversaine, canton of Mayenne (West), department of the Mayenne, born the 25 March, 1846, at Chatillon, canton of Gorron, depart-

ment of the Mayenne, hath been inscribed upon the census tables of the young men of the commune of La Haye Traversaine, who have competed at the drawing of the class of 1866, in the canton of Mayenne (West), and that he has been exempted from the service for default of height.

"In faith of which we to him have delivered the present certificate.

"Done at Mayenne the 16 January, 1877.

"For the subprefect on journey of revision.

"The delegate—J. Raulin" (I think it is).

There, Bo, I have now given you the four papers you must make your *marquis* produce, or corresponding ones, according to his circumstances. As I read the certificate of exemption it was amusing to see the way Pommier drew himself up to the full of the scant measure of height nature has dealt out to him, and how he tried to look knowing and proud as he said—"But yes, *Mademoiselle*, I indeed had the luck to be drawn so long before I had done growing. How unhappy I should have been if I had been as tall as I am now!"

"Now then, I hope all is in order," said I to Pommier on his return from the *mairie*. "Yes, *Mademoiselle*, all I want for my civil marriage; but *Mademoiselle Adolphine* has not yet got her papers, and we have not yet heard from Monsieur my *curé*. And please, *Mademoiselle*, will you ask Monsieur whether he will permit me to present my intended to him, and to you, and to *Mademoiselle* your sister?" I told him he might bring her on Sunday evening after dinner.

During dinner on Sunday we commenced pitying the poor girl coming, as it were, just for us to criticise her, so we determined to make things as easy as possible. About nine o'clock Monsieur Pommier and *Mademoiselle Wangermann* were announced. She is very good looking, dark, and tall—so tall, in fact, that she would not have escaped for "default of height" had she been drawn for service in the army. She was plainly dressed in dark stuff, and had an open-knitted white capeline very gracefully thrown over her hair, with its point reaching

her forehead. I suppose she had been thinking also of how to make the interview as easy as possible *for us*, for she sailed into the room like a duchess, cool and collected, made a low bow to Monsieur, then bowing to us also, wished us the good evening, and said how pleased she had felt when Monsieur Pommier asked her to come and pay her respects to us; how honoured she felt to make our acquaintance; how she hoped that in the future the marriage of Monsieur Pommier with herself would not change the good relations existing between us, &c., &c. Long before her polite phrases were exhausted, Pommier had escaped, murmuring something about the garden. But she had no need of his support, and took good care that the conversation did not flag. Neither did she forget business by reminding us that she was a dressmaker, and would be proud to, &c., &c.; but this was brought in very delicately. When Pommier returned, we consoled with him upon all the trouble he had had with his papers, especially as some of them appeared to us so useless. But she would not have it that these formalities were useless. "How, *Mesdames*, without them, could one know that—that, for example, Monsieur Pommier was not already married?" Poor Pommier! he did not look just then like an intending bigamist; but words failing him to make a proper disclaimer, he had to give a nod, and—"But yes, she has reason;" to show his sense of the necessity of all possible precautions. Speaking of the delay in procuring the baptismal certificate, the *Wangermann* said something about not waiting for it when all her papers had come, as the civil marriage was sufficiently binding; but Pommier blazed up at this like a good old-fashioned peasant as he is, so she at once drew in.

As regarded her papers, the only one wanting was her act of birth. As she was born in Belgium and did

not know in what town, and as her parents were dead, this paper gave her some trouble. Pommier got very disquieted about it, almost as if he suspected her having ever been born, as she could not produce this necessary proof of it. "I cannot understand people, Mademoiselle, who could lose so important a paper. I cannot understand them!" "But, Pommier, what about your own certificate of baptism?—that is also delaying things, you know," said I, thinking I had him there. "For that, Mademoiselle, I got Monsieur the curé to write to the curé of my country, and he has sent me this letter." And a very kind letter it was, witnessing equally to the good feeling of the sender and to the good character of the receiver. The curé explained that he could read only a part of the first letter, and that that part did not include either the signature or the address, so he did not know how to reply. I hope the letter was not a fair specimen of the Wangermann penmanship. The certificate in the curé's letter was this:—

"Chatillon-sur-Colmont, Diocese of Laval.

"Extract from the Register of Baptisms.

"The 25th March, one thousand eight hundred and forty six, I the undersigned Louis Armange, vicaire (curate) of this parish, have baptized René François, born at ten o'clock this morning, of the legitimate marriage of Adolphe Pommier, and of Rosalie Cerisier, living at the village of Bas Noyers.

"The godfather was René Mulot, and the godmother Françoise Gerault. The father present. All have declared not to know how to sign.

"The register is signed—Armange, priest, vicaire.

"For a true copy, E. Dureau, priest, curé.

"At Chatillon, the 9th January, 1877."

By the time Adolphine had got her papers Lent had come, and so the wedding could not take place. It was, therefore, arranged to have it in Easter-week. Her aunt, with whom she lives, and who in turn lives with the coal merchant, had persuaded him to regularise her position at the same time; so there was to be a double wedding, and the feast was to be held at their house.

I must tell you some day, Bo, about the Christmas, Easter, and other fête-day customs here, but must now confine myself to our wedding. When the auspicious day arrived, Pommier was almost speechless with excitement about the wedding generally and his clothes in particular. His tailor had promised them, but had not brought them overnight. But about the time to start the trousers arrived. We have no false pride here, and do not keep our private affairs to ourselves. The tailor marches up the street, carefully holding out the trousers so as not to crease them, and everybody looks out of windows at them, or goes out into the street, and feels relieved that at least an instalment has come, and expresses a hope that the rest will not be long. The tailor feels himself important with the responsibility resting upon him, and tells Pommier and all the world to be calm, and count upon him. Then the waistcoat was brought up in equal state; and finally, to the general relief of all, and not more than an hour behindhand, the coat, of course a swallow-tail, was carried home in triumph.

Nor was it only about our place that there was an unwonted stir. From early morning friends had been coming in from the country in their carts to the various inns. The men had on black trousers, blue blouses, and all sorts of head-gear. The best coats and hats, carefully brought in a parcel, were only put on at the last moment at the bride's about-to-be uncle's house, or more frequently in the street in front of it, and the blouse left at the house to be resumed immediately the ceremonial part is over and the joyous part about to begin. The women were nearly all dressed in black, for the good careful souls arrange that their best dress shall serve for all their state occasions, weddings, baptisms, and funerals. Adolphine Marie (I like poking those two names at you) looked very handsome all in white, with veil and orange-flower wreath. This wreath, now

under a glass shade, forms the principal ornament of her best room—a little half-parlour, half-chamber, with a bed in an alcove, as is almost the universal custom here. However poor the girl may be, she always manages to get a white dress and veil to wear at her wedding—that is, if she dares to claim her right to wear the virgin colour—for, alas! some dare not. The other bride wore black, being, as Virginie explained to us, a widow carrying the mourning for her defunct husband up to the last possible moment—a touching devotion to his memory, is it not?

Of course we had received the usual *faire part*, asking us “to assist at the nuptial benediction.” We went also to the *mairie* to the civil marriage, to do honour to our Pommier. This enabled us to see the procession. The bridegroom went to the bride’s house, and there all were assembled, awaiting him and his best man. Poor Pommier looked very red at finding himself the observed of all observers, and redder still when he heard that his best man had not arrived. Besides the wedding party proper, there was a christening party also; for as here they do not ring the church bells for weddings, but do for christenings, they always try to arrange so that the bridegroom and bride may be at the same time godfather and godmother of some friend’s baby. By this arrangement the wished-for chiming is secured; and as here the godfather is expected to make presents to the godmother and not to the godchild, its economy would recommend it if the orthodox presents were not sweetmeats.

Pommier was not the only one who was getting fidgety about the best man, who was our village smith; for the bridesmaid, a young lady with the most wonderfully dressed hair and multitudinous pink ribbons, was letting her face get pinker than her ribbons. Her confusion was being enjoyed by a pretty little dark-haired girl—whom you will remember we used to call Mademoiselle Sairey Gamp from

her mother’s profession—who had not been invited to the wedding, and who, all the world says, is the young smith’s sweetheart—or rather would be, but for her want of *dot*; he himself being, in his way, the best *parti* and the beau of the place.

At last he came as coolly as possible, as if he knew that punctuality is not the politeness of blacksmiths. He went along, shaking hands with one half of the people with his right hand and the other half with his left, as if he were climbing hand over hand up to his place in the procession. And then Pink Ribbons gave a triumphant glance at Mademoiselle Sairey—a glance that prevented her from noticing that which her squire also sent in the same direction. Had she seen it she would not have smiled so complacently; and as it was, it fully consoled the dark-haired beauty for her rival’s seeming triumph.

At the *mairie*, Monsieur the Mayor kept us waiting a long time—I suppose while he brushed his whiskers and put on his tri-coloured scarf and sash, the grandeur of which quite justified the delay. He did not keep us long at the ceremony, for all being in order there were not many formalities to fulfil. But the registers of this place now possess the beautiful autograph of a witness to an “act of marriage” that hereafter may be quite priceless. As we went out of the *mairie*, I noticed that somebody had put a wreath on our great townsman, Jean Racine’s statue, that made it look a little less like a man wrapping a bathing towel round himself on coming out of the neighbouring river.

As it was getting late, thanks to the mayor and the groomsman, the procession took the shortest road to the church, up the steep street, where you remember the old poacher lives who gives their chief employment to our fine *gens d’armes*. There is a good story of the old rascal, how that when he was last in trouble the *juge-de-peace* said, “Imprisonment does you no good—you seem rather to like

it." "*Mon juge*, it is that one appreciates me down there. No sooner do I arrive than I am named chief cook!" And the sinner put his fingers to his lips, and made the motion and the sound as if he were pulling out a long kiss—the motion and sound that precede the "*C'est exquis*" that winds up a Frenchman's description of his favourite dish.

The procession was still more imposing when we left the quaint old church, for it was headed by the beadle with his staff of office, tipped with a wedding favour. What is the beadle's skull-cap made of? I fancy black fluted leather. Pommier and Madame Pommier were, in their quality of godfather and godmother, throwing handfuls of sweetmeats right and left. Imagine the following they had of the urchindom of La Ferté. We always know when a christening takes place, even when it is at the Chaussée church, on the other side of the river—not by the bell-ringing—for its sound is drowned by the shriller cries of the children. What row equals that of a crowd of children in high glee?

I cannot describe the wedding feast, or rather feasts—for the affair lasted three days, as is usual here, and we did not assist thereat. They began as if business was meant, for all the men at once doffed their broadcloth, and donned their blouses—the change of raiment being chiefly effected, as before, in public. The preparations made are most extravagant. Butter rose in price in our market last Friday, in consequence of the purchases made for this feast. Virginie says thirty-four pounds were bought for it, and I have

no doubt she knows all about it. It seems strange that these economical peasants should be so extravagant at the beginning of their housekeeping—spending what would keep them for months. But it may be almost forgiven them when you think that it will be their only extravagance for some twenty years, when they will perhaps repeat it at a senior daughter's wedding. As I before said, *mon oncle*—as Pommier has already for months called him—gave the feast, so his and Marie Adolphine's savings will not be diminished. Usually the parents on both sides club together, and jointly provide the wedding entertainment.

After two or three hours' eating and drinking, the guests, with the host and hostess, walked arm-in-arm in procession through the town, and then went and danced in a friend's garden, to the music of the town *fanfare*, reinforced by a fiddle. In the evening there was more eating and drinking, that lasted far into the night. The next day the feasting promenades and dancing were repeated—the *brass knocker* of an Anglo-Indian wedding was nothing to it. On the third day, as signs appeared of the running out of supplies, many of the guests left, and their desertion enabled the old campaigners who stuck to their posts, to have a grand winding-up supper.

Two days have since elapsed, and Pommier has just put in an appearance. I will not distress you by describing him. But have I not given you a long letter, Bo? In return, do likewise. All salute you, including Shim and Tum.

Your ever faithful

A. M. T.

TO HERMIONE.

WHAT shall I liken unto thee?
 A lily bright,
 Whose virgin purity and grace
 Fulfils the soul, as doth thy face,
 With all delight.

What shall I liken unto thee?
 A blushing rose,
 Which, redolent of fragrance rare,
 Half opened to the summer air,
 All sweetness grows.

What shall I liken unto thee?
 Some glorious star,
 Which, hung aloft at eventide,
 Sheds its mild radiance every side,
 Both near and far.

No! such comparison is vain.
 For these all three,
 Lily, and star, and rose so fair,
 In radiance, grace, and sweetness rare
 Must yield to thee.

POPES AND CARDINALS.

It is one of the penalties of greatness in this world that a man in the position of the Pope has, in his old age, to lie in state—to see his career sketched in newspapers and magazines—to know that he is the subject of protocols, notes, and declarations, that his demise is the topic of discussion in all the chancelleries of Europe—to hear his conduct canvassed, as the *Times* a few years ago canvassed that of a Prime Minister, in the past tense, even before he has perhaps seriously thought of shuffling off this mortal coil, and now and then to have to assist at his own obsequies, to overhear the candid criticism of friends and enemies alike over his grave, their speculations as to who shall take his place when he is gone and what shall be done when he has reached the end of the furrow; and in the case of Pius IX. the criticism and speculation have been particularly free and frank.

There is, or has been till now, a superstition that none of the Popes can outlive St. Peter, and, as far as the history of the Papacy can be traced, no Pope till now has reigned longer than the Apostolic Founder of the Holy See. Pius VI. reigned within three or four months of five-and-twenty years; and till the reign of Pius IX. this was the nearest approach to the alleged pontificate of Peter. The duration of that is said to have been twenty-five years, two months and seven days. Sylvester I. reigned twenty-four years, and Adrian's reign fell short of that only by about ten days. The longest reign next to these is the reign of Pius VII. That was twenty-three years and a half. But Pius IX. is now in the fiftieth year of his Episcopate, in the thirty-first year of his Pontificate, and in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He has, with

one or two exceptions, outlived all the Cardinals who took part in his election in the June of 1846, has confuted the old belief embodied in the words *Non videbis annos Petri*, and is to-day, with one exception—that of Queen Victoria—the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe. Her Majesty is the Pope's senior as a sovereign by nearly ten years. But with this exception the Pope has seen every throne in Europe change its occupant since the triple crown was placed on his brows in St. Peter's, and some of them he has seen refilled more than once.

The Papacy itself is no longer what it was. It is no longer, politically, one of the Powers of Europe. But the throne of St. Peter still stands; St. Peter's successor is still a sovereign, and is still entitled to the pre-eminence of honour accorded to him of old by Catholic sovereigns, although Pius IX. has had to share the common fate of the crowd of grand dukes and duchesses whose rule reproduced in Italy a few years ago the English heptarchy; and to-day he is like the rest of the sovereigns *de jure* in the *Almanach de Gotha*—a king without a kingdom. Time has brought its bitterness even to him. He has survived his own greatness, been shorn of almost all his feathers, and reduced to a palace and a garden, but, like Bacon, the gallant old man “scorns to go out in snuff,” and he has done his best to make up for the loss of his princely prerogatives by arrogating to himself the spiritual prerogatives which till now have been vested in general assemblies of the Church, decreeing his own personal infallibility and constituting himself absolute sovereign of the intellect and conscience of Christendom. These things, independently of all political changes, make the pontificate

of Pius IX. one of the most notable in the history of the papacy; and the first question that the next conclave will have to ask itself when it assembles will be whether it has anything left to do but to register the last decree that the Cardinal Chamberlain happens to find in the pigeon-holes of the papal *escrittoire*.

Yet, after all, it was only by a mishap that Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti attained the triple crown at all. The popular candidate was Cardinal Gizzi, and the most powerful man in the college itself was Cardinal Lambruschini. Mastai-Ferretti was only one of a crowd, and in the first ballot he hardly seemed to be in the running. Lambruschini had the highest number of votes, and everything seemed to mark him out as the future Pope. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip even in a conclave; and the Italians have a proverb that, in these contests, the favourite never wins. He did not in this case. In the second and third ballot Mastai-Ferretti came more and more distinctly to the front, Gizzi disappeared from the lists, and Lambruschini fell hopelessly into the rear. But if Lambruschini could only have kept open the conclave a few hours longer he might have displaced his rival, and perhaps have placed the tiara upon his own brows, or, if not there, might at least have placed it upon the brows of his friend Franzoni; for Mastai-Ferretti was in bad odour with the court of Austria on account of his sympathy with the National party of Italy, and when the ballot that made him Pope was taken, the Austrian Plenipotentiary was on his way from Vienna with a veto in his pocket against the Archbishop of Imola, and with Cardinals enough in his train to turn the scale in favour of the Genoese Cardinal. The veto arrived a few hours too late, and the lagging Cardinals, entering the Holy City the day after the fair, found the Romans shouting *vivas* in honour of a sovereign whose name they hardly knew how to pronounce. The telegraph and the railway have put an end to all

risk of anything of this kind happening again; for Rome is now within speaking distance of Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and London; and unless the conclave sits, as it is said it will sit, within twenty-four hours of the Pope's death, and, under a dispensing bull, elects his successor in *presenti cadavere*, there will be time between the announcement of the Pope's death and the day usually fixed for the holding of the conclave for all the Cardinals of Europe to reach Rome and to give their votes.

That implies, also, that the Veto Powers will this time be able to make their voices heard, if they wish, in the conclave, and that Prince Bismark will have an opportunity to assert his right to a veto as well as Austria, Spain, France, and Portugal. At present these are the only powers that possess a veto upon the nomination of a Pope, and it has been challenged in the case of Portugal, although that is the only case in which it is said to rest upon a papal bull. Its origin in the case of France, Spain and Austria is only to be traced conjecturally; but the right itself has never been denied, and it has frequently been exercised. Austria intended to exercise it in the case of Pius IX., and the court of Madrid did exercise it in the case of Cardinal Giustiniani in 1830, and exercised it without assigning a reason, although the reason may possibly be conjectured from the fact that the Cardinal had been Nuncio at the Spanish court, and was apt to be frank in his criticism upon the foibles of persons in high position. The court of France, in 1823, tried to place its veto upon the election of Leo XII., and that veto would have barred his election if the French Cardinals had not been outwitted by the Italians, as the Austrians were outwitted by the Roman party in 1846.

These vetos are the only check upon the absolute power of the College of Cardinals to place any one whom they can agree upon themselves by a vote of two-thirds upon the throne of St. Peter; and, as far as the Roman

Catholic Church itself is concerned, the choice of the sacred college is final and binding upon all, whether that choice be ratified by the veto powers or not. The bull of Nicholas II., vesting the power of election in the College of Cardinals, prescribes a form of procedure which is hardly distinguishable from that by which the head of one of our own Oxford colleges is chosen. M. About has put the papal constitution into a sentence: "The Pope elects the Cardinals, and the Cardinals elect the Pope." That is the key to the whole papal system. Yet, except when in conclave, a Cardinal, as such, has no more voice or authority in the government of the Holy See than an acolyte who swings a censer in St. Peter's. He need not even be in orders at all; and that has been the case with some of the most distinguished of the Cardinals. Clement XII., in 1735, made even a child of eight years old—Don Louis of Bourbon—a Cardinal. Sixtus V. paid a similar compliment to one of his nephews, and Paul IV. startled the Sacred College by nominating a lawless and ferocious *condottiere* to the Cardinalate—Carlo Caraffa—one of his own nephews, who, knowing the weak side of the Pope, contrived to be surprised kneeling before a crucifix in an agony of remorse. Leo X. offered the red hat to Raphael, to console him for the loss of Maria di Bibbiena, the niece of one of Leo's Cardinals, and in the reign of Sixtus IV. Cardinal's hats were bought and sold with as little ceremony as an advowson is now bought and sold in our own Church. This scandal has long since ceased, and I believe there is now an understanding that no more Cardinals shall be created unless they have taken orders; but it is, of course, and can be, nothing more than an understanding, for the creation of Cardinals is a matter appertaining solely to the Pope, and Pius IX. cannot bind Pius X. If Popes could have been controlled in this way they would have been controlled long ago, for the Council of Trent, by one of its decrees,

imposed upon Cardinals the same canonical conditions as those imposed upon bishops. But the power which makes a Cardinal can release him from the obligations supposed to be imposed by the Council of Trent, and this dispensing power has been exercised again and again. It was exercised in the case of Albani, and it had been exercised before then in the case of the Archduke Albert. The Archduke never was in orders, and Cardinal Albani only became a sub-deacon in order to sit in the conclave of 1823, and to turn the scale in favour of the Austrian candidate. He had been excused till then on the plea that it might be necessary for him to relinquish the purple and to marry, in order to prevent the extinction of his family; and probably even then Albani would not have taken orders but that there was no power in the Church to renew his dispensation and to permit him to vote except as a deacon.

There is, apparently, but one real disqualification for the Cardinalate, and that is that a man must not have a wife. A wife is fatal to all hopes of the red hat. He may have been married and still be eligible as a widower; or being a Cardinal he may, under a dispensation of the Pope, relieve himself of the obligation of his position, marry, put away his wife, and return to his old position in the Church. But he cannot keep a wife and wear the purple at the same time, and in strictness he cannot exercise the highest privilege of the Cardinalate—that of voting in conclave for Pope—unless he has taken orders. The Archduke Albert sat in the conclave of Sixtus V., under a special license from the previous Pope, and sat apparently without protest from the College; but his case, as far as I can find, stands alone. Albani was compelled to take orders, and that is the rule—that unless a Cardinal is in orders he shall not vote, although the Cardinalate in itself is not an ecclesiastical rank, but only a sort of semi-spiritual peerage. It represents a degree in the papal court; that and nothing more. But if a man is

in orders the red hat gives him a right, upon the death of the Pope, to take part in the government of the holy city, to sit in the conclave, and to ballot for his successor, or to be a candidate for the papal chair himself. He may be under sentence as a criminal—as a heretic—as a traitor. He may even be under sentence of excommunication. But neither heresy, crime, nor the major excommunication can rob a Cardinal of his right to sit in the conclave and to exercise the highest function of his office—that of taking part in the choice of a Pope.

Till the time of Clement V. many Cardinals had been deprived of their franchise, and conspicuously the Colonna Cardinals by Boniface VIII. But the case of these Colonna Cardinals created so much trouble in the Church, and threatened so many inconvenient consequences, that Clement V. revoked the sentence of Boniface and issued a bull making the right of a Cardinal to vote inviolate; and that is now the rule of the Church. A Cardinal may be fined, may be imprisoned, may be degraded, may be deprived of every privilege appertaining to his rank, except one, but his franchise is indelible—that cannot be touched by either Pope or Council. Several of the Cardinals in the reign of Leo X. conspired against the life of the Pope, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment, degradation and death, but in every case except that of Cardinal Petrucci, the sentence was revised—Petrucci was strangled there and then in the castle of St. Angelo, and Cardinal Soderini, even after a second conviction and a second imprisonment, was permitted to take his seat in the conclave, and to vote for the election of Clement VII. Yet the last or almost the last official act of Pope Adrian had been the issue of a Bull ordering that the Cardinal of Volterra should on no condition be released from prison, and the college marked its contempt for this Bull, by selecting Soderini to say the mass when the Cardinals were entering the conclave. But the leading case is that

of Cardinal Coscia. He was brought to trial under Clement XII. for fraud, malversation, and peculation. He was found guilty and sentenced to a fine of 200,000 crowns, to ten years' close confinement in St. Angelo, to deprivation of his See of Benevento, and to absolute degradation from the rank and privileges of the Cardinalate. But even in Coscia's case the Pope afterwards wrote a chirograph revoking the sentence of absolute degradation, and when upon the election of Clement's successor, a conclave was convoked, Cardinal Coscia put in his claim to be set free, and that request was at once conceded. He was released for the conclave, and an Ambassador in Rome, returning to his palace after the opening of the conclave, met Coscia in the shut chariot of Cardinal Acquaviva, who had been to fetch him from prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, and was taking him to his cell in the Quirinal, to give his vote with the rest.

The College of Cardinals, when complete, consists of seventy members, representing perhaps in about equal proportions the three orders of the priesthood, although in conclave bishops, priests, and deacons all rank alike, and all possess equal privileges. Mazarin, for instance, was a deacon; Richelieu was a priest. But the sacred college recognises none of these distinctions of the hierarchy; and except that one Cardinal may be a Cardinal *in petto*, and another a Cardinal whose name has been published to the world, or, as it is called, promulgated, all Cardinals are equal. There is, I believe, no limit to the number of Cardinals that the Pope can create *in petto*, and Pius IX. is said to have exercised his privilege freely; but seventy is with Cardinals the perfect number, and these seventy must be announced to the world before they can take their seats in conclave. Cardinals *in petto* have several times put in a claim to vote; but that claim has never been recognised, and it was disallowed a few years ago even in a case where the Pope had explained to

the college the reasons which rendered it inexpedient for him to publish the names, and the principle thus emphatically established that a creation to be recognised must be made public.

The creation of a Cardinal is, however, with the Pope, a mere act of mental volition. He creates Cardinals by thought or by a stroke of his pen. Perhaps many men are Cardinals to-day without possessing the slightest knowledge of their own greatness; for all that the Pope has to do is to put down their names and to announce the fact to themselves or to the dean of the college, or, without doing either of these things, to place the list in the pigeon-holes of his desk to be found after his death by the chamberlain of the palace. These men are Cardinals *in petto*. Their creation is complete, but till their mouths are unsealed and their names published, they are not canonically in a position to enter a conclave. Till the 11th century the college contained only twenty-eight Cardinals; but the Bull of Sixtus V. fixes the number at seventy, and these seventy now legally constitute the consistory. But it is not necessary that all the seventy should be present to constitute a conclave. In 1846 the college had no more than sixty-two names upon its roll, although Gregory had in his lifetime created as many as seventy-five Cardinals, the greatest number probably ever created by a Pope, and of these sixty-two only thirty were in Rome when the great bell of St. Peter's announced that the holy city was without a head, and fifty Cardinals only took part in the conclave which placed the keys of St. Peter in the keeping of Pius IX. That, however, or any less number, is sufficient to constitute a conclave, if ten days shall have elapsed from the announcement of the Pope's death, and if in the conclave the Pope elect secures a vote representing a majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals present.

"You have not seen Rome," it used to be said, "if you have not seen it during a vacation of the See;" and it was in the spirit of this observation

that Fra Bacio answered the question of Pope Paul—"Which do you think the finest festival in Rome?" "That which is held when a Pope dies and a new one is being made." All police in the holy city at once collapsed. The army disbanded itself, and generally took to pillage, the courts of law were closed, the nobles armed their retainers, drew chains across the streets, and kept watch and ward for themselves. Neither court, tribunal, nor chancery was held. Procurator, advocate, and cursors all alike stood with their hands in their girdles. All the prisons except that in the Castle of St. Angelo were thrown open, and the consequence was that riot ran wild till Rome again found herself in the hands of a ruler. The middle classes amused themselves according to their bent in assassination or speculation upon the result of the conclave. The Banchi Vecchi and Nuovi were turned into an exchange, and probably as much money changed hands upon the chances of this or that man coming out of the conclave Pope as changes hands with us upon the Derby or the Oaks. It is illegal now to make a bet upon a papal election, and the police of Victor Emmanuel will, I suppose, reduce the "delights of the interregnum" to such intrigues as the representatives of France, Italy, and Germany, may be able to carry off with the Cardinals before they are shut up, and to such plots and surprises as the Cardinals themselves may be able to accomplish when shut up in the Vatican or the Quirinal like an English jury in Westminster Hall to find a verdict.

The scene of all recent conclaves has been the Pauline Chapel, in the Palace of the Quirinal; and if the walls of that chapel could tell tales, we should hear many racy anecdotes of Italian wit and Italian craft. A Bull of Gregory X. regulates the ceremonial even to its minutest detail, and that Bull prescribes that the Cardinals entering the conclave with a single attendant, shall be kept in close confinement till they have made a Pope, and if they have not agreed upon a

name within three days, that they shall be restricted to one dish each at dinner and supper till the fifth day, and that after the fifth day they shall be reduced to bread, wine, and water. Perhaps I need hardly say that the mode of election is the ballot. The voting takes place in the presbytery, in front of the altar, and the Cardinals are seated within the railings of the presbytery, with all the conveniences for writing. A canopy of green silk marks the stalls of those Cardinals whose creation dates back before the last pontificate. The creations of the last Pope are distinguished by violet.

The Bull of Gregory XV. recognises three modes of selection—by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot; but the principal mode in use is that of the ballot. This is taken with the greatest secrecy; and it is seldom known out of the conclave, and not often within it, how the Cardinals individually vote. The electors are strictly forbidden to confer with any one, even with their colleagues; and the voting takes place through sealed papers, that is to say, each Cardinal at the first ballot writes upon a slip of paper the name of his candidate, and in order to identify it if necessary adds a text of scripture at one end of his vote and his name at the other end. These ends are both folded up, and the vote with its open name is placed in the consecrated chalice standing on the altar of the chapel. If in the first ballot any one comes out with two-thirds of the votes, there is an end of the matter—the Pope is made. But if no one has a majority, a second ballot is taken in order to give those who wish an opportunity to accede to the vote of another. This is called voting by access. It is the second form of ballot; and it is generally taken in the afternoon. It is possible that in this way the majority may be produced. But if it is not, the papers are burnt, and the conclave adjourns. The next day the votes are taken afresh, and taken, if necessary, day after day. It is the common process of casting out, and the only restriction upon the voting is that

no Cardinal shall vote for himself. This is why the votes are required to be signed, in order, if necessary, to ascertain that the requisite majority, when it is an exact majority, has not been made up by the vote of the candidate himself.

But when Cardinals conspire to carry a man upon whom they have set their hearts they do not resort to clumsy and transparent tricks of this kind. They try bolder and more ingenious plans. The Imperial veto, for instance, has often been turned to account to clear the way for a man who, if proposed at once, would not have the slightest chance of election. A man is put up who is known to be obnoxious to one of the Powers. He receives within a few of the requisite number of votes, and is at once black-balled, by, say, the Austrian representative. Another candidate, obnoxious to France or Spain, is then put up, voted for, apparently, with great spirit, and vetoed by a French or Spanish Cardinal; and the course is thus cleared for the nomination of the man whom the majority of the conclave have set their hearts upon electing, and who has till now, therefore, been kept in the background. The veto can be exercised but once; and the object of these manœuvres is to draw the sword from its sheath. France in 1823 wished to keep Leo XII. out of the papal chair; but a veto, if it is to be recognised by the conclave, must be put in before the canonical majority has been attained, and the scrutators, knowing the intention of the French Cardinals, and knowing also how the majority of the Cardinals intended to vote, counted in Leo with such adroitness that he was Pope before the representatives of the Veto Power could open their mouths to protest. Innocent X. was elected with a French exclusion over his head. Clement VIII. was excluded in three conclaves by the Spanish veto, and yet elected after all, and, to make his triumph complete, elected over the head of the Spanish nominee. Cardinal Santorio, the Spanish candidate, had, upon paper,

the necessary majority of two-thirds of the college. His election was apparently secure. His friends carried him in triumph from his cell to the Pauline Chapel to receive the adoration of the Cardinals. The conclavists plundered his cell. The Pope-Elect graciously forgave all his enemies, and selected as his title that of Clement VIII. But his opponents, although in a minority, and apparently in a hopeless minority, detected at the last moment signs of weakness in the ranks of the victorious party, and meeting in the Sistine Chapel, one of the boldest of the Roman nobles, Cardinal Colonna, rose and, in a voice like Jove, declared, "God will not have Sanseverina, neither will Ascanio Colonna." These bold words of Colonna's turned the scale, and when the votes came to be counted, the Cardinal of Sanseverina, instead of having thirty-six votes, had only thirty, and Cardinal Aldobrandino, although only put up as a supernumerary candidate, became Pope, and to emphasize his victory over the Spaniard, took the title which Sanseverina had proclaimed as his own—that of Clement VIII. It requires boldness and address to carry a candidate in the face of a veto and of a majority like this, but if the man is popular with the college, the wit of twenty Italians pitted against that of one generally ends in the defeat of the veto and majority alike.

The keenest struggles are those which take place when the college is divided against itself, and a resolute and politic minority of a third can, by an adroit use of the forms of election, contrive to secure the return of its candidate against the majority. But this of course presupposes division in the ranks of the majority, and even then sometimes, if the representative is to be carried, he must be carried by a stroke of generalship. Cervini's election was carried by a stroke of this kind. The suffrages of the college were divided almost equally between Caraffa, Ferrara and Cervini; but Ferrara was obnoxious to the Imperial party, although in high favour with

the French, and his friends believed that if the sittings could be prolonged four-and-twenty hours, his return might be secured. If Cervini, therefore, was to be carried, he must be carried at once, and carried by surprise; and his friends determined that he should not lose his chance for want of an effort. Two of them, Cardinal Madruzzi and Cardinal Caraffa, stole privately to Cervini's cell to prepare him for anything that might happen, and then, when the college was assembled, and the debate ran high and hot, Cardinal Crispo, one of the confederates, sprang to his feet, and with the exclamation, "Up, and let us be going; I for one will not rebel against the Holy Ghost!" led the way at the head of a crowd of Cardinals to Cervini's cell, hailed him as Pope, and carried him into the Pauline Chapel amid general cheering; for even his opponents, when they saw the game was over, joined in the cheering of his friends, and Cervini was hoisted into the papal chair as Marcellus II. This is what passes in Rome for election by inspiration. It is one of the recognised modes of selecting a Pope, and several have been selected in this way, Gregory VII., for instance, Clement VII., Paul III., Pius IV. and V., and Julius III. It is only fair, however, to add that, strictly, election by inspiration requires that, spontaneously, without any kind of previous conference, all the electors in the college shall, of one accord, simultaneously proclaim the same individual; and perhaps it is not the fault of the Cardinals that what took place in the case of the Cardinal de' Medicis, and in the case of the Cardinal of Sta. Croce, is the nearest practical approximation to an impracticable theory.

Election by compromise is when after equally long and equally fruitless deliberation, the Cardinals agree to lay aside their own individual preferences, and to leave the nomination of the Pontiff to a Select Committee, or to one among themselves. Gregory X. is said to have been the first Pope elected by compromise, and this plan was adopted

upon the suggestion of the famous Franciscan preacher, St. Bonaventura, to put an end to the scandals and inconveniences that arose from the long conclave held at Viterbo to choose a successor to Clement IV. in 1268. That is the longest conclave ever held. It was composed of eighteen Cardinals, and it sat for two years and nine months, and would probably have sat two years longer if the Viterbese had not stripped the palace of its roof, and left the electors at the mercy of the wind and weather. In the end a committee of six Cardinals was appointed to nominate a Pope, the rest agreeing to abide by their selection; and on the 1st of September, 1271, the choice of the six grand electors fell on Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liège, a man outside the college; and to him the Church owes the rules and regulations by which conclaves have since been governed. Clement V., in 1304, was elected by compromise, and Adrian VI. was put into the chair not because any one particularly wished to see him there—for the Cardinals, it is said, were well-nigh dead with fear when they found they had made a Dutchman Pope—but because they could not agree as to which of themselves ought to be Pope. "My Lords," said Cardinal de' Medici, rising to put an end to a quarrel which seemed fatal to the interests of his house, "I see that none of us who are here met can be Pope. I have proposed three or four to you, and you have rejected them; I, on the other hand, cannot accept of the person proposed by you. We must look about for some one who is not present here. Take the Cardinal of Tortosa, a worthy man, advanced in life, and held in universal repute for sanctity." Hardly any one in the College knew this Cardinal of Tortosa; but they were all probably caught by the assurance that he was well advanced in life—always an interesting point with the College.

Adrian of Utrecht thus became Pope Adrian VI. And this consideration of age is said to have been the principal

reason weighing with the College when Sixtus V. was made Pope. He, like Adrian, was well advanced in years, and his tottering gait, his crutch, his hollow cough, his feeble voice, and his weird eyes apparently gave all the assurance ambitious Cardinals could desire to have, that Cardinal Montalto, if elected, would not long stand in their way. But the instant Montalto found himself head of the College, he dashed away his crutch, drew himself up to his full height, and thundered out a *Te Deum* which made the Cardinals tremble at the miracle they had wrought by their votes. "While I was Cardinal," said the Pope, offering his cheek to Cardinal de' Medici for the first kiss, "my eyes were fixed upon earth, that I might find the keys of Heaven. Now I have found them, I look to Heaven, for I have nothing more to seek on earth." His crutch, his cough, and his ghastly look had all been assumed to throw the College off its guard in placing the triple crown upon his brows; but Sixtus V. vindicated his election by his vigorous and successful administration of the affairs of the Church. There is a tradition that John XXII. owed his seat in the papal chair to his wit in turning the divisions of the college to his own account. He proposed that the Cardinals should leave the nomination in his hands as a perfectly impartial person; and when this was done he nominated himself with all the impartiality that a man could be expected to exercise under the circumstances. The college at once put a check upon this sort of impartiality for the future; but Pius IV. nearly lost his election by a similar manoeuvre on the part of the conclavist in attendance on Cardinal Cueva. This man secretly canvassed most of the Cardinals the night before the election, and asked them, as a personal compliment to his master, to give him one vote. There was not the slightest chance, the conclavist said, of Cardinal Cueva's return; but one vote in his favour would be a gratifying distinc-

tion for him to recollect, and one vote taken from Pius would not be missed. In this way, Torres, by his address, secured for his master the promise of thirty-two votes out of the thirty-four in conclave, and the trick would have been successful if one of the Cardinals had not happened to ask his neighbour for whom he was voting, and thus discovered that, like himself, he was about to pay a compliment to Cardinal Cueva, at Torres's suggestion. Cardinal Capo di Ferro at once rose and exposed the trick that had been played upon the conclave; and when the votes came to be counted, it was discovered that seventeen had already been given for Cueva, and that in a few minutes more he would have been Pope to his own surprise, as well as to that of the college.

These are a few of the tricks that have been tried to secure the return of a Pope. Perhaps quite as many have been tried to keep men out of the Papacy. But most of these tricks turn upon the use of the veto, and the veto has hardly ever been used against a favourite candidate except to be defeated by some subtle device. In 1829 the names of three Cardinals came out of the urn—Capellari with twelve votes, Gregory with twenty, and Castiglione with thirty-five; and these numbers seemed to be so decisively in favour of Castiglione, that a vote by access was taken at once to complete the work of the conclave. But two of the opposing Cardinals, wishing to defeat Castiglione, dropped votes into the second ballot with mottoes that did not correspond with those on their original votes, and thus vitiated the ballot for the day. But it was only for the day; for Castiglione was returned the next morning by a majority that placed the legality of his election beyond doubt. Urban VIII. was kept in suspense for twenty-four hours by a similar device of the enemy. He polled a majority of the college, and was about to be declared Pope when the scrutators discovered that one of the votes was missing, and it is necessary to the validity of an

election that all the electors in the college shall lodge their votes. One of the Cardinals had slipped the vote up his sleeve! But in this case, as in the case of Pius VIII., the ballot was taken afresh, and the legality of the return placed above suspicion or criticism.

It is said in Rome that there are three roads to the Vatican, that of the Coronari, or Rosary-makers, that of the Silversmiths, and the Long Street; and of course when laymen attain the highest dignity of the papacy, they attain it, as Adrian V. did, because the Cardinals cannot agree upon one of themselves. The Pope has now for many generations been taken from the ranks of the Cardinalate; but canonically there is no restriction of this kind upon the choice of the electors. It is a restriction that rests upon nothing more than custom, for under the canon law, a layman is as eligible as a priest to sit in St. Peter's chair, and two laymen at least have sat in that chair—John XIX. and Adrian V. The case of Adrian V. is a sort of test case, proving that the mere act of election invests a Pope with all the virtues and authority needed for the exercise of the prerogatives of the papacy. He reigned only twenty-nine days, and he died before he had taken orders; but in those twenty-nine days he promulgated decrees, revising the whole system of papal elections, and those decrees were for two or three generations the law of the Church. Urban VI. is the last priest below the rank of a Cardinal who has sat in the papal chair, and he at the time of his election was Archbishop of Bori. But in the conclave which sat in 1758, several votes were put into the chalice in favour of the ex-General of the Capuchins, Barberini, although at the time he was not in the sacred college, and the rule of the Church is understood to be that any one not under canonical impediment, and whether in orders or not, a Cardinal or a sub-deacon, is eligible for the chair of St. Peter. There have been several widowed Popes, at least one

Pope with a wife, Popes with sons, Popes with daughters, Popes with mistresses, Popes with illegitimate children, Popes of illegitimate birth themselves. In one instance a father and son have sat in the papal chair in succession, and the father has since been placed in the Kalendar as St. Hormisdas. His son was Pope Silverius. But that, I believe, is the only instance of the kind on record, although three or four of the Popes have had sons in the ranks of the Cardinalate, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their recently-published *Life of Titian*, notice a curious spectacle in Venice, where, in the time of the Borgias, the son of a Pope, married to a Princess of Navarre, acted as legate *a latere* to his father, and, after high mass, in the robes of a Cardinal offered plenary indulgence to the Venetian people to join in a crusade against the Turks.

It would be throwing away a sentence to speculate on the prospects of this or that Cardinal occupying the chair of St. Peter when the fisherman's ring has been taken from the finger of Pio Nono, and broken in pursuance of the custom which has prevailed from remote antiquity; but it may be worth while to add that it is in the power of the Pope, with the concurrence of the Cardinals, to alter the mode of election in any way that may be deemed necessary in the interests of the Church, to shorten the usual nine days' notice, or to transfer the conclave from Rome to Malta, Avignon, or Paris. There is nothing sacred in the rules and regulations of Gregory, except so far as they are convenient and suited to the circumstances of the Church and of the time. They have been modified and altered time after time, and may of course be modified and altered again. Gregory IX., by a stroke of his pen, suspended every existing regulation on the subject of papal elections, set the Cardinals free from the observance of any obligations they might have sworn to in accordance with prescription, and specially empowered them not merely to meet for election on his decease, whenever it

might seem convenient, but to nominate by simple majority. This memorable exercise of papal authority, constituting a true *coup d'état*, stands justified, as Mr. Cartwright says in his interesting work on *Papal Conclaves*, by the approving voice of all ecclesiastical authorities, who have accepted it without one observation conveying an insinuation of usurpation against the Pope for doing what he did on this occasion. He dealt with a special emergency, as the Council of Constance did, by the application of measures drawn from the inspiration of the moment, and fashioned without slavish deference for precedent, and in both cases the result proved the wisdom of such bold action. A more recent and far more pointed precedent for an instrument such as Pius IX. has been supposed to have secretly made, is furnished in certain provisions taken by Pius VI. to secure the free election of a successor when he found himself exposed to personal violence at the hands of the French Republicans; and Mr. Cartwright adds, on the authority of one who was admitted to Gregory XVI.'s especial confidence, that His Holiness left behind him a document, under his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election on his demise if they saw danger to the free action of conclave in observance of the traditional formalities.

Of course what has been done may be done again, and probably will be done; but the contest will arise this time, if it arises at all, between the civil and the ecclesiastical power, and that contest will turn upon the right of the Imperial Powers to a veto upon the choice of a Pope, if the Pope is to be recognised by the Roman Catholic Powers. This veto is supposed to represent, and does, I believe, represent, the ancient right of the Roman Emperors at Constantinople to be consulted in the election of the Patriarch of the Tiber, because the Pope in primitive times was elected partly by the people and partly by the priesthood of Rome, and till the time of

Charlemagne his appointment was not complete till it had been confirmed by the Imperial Power on the Bosphorus. When Charles received from the people of Rome, through the hands of the Patriarch, the crown of the world, he received it in the sandals and chlamys of a Roman noble, and received with it all the rights of the ancient emperors; and this right of veto upon the nomination of the Pope was one of them. The popular mode of election continued till the time of Hildebrand, and the existing constitution of the papacy is his work. It was at his suggestion that the College of Cardinals was erected into an ecclesiastical senate, and that all the electoral rights of the people and priesthood were transferred into their hands. But even Hildebrand had not the audacity to override the rights of the sovereign who had deposed three Popes, placed St. Peter's ring on his own finger, filled the Papal throne time after time with his own nominees, and compelled Roman deputies to appear at his court, just like ambassadors from other bishoprics, in order to have a successor named to them by imperial authority; and accordingly the Bull decreeing that the election of Popes should in future be held to appertain to the Cardinal Bishops who officiate for the Metropolitan and to the Cardinal clerks, "and that the remainder of the clergy and people tender but their acquiescence in the election," contains a proviso "saving the honour and reverence due to our beloved son Henry, at present king, and who, with God's favour, it is to be hoped will become emperor, as likewise to his successors, who may have personally acquired this right from the Apostolical See." This is the historical foundation of the Veto, or at

least the only foundation that I have been able to trace in the published works upon the conclave; and on the principle upon which Henry III. exercised his veto, the Kaiser of to-day will, I presume, claim to exercise a veto too, or to interdict communion between the prelates of Germany and the Bishop of Rome. Of course, if the Kaiser is allowed a veto, the King of Italy will claim one too, as a Roman Imperium once more resident in Rome, and if that claim is allowed, the independence and freedom of the Cardinals will be as much a figure of speech as the independence of the Pope or of the Porte.

The papacy seeing this, is, it is said, preparing in the coming conclave to ignore the vetos all round, and to appeal to the Catholic powers to defend the See of St. Peter if Germany or Italy challenges the election of the Pope. Prince Bismark, in a circular note sent out in the spring of 1872, pointed out to the Powers of Europe, that since the Pope claims to be the infallible head of the Church, it is necessary for the states which recognise the Pope to examine for themselves into his person and his election, and in order to do this the Prince contends that the chief Powers of Europe should be invested with some control over the legitimacy of the election, to the extent of deciding whether the elected Pope should be admitted to exercise even his purely ecclesiastical rights. That question was raised again in 1875, and it is likely to be raised once more, and to be raised in a very distinct and perplexing form, when Pio Nono has "run his course and sleeps in blessings."

CHARLES PEBODY.

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PRUSSIAN HISTORY.¹

Do we ever mean to make ourselves acquainted with the modern history of Prussia and Germany? The complete change which has taken place of late years in our estimate of the Germans as politicians might reasonably lead us to consider whether their politics are not worthy to be studied. Half a century ago our estimate of the German literature and philosophy underwent a similar change. We then discovered, to use the language of an Edinburgh Reviewer, that Germany was not "a tract of country peopled only by hussars and editors of Greek plays," but that it had its poets, its critics, its thinkers and philosophers in greater excellence and abundance, for a time at least, than any other country. But when we had discovered the new German wisdom, we made without delay a serious attempt to master and assimilate it. A considerable part of the literary ability of England has been occupied during the present century with the task of interpreting German thought. After Coleridge, the earliest, and Carlyle, the most industrious, labourer in this field, how many distinguished writers have lent themselves to the work! Is it not time that our second discovery about the Germans should be put to profit as our first was? Then we discovered that

"un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit," but we did not even then imagine that the Germans could have any politics. With the exception of Niebuhr no German politician is ever quoted among us, and the Life of Niebuhr is the only elaborate biography of a German politician (later than Frederick the Great) that is known to the English public. We picture to ourselves Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, Kant, Hegel, not with any background of public institutions or public affairs, but as if they moved like heavenly bodies in the empty sky. And we have had some excuse for doing so. We could hardly disregard their politics much more than the Germans seemed to do themselves. They did not tell us of great German statesmen or great German political doings unjustly neglected by us. Rather they were fond of confessing that they had no political life, or that they were not yet out of their political nonage. In their minds as in ours their philosophers and writers had a great precedence over their statesmen. Two or three years ago, when I inquired of a most accomplished German whether there were any news of the Memoirs of Hardenberg, those very Memoirs which are at last before us, he took it for granted that I must be speaking of Novalis. To be sure Novalis is usually spoken of by his *nom de plume*, but his real name

¹ Suggested by the Memoirs of Prince Hardenberg, edited by Leopold von Ranke.

was Hardenberg, and it was intrinsically so probable that I was interested in this young mystic who died—I think—at the age of twenty-eight, and so inconceivable that I could care about Prince Hardenberg, who was only First Minister of Prussia at the time of the War of Liberation and for nine years afterwards, that my friend jumped to the conclusion that I had adopted an unusual way of speaking. And for an example of the consciousness of a certain political inferiority which the Germans retained not many years back, we may take Bunsen as we see him in his biography. He looks up to Arnold in politics almost as Arnold looks up to him in learning. Bunsen, the pupil of that Niebuhr who had sat at council with Stein and Hardenberg, and who surpassed Arnold in experience of public affairs even more than in historical knowledge; Bunsen who was himself by profession a public man feels it quite natural to look up in political questions to an English schoolmaster, and is converted to Whiggism by him! But all this is changed now. The largest and hitherto the most successful political exploit of the century has been done by the Germans. They have their Parliaments, as we have, in fact too many Parliaments; they have their great orators, and debaters, and journalists, and statesmen, and have no reason any longer to yield the precedence in politics to the most political people on earth. We cannot but recognize this fact; but is it enough to recognize it? Is it not necessary to study it? Should not our readers read and our writers write about it?

I venture to suppose that there are some among my readers who have actually little information on this subject, and may almost be instructed about it as if they were beginners. They know of course in outline the great occurrences of 1866 and 1870; but it will occur to them that successes so sudden, complete, and on so vast a scale must have been prepared by a

long antecedent history. As the horrors of the French Revolution lead us when we reflect on them to examine with a new interest the last age of the old *régime* because the explanation of them must lie there, so do the successes of 1866 and 1870 give a new interest to the period that precedes them in German history. Our inquirer then will search that compartment of his memory in which is stored up the German history of the first half of this century. Beyond the wranglings of Bismarck with the Prussian Parliament at the beginning of the sixties, he will remember that there were certainly great disturbances in Germany in 1848. How they began and how they ended he finds it hard to say, but he feels certain that he has heard speak of a Frankfort Parliament. Beyond this what does he remember? What was happening in Germany earlier—in the forties and in the thirties? Something occurs to him about a bishopric of Jerusalem; what curious thoughts will come into one's head at times! But beyond this stretches a cloudless expanse, a perfectly empty region. "Plumb down he drops, fluttering his pennons vain," until the strong rebuff of the Battle of Waterloo stops him. Of course there were some Prussians there, though it is difficult to say how or why, and every one knows that before that Napoleon won some great battles in Germany. As to the Prussians, since they have become so important now, their beating was—at Austerlitz? no, it was at Jena, certainly at Jena. And then before that there was Frederick the Great, you know. Besides this, military men occasionally mention Scharnhorst, who did something to the Prussian army; and when political economists come together they sometimes mention a man called Stein, and sometimes another man called Hardenberg, who concerned themselves with land questions.

This I suppose would be the account my reader would give of German

history if he were taken by surprise. If he had a little time to prepare he would give it somewhat more arrangement and precision. He would then discover that the reforms in Prussia, those affecting both the army and the tenure of land were connected with the disaster at Jena, and that the old system which had come down from Frederick the Great was brought to an end in consequence of its failure in the contest with Napoleon, and that Scharnhorst, Stein, Hardenberg, and others were the founders of a new system which has since made the greatness of Prussia. He would also discover that Napoleon did not merely win battles in Germany, and annex territory which was afterwards recovered again, but that his victories produced a political revolution over the whole country, destroyed the Empire, raised several German princes to the rank of kings, and that after his fall the old system was not restored, but a new system in many respects widely different was introduced, and in particular that this was the time of the foundation of that German Confederation which fell in 1866.

Even this meagre outline would be enough to convince our inquirer that if he would understand the transition of 1866 and 1870, he must go back to the Napoleonic age, and that in that age he must give particular attention to the transformation of Prussia, which took place after the campaign of Jena, under the direction of Stein, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, and the rest. He will then of course consult the English authorities upon the period. He will look in Alison to see what was done by Stein and Hardenberg, and I can promise that he will meet with the most complete disappointment.

This brings us to the book before us. It seems in Germany a great event that the Memoirs of Hardenberg are out at last. They are out, and their editor, the illustrious Leopold von Ranke, has accompanied them with two large volumes of his own, in which

not only the gaps left by the Memoirs in Hardenberg's biography are filled up, but the history of Prussia from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to the War of Liberation is rewritten from new documents, with all the master's well known subtlety, and in a style which betrays no trace of the languor or garrulity of age.

But in this announcement our investigator will find a curious stumbling-block. He will say, "No, at the very outset of my inquiries I have learnt more than will allow me to believe this. The Memoirs of Hardenberg cannot be just published, for it is well known that they have for years past formed one of the principal sources of the history of that age. Alison draws from them more than from almost any other book, to judge by that abbreviation 'Hard.,' which is almost invariably to be found at the side of his pages when they treat of German affairs." Indeed it is a remarkable fact that for years past while the Germans have been waiting for the appearance of these Memoirs, and conjecturing what they would be found to contain, English and French students have been in happy and contented enjoyment of them. Perhaps this is the reason why, as we hear, there is no market here for Von Ranke's book. Any how it is certain that for years past if you asked the librarian at the Athenæum Club for Hardenberg's Memoirs, he would place before you without hesitation a book in thirteen volumes written in French, and entitled *Mémoires Tirées des Papiers d'un Homme d'État*, of which the catalogue declared Hardenberg to be the author. It is certain that not Alison only but most other writers on that period both in England and France have used this work freely, nay, for German affairs, more freely than any other book, and generally as the work of Hardenberg. Especially the first two volumes, which profess to explain the causes of the first coalition against revolutionary France, have mainly contributed to

form the current opinion on the subject;—and the book is a forgery!

The fact is that this book has the great advantage of being in French, and that some of these writers would have been compelled to remain in ignorance of German affairs altogether if the knowledge had had to be sought in German books. And yet there was a certain difficulty in writing the history of the Napoleonic age without any of this knowledge. In these circumstances the belief that one of the most conspicuous and necessarily best informed German statesmen of the period had written his memoirs in French, and that these memoirs had been published, was too consoling and precious to be parted with. Yet it is somewhat difficult to understand how they can have entertained the belief in good faith. On a closer inspection we find that at least one of them actually did not. Alison who, as we have said, is so lavish of his "Hard.," actually has the following note, which perhaps few of those who consult his voluminous work remark. After declaring himself happy to agree with "the able and candid Prussian statesman who concluded the treaty of Basle," and introducing a quotation from the *Mémoires*, &c., with the words "says Prince Hardenberg," he remarks on the next page, "These able *Mémoires*, though written by the Count d'Allonville, were compiled from Prince Hardenberg's papers" (vol. ii., p. 926). Now even if it were true, as Alison supposes, that there was reason for regarding the *Mémoires* as founded upon the papers of Hardenberg, it is surely unjustifiable, and betrays a very lax historical conscience, to refer to them habitually, without qualification of any kind, as Hardenberg's *Mémoires*. But there was no such reason. It is indeed not improbable that the compiler had access to documents of some kind, and his statements, sifted with proper caution, may in some cases have their value. But even before the book appeared, and when the advertisements

of it which spoke of a *Prussian* statesman seemed to point at Hardenberg, it was shown by Schöll that there was imposture at work, and that the papers, if there were any, were certainly not Hardenberg's. Accordingly D'Allonville and his accomplices did not venture in any positive way to declare that they were. It was not necessary to do so. The world, that is, in England and France, jumped at the bait, which was scarcely even held out to it, and the forgery has been Hardenberg's *Mémoires* to our historians ever since. Yet they have not even had the excuse that the exposure of it was only to be found in a language which they did not read, for a most complete examination and detection of the forgery is to be found in Barbier's French *Dictionnaire des Œuvres Pseudonymes*.

Meanwhile the Germans have submitted to this injury with most magnanimous meekness. They have probably felt that they had no remedy, for though they have the ear of Europe on questions of learning or science, and certainly of history also, when the history is remote enough to have become the property of *savants*, on recent history it matters not what they say or what they prove, since no one either in France or England reads it. Accordingly Von Sybel merely remarks, without a word of complaint or indignation, that the current notion of German affairs in that age has been taken chiefly from the spurious *Mémoires* of Hardenberg; and Von Ranke now, in introducing the genuine *Mémoires* to the world, merely remarks in the same placid tone that the *Mémoires tirées*, &c., have no connection with them whatever.

This explanation may convey to the reader a new impression of the importance of the publication before us. It finally dissipates a cloud of illusion which has hung over the period for about half a century—for the first two volumes of the *Mémoires tirées*, &c. appeared in 1828, and at the same time it opens a new source of knowledge,

the importance of which we may measure by the authority which the mere name of Hardenberg gave to the forgery now exploded. It is to be added, that in addition to the Memoirs of Hardenberg, this work gives us the conclusions drawn by von Ranke from a collection also made by Hardenberg, and now first applied to historical purposes, of original documents bearing on Prussian history.

Our inquirer will in fact find that he has taken up the study of recent German history at a moment when it is fast changing its aspect. The period to which Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst belong is now in the act of passing out of twilight into day, and this, it will be remembered, means far more when it is said of a country such as Prussia then was—a country without a Parliament, where government is a secret—than when it is said of our own country. These Memoirs are only the most important of several publications of the kind which have lately appeared. Duncker, the late Archivarius of Berlin, gave us not long since a paper full of new information on the state of Prussia during the French occupation; Treitschke published a full account of the Constitution Dispute which occupied the politicians of Prussia in the early years of the peace, and of which former historians, such as Gervinus, had been able to learn little. More curious and amusing, though less satisfactory, than these publications, have been the selections from the papers of Schön, which have appeared in successive volumes to the number of four during the last two years. Schön was a politician who stood to Stein in the same relation as Shelburne to our own Chatham, but he outlived both Stein and Hardenberg by many years, and was in his old age a patriarch of Prussian liberalism, of whom men said that he was the real author of most of the great legislative acts upon which Stein's fame rested; and indeed for saying so

they had the warrant of one who certainly must know, viz., of Schön himself. Diaries, fragments of autobiography, biographical and historical letters from his hand are now before us, and seldom has there been such an exhibition of self-conceit, envy, and reckless malice as they afford. Fortunately most of Schön's calumnies refute themselves by their inconsistency and unskilfulness. But the examination of them has given the Prussian literary world much to do lately. And when the student has digested all this mass of new material he becomes aware, on looking again at what used to be the best histories of the period, *e.g.* Häusser, that they have become insufficient, and that they paint a landscape in twilight upon which the day has now risen.

But if this period is all-important in the history of modern Germany, is it also interesting in itself? What! the battle of Jena—the downfall in a single week of the monarchy of the great Frederick—and then its resurrection seven years afterwards—the War of Liberation—the fall of Napoleon—can a period which offers occurrences like these be other than interesting? And of course all admit the interest of it, but then most come to it with a curious preoccupation, as if all these occurrences belonged to French and not to German history, or at least as if it were only the French aspect of them that was interesting. It is with this chapter of history as with *Paradise Lost*; the character of Satan stands out so strikingly that it kills all the rest of the piece. Just as in the poem we forget to think of what the poet undertook to unfold to us—the destiny of mankind and the grand redemptive schemes of Providence—because all this is dim and remote, and think only of Satan because he is passionate, intense, and dramatic; so does Napoleon, the great Deceiver and Destroyer, absorb the interest that ought to be given to the progressive movement of Europe in his age. But what is excusable when we

are dealing with a poem is less so when we are studying history. Poetically, perhaps, evil is more interesting than good, but it is not so important historically. The work of Napoleon looks smaller and smaller as time goes on, but the work which was done in Germany at the same time looks greater and greater. At the time Napoleon's lawless violence was taken for creative genius; but now we see how small a part of his creation stands the test of time, but that all attempts to revive it only prove its 'worthlessness' more decisively; and how even after being restored it falls again. We can now only praise him negatively, as one who swept away what was bad, and even if we try to represent him as a great impulsive force which roused mankind out of lethargy, we discover that he only produced this effect because he failed, and that had his empire endured, with its centralisation and brutal military repression, it would have produced a far more fatal lethargy than any that it disturbed. We see that his place is not among the gods, but among the Titans, of history, not with the Cæsars and Charlemagnes, who founded the enduring fabric of civilisation, but with Louis XIV., Philip II., and others, who have merely established ephemeral and mischievous ascendencies. Meanwhile the work of those who resisted Napoleon—even if no one of them should ever be placed in the highest class of the benefactors of mankind—has in some cases proved enduring, and nowhere so much as in Germany. They began two great works—the reorganisation of Prussia and the revival of the German nationality, and time has deliberately ratified their views. Without retrogression, without mistake, except the mistake which in such matters is the most venial that can be committed, that, namely, of over-caution, of excessive hesitation, the edifice which was then founded has been raised higher and higher till it is near completion. The French empire revived again only to fall again with

disgrace; France annexed Savoy and Nice, but she lost Alsace and Lorraine; and she did not avenge Waterloo. But Jena has been avenged; the manes of Queen Louise are propitiated; Bar-barossa is awake at last.

This being so, we might read over again the history of that age with new feelings. We might cease to think of the German princes of that time as of ninepins whom it amuses us to see bowled over by Napoleon; still more might we cease to think only of Napoleon when we read the history of his fall, as if the heroism and the skill were even then on his side, and his opponents had nothing but luck and superior numbers. Nay, even if we sympathise with France, and with Napoleon himself, we may still recognise that, putting them out of the question altogether, the fall and resurrection of Germany is far more interesting than most passages of history, and that the interest centres on the whole in Prussia. We in England enjoy something of that happiness which proverbially makes the annals of a people dull. Since the seventeenth century nothing has been witnessed here either so painfully interesting as what Prussia witnessed in the unhappy years 1806 and 1807, or so elevating and poetical as her *levée en masse* and victories in 1813 and 1814. And to the student it is far more interesting than to the seeker of amusement. To the student indeed it has an interest quite independent of its exciting incidents, for it is one of those periods of radical and successful reconstruction of a state which are rare in history, and which abound beyond others in political lessons.

Let us now look more closely at the book before us. At his death, in November 1822, Hardenberg left a considerable collection of papers sealed up, with the direction that they were to lie unopened in the archives for fifty years. This fact is of itself sufficient to destroy the pretensions of

the *Mémoires tirées*, &c., which our editor describes as "a compilation of heterogeneous materials in which a few genuine documents are lost in a mass of statements partly well-known before, partly unauthenticated," and as "in itself more calculated to bewilder than to instruct." When the fifty years had expired the Director of the Archives brought the whole collection to Prince Bismarck who with his own hand broke the seal. The commission was then given to von Ranke to examine and report upon them. He found them to consist, first of a memoir in Hardenberg's own hand, covering the years 1804—1806 and part of 1807; secondly of a voluminous history—in French, and comprising a large number of official documents—by Friedrich Schöll, well known as one of the authors of the useful *Histoire Abrégée des Traités*. The history deals with the years 1794—1812, while Hardenberg's own memoir, which was intended to be translated into French and incorporated into it, is occupied solely with the years 1804—1807.

Our editor had to consider whether it would be advisable to publish Schöll's work as he found it. There were weighty objections to this course. It was in French, and Hardenberg's Memoir was in German, so that they could not be joined together, as had been originally intended, to make one work. Moreover, there was something artificial in the style of Schöll, who had made Hardenberg speak throughout in the first person, and an attempt was discernible to efface the pretty strong tinge of Liberalism which belongs to Hardenberg's administration in order to suit the taste of the Restoration period in which Schöll wrote. An alternative course was to publish Hardenberg's Memoir with an introduction founded on the materials furnished by Schöll. This also seemed unsatisfactory, because these materials were copious enough to furnish a complete history. The end has been that the public are presented with four volumes, each consisting

of from five to six hundred full German pages, of which the second and third contain Hardenberg's Memoir, and the first and fourth a history of the whole period from 1793 to the War of Liberation by Ranke. In other words, historical literature is enriched at the same moment by two books, each of the utmost value in its own way, a history of a most memorable period, written by a great master of historical investigation from new documents, and an account of the foreign relations of Prussia in the years which ended with the great catastrophe of Tilsit, by one who was for the greater part of that time himself Prussia's Foreign Minister.

Hardenberg can hardly be regarded as a great man. Our editor himself says: "There is nothing very great in Hardenberg himself. His only title to a historic delineation is that he did more than any one towards the securing and restoring of Prussian independence." In his personality there was not the same strongly marked character force, and grandeur that is to be observed in that of Stein, of whom, we may observe that our editor speaks in a very different tone, e.g. "We have to introduce here again the Titanic Stein, who then took a world-historical position worthy of himself by Alexander's side;" and again, "Stein is the first and grandest representative of the German idea; he had Germany as a Commonwealth ever before his eyes, and its unity ever as a thing in one way or another to be restored." Nevertheless Hardenberg had force enough to carry him through the tasks, heavy as they were, which his lot imposed upon him; and as he was at the head of affairs far longer than Stein, the sum total of the services he rendered to Prussia is very great; his performance, though less unique in quality, is scarcely inferior in quantity to that of Stein; and his name is inseparably connected with that reorganisation of Prussia which has led her to her present greatness. Moreover his importance

is materially increased now that he appears as a historian of some of the events in which he had a share.

It is to be observed, however, that he cannot be called the historian of his own achievements. Those achievements began with his assumption of office in 1810, two years after the fall of Stein. From that time to his death in 1822 he remained First Minister. His important legislation belongs mainly to the years 1810 and 1811, and the memorable resurrection of Prussia belongs to 1813. But his original Memoir deals exclusively with the time preceding the Peace of Tilsit, which was concluded in July 1807, a time in which he achieved nothing memorable. It is in fact mainly apologetic in its tone, explaining the reasons why its author was not able, in spite of all his efforts, to prevent, or even in any degree to mitigate, the calamity which fell upon Prussia at the close of that time. Instead of describing the restoration of Prussia, in which he had so large a share, he has described only its fall, which he witnessed and foresaw, but was unable in any degree to prevent. The fall of Prussia, however, is not less interesting, if it is less agreeable to read of, than its restoration, and just at present it may be even more instructive to English people. For in our extreme scarcity of English books on the history of Prussia, in the fragmentary state of our knowledge about it, we are in danger of arriving at erroneous conclusions by piecing arbitrarily together the fragments of knowledge that we have. Thus we are apt to jump from the one book on the subject which we have read, Carlyle's *Frederick*, to those modern Prussian triumphs which we know so well, and to argue—then Carlyle was right after all, and the heroic form of government turns out to be, in the long run, the best! I by no means wish the reader to run hastily into the exactly contrary conclusion, yet it is the exactly contrary conclusion which is really suggested by the facts. Frederick's

government did not lead to those modern triumphs, but to the unparalleled catastrophe of Jena, and after that catastrophe the necessity was forced upon the country of radically destroying his system. By a series of changes, scarcely inferior in magnitude to those which France underwent in her first revolution, both government and society in Prussia were reconstructed. A generation later a Parliament was added, and the triumphs which have impressed us so much began nearly twenty years later still. *Post hoc, ergo, propter hoc* is of course a very weak argument; but the slight presumption that it may afford is really a presumption against, and not in favour of, the *régime* of Frederick, for it was not Sedan, but Jena that was *after* it.

This account then of the downfall of the old system we have from Hardenberg himself, and von Ranke's first volume furnishes an excellent introduction to it. His second volume, the fourth of the work, gives some account of the reconstruction. But we should by no means describe it as a complete account. The historical manner of von Ranke is well known; his element is diplomacy and international affairs. In his view of the period between Tilsit and the War of Liberation, he has traced with much care the fluctuations of the long negotiation that went on between Prussia and Napoleon, but the internal reform that went on at the same time does not suit his pen so well, and is therefore not so fully treated. Altogether, though the work before us, if we consider only what it gives, seems to us the most important historical work of recent years, yet it has deficiencies, whether it is considered as a biography of Hardenberg or as an account of the fall and reconstruction of Prussia. As a biography of Hardenberg, besides closing at 1814, instead of 1822, which was the end of Hardenberg's career, it gives no sufficient account of his legislation of 1810, 1811. The same omission, joined to

the slightness of the view given of Stein's legislation, makes it incomplete as a history of the transformation of Prussia.

Nevertheless the appearance of such a book affords a good opportunity of pointing out the vast historical importance of that transformation. We are most of us so ignorant of Prussian history that the very outline of it in our minds wants one of the principal features. Our view of it is such as our view of French history would be if we had never heard of the Revolution of 1789. This may seem a startling statement, but it is possible to imagine that but for one or two very glaring occurrences—such as the execution of the King and Queen, and the positive destruction of monarchy and Church—we might have looked at the events that began in 1789 purely from a military and foreign point of view. We might have overlooked all internal changes, and seen nothing but that France at that time undertook a war against Europe, a war in which she was successful for many years, but afterwards lost again all the advantages she had gained. This is something like what we do with the history of Prussia. We see her neutrality between 1795 and 1806, then her ruin at Jena and Tilsit, then her period of humiliation, then her War of Liberation, and so on; but because Frederick William III. remains quietly seated on the throne through the whole period, we remain totally unaware that a Prussian revolution took place then—a revolution so comprehensive that the old reign and glories of Frederick may fairly be said to belong to another world—to an *ancien régime* that has utterly passed away. It was a revolution which, though it did not touch the actual framework of government in such a way as to substitute one of Aristotle's forms of government for another, yet went so far beyond government, and made such a transformation both in industry and culture, that it deserves the name of revolution

far more, for instance, than our English Revolution of the seventeenth century.

Thus the first step which our imaginary student of German politics must take, is to move the battle of Jena out of the life of Napoleon into the history of Prussia. Instead of thinking of it as a military feat, he is to think of it as the beginning of a political revolution. And next remembering that in Prussia two movements go on together, viz., the internal development of the state and its movement towards the headship of Germany outside, he must treat the battle of Austerlitz in the same manner and begin to think of that as the beginning of the revolution which brought down the Old Empire. Thus we get—1805, fall of Old Germany; 1806, fall of Old Prussia. And so in Germany as in France we have an *ancien régime* and a revolution, and, as in the case of France, we ask first, what was the corruption or weakness of the old *régime* which caused it to fall? and what was the nature of the new system which took its place?

The downfall of the old system in Prussia was much less appalling and amazing than in France; but, on the other hand, it was much more unforeseen. Many prophets had prophesied of strange things to happen in France,—*nos enfants verront un beau tapage*—for all the most unmistakable signs of decay met in the Bourbon monarchy. The Hohenzollerns too had been guilty of crimes, but they were the crimes of youthful energy, not of decrepitude; and the ambition of Frederick, if unscrupulous, was patriotic. Considered as an internal administrator, he was a pattern of self-sacrificing industry to all the sovereigns of his time. He and Louis XV. were at the opposite poles of kingship. Was it not strange, then, that a similar catastrophe should await the work of both? that the one system should perish in the rout of Jena, as the other in the Tenth of August? Napoleon is often described as having

a sort of indefinite commission to remove out of the world whatever was rotten or decaying. Was it not strange then, that that which went down most instantaneously before his shock should be precisely that system which was youngest, and whose glories were most recent? and that even the old clumsy fabric of the Habsburgs should make a better fight than the new construction of the Hohenzollerns, the pride of the eighteenth century?

The explanation is that the Prussian State was as weak from immaturity as the French from old age; that the gigantic labours of Frederick-William I. and Frederick the Great, though they had raised Prussia from insignificance to greatness, had not been sufficient to make her greatness stable and secure. But in this instance the image of a building is more convenient than that of a living body. If a state be regarded as an edifice reared on a foundation, we may say that in France the fault lay in the building itself, while in Prussia the building, the work of the Hohenzollerns, was good, but the foundation insufficient. The building is the visible part of a state—its government, administration, revenue, army. All this was rotten in France under Louis XV. and sound in Prussia under Frederick the Great. But the foundation on which all such buildings must stand is, as foundations are generally, out of sight, and may easily be left out of consideration. It is the unity of the country and of the nation; and this is marked in various ways—by continuity of territory and strength of frontier, by homogeneity of the population and separateness of it from neighbouring populations, and this again is marked by the distinctness of language, form of civilisation and literature. In France this foundation was immensely strong,—no nation had so intense a self-consciousness—and therefore when the structure of the State crumbled, the nation, after a very short interval of embarrassment, showed itself stronger

than ever. But in Prussia this foundation was exceptionally weak. It could scarcely be said that either a Prussian nation or even a Prussian country existed. No one spoke of a Prussian language, or of a Prussian literature; no one supposed that Kant and Herder, because they were Prussians, belonged to a different literature from Goethe and Schiller. The ministers who conducted the government of Prussia were not necessarily Prussians either by birth or education. Who ever hears in England of a statesman being borrowed for a high official post from the French or Austrian service? Or when a public man among us is driven from office, or loses his seat in Parliament, who expects to hear that he has applied for employment to the Czar? But in Prussia few of the most distinguished statesmen, few even of those who took the lead in her liberation from Napoleon, were Prussians. Blücher himself began life in the service of Sweden, Scharnhorst was a Hanoverian, so was Hardenberg, and Stein came from Nassau. Niebuhr was enticed to Berlin from the Bank of Copenhagen. Hardenberg served George III. and afterwards the Duke of Brunswick before he entered the service of Frederick-William II.; and when Stein was dismissed by Frederick-William III. in the midst of the war of 1806, though he was a man of property and rank, he took measures to ascertain whether they were in want of a Finance Minister at St. Petersburg. And how weak was the frontier—how discontinuous the territory! How much of it too had in 1806 been quite recently acquired, and was inhabited by a discontented population which did not even profess to be Prussian! The partitions of Poland were quite recent; Warsaw was then a Prussian town; other large acquisitions had been made within Germany itself in 1803; and Hanover had just been taken from George III. In these circumstances, from the very

nature of the case, and not from any exceptional coldness of disposition, there could not be in Prussia any of that burning spirit of nationality which showed itself in France in 1792, or in Spain in 1808; and where such a spirit is wanting the best disciplined army and the most diligent administration and the best intentioned government have no firm foundation under them.

Next to this baselessness of the whole fabric we are to consider the essential precariousness of an absolute form of government, and then some special abuses in government which had sprung up at that particular time. But in estimating all these influences, we are to bear in mind the immensity of the power which assailed Prussia in 1806. If the system of Frederick succumbed, it succumbed not like the French, to the sheer weight of its own corruption, but to an external force to which other systems thought good, our own for instance, might have yielded had they been equally exposed to its attack. It was this evident superiority of force which gave Napoleon himself an absolute confidence of success. On October 12th, 1806, he wrote to the King of Prussia, "Your Majesty will be defeated. Europe knows that France has thrice the population of your Majesty's states, and is not less developed than they are in a military point of view." It was in itself no great disgrace to be worsted by Napoleon at the head of such a force; the condemnation of the system lies in the fact that it did not offer a stout resistance, but collapsed at once. It was the curious fate of Prussia twice in little more than half a century to be attacked by a greatly superior force, and to wage on the first occasion the most glorious and on the second the most inglorious defensive war known to modern history. To explain this we are certainly obliged to point out the personal insufficiency of the king for the ponderous task which had devolved on him.

An administration both civil and military, if it cannot draw inspiration both from above and from below, must at least do so from one quarter or the other. If there is no patriotic nation below, there must be an energetic will above. But the great race of Prussian kings seemed to have come to an end when Frederick the Great died in 1786. His successor, the hero of Valmy and of the Treaty of Basle, had had something *grandiose* and generous about him, and got through his reign of eleven years without any conspicuous disaster. But he had dissolved the strictness of discipline and broken the spell of success, when he delivered over the government to the young Frederick-William III. in 1797. The reign which now began lasted forty-three years, and resembles that of George III. in English history. In the course of it there were great disasters and glorious successes, and the king had good qualities of a homely kind enough to justify those who chose to attribute the successes not less than the disasters to him. Moreover the successes, coming later, effaced the disasters, and thus King Frederick-William III. has preserved a fair reputation in history. We cannot but be glad of it, considering how respectable and well-intentioned a king he was; and indeed he had this merit, that as George III., after bringing himself near to ruin in his first twenty years, saved his reign by committing himself to William Pitt and remaining faithful to him, so did the Prussian king repair most of his mishaps by confiding, after 1806, in two meritorious statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg. But the mishaps themselves were due very much to his own mistakes, and this all the more because of the immense prestige which in Prussia had gathered round the Crown.

Though the sudden collapse of the renowned Prussian army in 1806 took the world by surprise, yet the decline of the Prussian government had been

recognised by all the world long before. In the long neutrality between 1795 and 1806 its reputation had suffered so much that it had come to be regarded with contempt, and in some sort may be said to have begun to despise itself. Hardenberg in these *Memoirs* makes no defence of its foreign policy in the years 1804, 1805; and he defends himself by saying that his advice was not taken. The mistrust of Prussia by other powers, and her own self-mistrust, were among the leading causes of her overthrow, and for this the king himself was responsible. At least Hardenberg here throws it in pretty plain language on the king. That ruinous neutrality when all the world was in arms—what was the cause of it? People said at the time that the king was a coward, and though this was not true, yet Hardenberg himself traces it to fear. In speaking of one of Napoleon's encroachments, he says, after remarking that the king *would* not see it in its proper light: "I say he *would* not, for there was no doubt that he understood it all perfectly, but he could be inexhaustible in plausible arguments when the object was to maintain an unsound principle once adopted, and in such cases repugnance to a decisive measure outweighed his better reason. Mistrust of his own power to encounter the formidable Napoleon, a foreboding of the misfortune which afterwards came so heavily upon him, were the grounds of this repugnance. Often perhaps did Frederick-William curse his own high position, and wish for the unobserved life of a subject!" In other words, it was not a cowardly fear of the battle-field, but it was the fear of a war in which he felt himself certain to be worsted—yet in which, as a near successor of Frederick the Great, he would be regarded by the people as responsible for the campaign—which was the secret motive of his neutral policy. This weakness in the king concurred with a disturbance in the administrative system which had

been caused by the restless personal government of Frederick the Great to throw the foreign department into the strangest confusion. In the first place, the king found it necessary always to have a foreign minister who would advise unlimited concession when his favourite neutrality was endangered. He had such a minister in Count Haugwitz, whose conduct during the Austerlitz campaign has not been forgotten by history. In the summer of 1804 the Count desired to retire in order to look after his estates in Silesia, which required the master's eye, and Hardenberg was to take his place. But the King did not feel sure of Hardenberg because he was a man of spirit, and accordingly it was arranged that Haugwitz should still receive a part of his salary, should be always ready to resume the duties of his department, and "particularly in the winter when he would wish to reside in Berlin, should receive information of all affairs, and be present at all conferences." Here was a pretty confusion of responsibility! And Hardenberg complains that he could never with all his exertions get his relations to Haugwitz properly defined. But how this arrangement served the king's purpose he makes perfectly clear by an example. In the matter of Sir George Rumbold, who had been seized by French soldiers near Hamburg, Hardenberg had recommended that his extradition should be demanded, and that the demand should be backed, if necessary, by war with France. The king was in a flutter, though for a wonder he took the first part of the advice. An express is at once sent to Haugwitz in Silesia, with a letter proposing the question in the following form:—"I have demanded satisfaction of Bonaparte for the violation of neutrality, and because Rumbold was accredited to my person. His extradition has been demanded. If this is not granted, but recourse is had to subterfuges, what should Prussia do to maintain

her dignity and to fulfil her engagements both towards Russia, in accordance with the existing understanding, and towards her co-estates in North Germany? Many persons vote for war; *I do not (moi pas)*. Reflect on the matter, and give me the benefit of your views. *You know that I reserved to myself the right of having recourse to you in critical circumstances—and these are critical indeed!*" Hardenberg remarks, "how significant was that *moi pas*, which the king underlined!"

It may in fact be said that there were times when Haugwitz and Hardenberg might be considered indifferently as foreign ministers, though they represented opposite policies. But the confusion in the foreign department went really much further than this. Hardenberg gives us a clearer view than we could get before of an abuse which caused much outcry at the time—the secret influence of the Cabinet Secretaries. Of course the Ministers in Prussia, where the King governed personally, had not the same undivided responsibility as they have in constitutional countries. The King took their advice or not, as it pleased him. But in 1806 the condition of things was this, that the control of affairs was in the hands neither of the Ministers nor of the King, but of two or three men called Cabinet Secretaries who went and came between them. This abuse had risen out of a habit which Frederick the Great had formed of transacting business without any personal communication with his Ministers. The reports of the Ministers were laid before him and upon these his decision was formed. It was the business of the Cabinet Secretaries in his time simply to draft the Orders of Cabinet from his rough notes and to take charge of them. This form of transacting business continued after Frederick was gone, but began then to have a very different meaning and effect. These Secretaries, originally merely clerks, began now to rival the Ministers in

influence. From drafting Orders of Cabinet they passed to practically originating them; and as they had the advantage, which the Ministers had not, of personal communication with the King, they gradually reduced the Ministers to mere tools. Meanwhile they had no real responsibility, and at the same time compared with the Ministers, they had no accurate knowledge of the affairs they conducted. The particular Cabinet Secretary who controlled foreign affairs, making Haugwitz, and as far as he could, Hardenberg also his agent, was one Lombard, a Frenchman by birth, and very naturally suspected, though Hardenberg pronounces him not guilty, of being in Napoleon's pay. Just before the catastrophe came, Stein complained in a letter to the king that "the guidance of the diplomatic affairs of the state, at a period unparalleled in modern history, is in the impure and feeble hands of a French poetaster of mean extraction, a *roué*, in whom is combined with moral corruption a complete physical prostration and decrepitude!"

If we put aside the considerable part which accident played in the fall of Prussia—for Alexander's sudden change of policy at Tilsit was an accident as far as Prussia is concerned—the causes of the catastrophe seem such as we have described:—on the one hand, the want of any nation, in the proper sense of the word, underlying the state, on the other hand, a deplorable confusion in the administration arising from a failure of that powerful royal initiative by which the administration had been originally created. And now let us pass from the fall of Prussia to its reconstruction.

We misapprehend the nature of what took place when we say, as we usually do, that some important and useful reforms were introduced by Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst. In the first place, such a word as reform is not properly applied to changes so vast, and in the second

place, the changes then made or at least commenced, went far beyond legislation. We want some word stronger than reform which shall convey that one of the greatest events of modern history now took place in Prussia. Revolution would convey this, but unfortunately we appropriate that word to changes in the form of government, or even mere changes of dynasty, provided they are violent, though such changes are commonly quite insignificant compared to what now took place in Prussia. And the effect of our want of a word is not less than this—that one of the very greatest events is never heard of among great events, and therefore by the mass of mankind is never heard of at all.

The form of government indeed was not changed. Not merely did the king continue to reign, but no Parliament was created even with powers ever so restricted. Another generation had to pass away before this innovation, which to us seems the beginning of political life, took place. But a nation must be made before it can be made free, and, as we have said, in Prussia there was an administration (in great disorder) and an army, but no nation. When Stein was placed at the head of affairs in the autumn of 1807, he seems, at first, hardly to have been aware that anything was called for beyond the reform of the administration, and the removal of some abuses in the army. Accordingly he did reform the administration from the top to the bottom, remodelling the whole machinery both of central and local government which had come down from the father of Frederick the Great. But the other work also was forced upon him, and he began to create the nation by emancipating the peasantry, while Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were brooding over the ideas which, five years later, took shape in the Landwehr of East Prussia. Besides emancipating the peasant he emancipated industry,—everywhere abolishing that strange caste system

which divided the population rigidly into nobles, citizens, and peasants, and even stamped every acre of land in the country with its own unalterable rank as noble, or citizen, or peasant land.

Emancipation, so to speak, had to be given before enfranchisement. The peasant must have something to live for; freewill must be awakened in the citizen; and he must be taught to fight for something before he could receive political liberty. Of such liberty Stein only provided one modest germ. By his *Städteordnung* he introduced popular election into the towns. Thus Prussia and France set out towards political liberty by different roads. Prussia began modestly with local liberties, but did not for a long time attempt a Parliament. France with her *charte*, and in imitation of France many of the small German States, had grand popular Parliaments, but no local liberties. And so for a long time Prussia was regarded as a backward State. F. von Raumer complains in 1828: "In Paris we are often obliged to hear it said, 'We live in a constitutional country, while you, you know . . .'" In spite of the polite suppression of the sentence this simply means 'We are free, but you are still slaves and subject to an unchecked tyranny.'" He protests that this representation is quite unjust so long as the Prussians have Stein's *Städteordnung*. It is to be added, however, that it was only by accident that Stein stopped short at municipal liberties and created no Parliament. He would have gone further, and in the last years of the wartime Hardenberg did summon deliberative assemblies, which, however, fell into disuse again after the peace. For as the legislation of those years may be called a revolution, so the reaction which set in afterwards might be regarded as a counter-revolution. The reformers were driven from office, calumniated, and persecuted; the *Städteordnung* was revised in 1831; instead of the promised Parliament only Provincial Estates,

carefully controlled by government, were instituted; and the reformed administration, working with more unity and efficiency than before, became that imperious bureaucracy which Schön compared to the Catholic priesthood, and of which a leading member rebuked some Prussian citizens for supposing that with their "narrow private understanding" they could possibly form a judgment of the views of the government!

In spite however of all reaction, the change irrevocably made by the legislation of that time was similar to that made in France by the Revolution, and caused the age before Jena to be regarded as an *ancien régime*. But in addition to this, a change had been made in men's minds and thoughts by the shocks of the time, which prepared the way for legislative changes which have taken place since. How unprecedented in Prussia, for instance, was the dictatorial authority wielded by Hardenberg early in 1807, by Stein in the latter part of that year and in 1808, and by Hardenberg again from 1810 onwards! Before that time in the history of Prussia we find no subject eclipsing or even approaching the King in importance. Prussia had been made what she was almost entirely by her electors and kings. In war and organisation alike all had been done by the Great Elector or Frederick William I., or Frederick the Great. But now this is suddenly changed. Everything now turns on the minister. Weak ministers are expelled by pressure put upon the king, strong ones are forced upon him. He is compelled to create a new ministerial power much greater than that of an English Prime Minister, and more like that of a Grand Vizier, and by these dictators the most comprehensive innovations are made. The loyalty of the people was not impaired by this; on the contrary, Stein and Hardenberg saved the Monarchy; but it evidently transferred the Monarchy, though safely, to a lower pedestal; it evidently prepared the

way for such constitutionalism as we now see.

Another powerful impulse moved the state in the same direction. If we consider the transformation of Prussia as covering the whole period between 1807 and 1813, we may consider that it was accomplished in two movements. The first was the legislative movement guided by dictatorial ministers—Stein in 1807 and 1808, Hardenberg in 1810 and 1811. The second is the great popular movement which ended in the War of Liberation. Now, while in the former, the king for the first time in Prussian history is eclipsed by his ministers, in the latter the initiative is taken out of the hands of the government altogether, and the most important step of all is taken by a parliamentary assembly. The great transition of Prussia from the French to the Russian alliance at the beginning of the year 1813 was begun and well-nigh completed without the intervention, and ostensibly against the wish, of the Prussian government. It began with Yorck's Convention of Tauroggen, which was concluded on his own responsibility, and was afterwards disavowed by the government. Then came the meeting of the Estates of East Prussia at Königsberg. In this assembly Yorck appeared and spoke openly of "beating the French wherever he should find them;" and yet the French were at this time the king's allies! The assembly then proceeded to make one of the greatest institutions of modern Prussia—they created the *Landwehr*. But of course they were summoned by the king, and acted under his directions? Not at all; they were summoned by Stein, and his commission did not run in the name of the King of Prussia, but in that of the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias!

No doubt the king resumed a little later the guidance of his people. The *Landwehrordnung* was sanctioned by him and extended to the other pro-

vinces. Nevertheless, such a fact as the creation of the Landwehr by a Parliament, and a Parliament not summoned by the king, could not be forgotten. It tolled the knell of the absolute monarchy in Prussia. No wonder that when, a month after, Stein lay at death's door in the hotel Zum Zepter at Breslau, the king, though the Court was in the same town, would know nothing about him, and caused no inquiries to be made after his health.

Parallel with this fall and reconstruction of Prussia we see the fall and reconstruction of Germany. Here too the first step is to create, so to speak, the nation. A great space had to be traversed from the time when Lessing and Herder wrote of the very virtue of patriotism with disapprobation, wondering at the same time what the feeling might be like, to the days of Arndt and Körner. And when the feeling had been awakened the difficulty of expressing it in institutions seemed to have grown greater than ever. The Confederation of the Rhine had thrown half Germany into the foreign camp. New kings had been created, all whose interests were involved in the division of Germany. At the moment of the fall of Napoleon, perhaps, with decision and good fortune, something might have been done. Stein, who is even greater in the history of Germany than he is in the history of Prussia, formed a daring plan of dethroning the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine along with their master, and in this way constituting the unity of Germany, or at least its duality under Austria and Prussia, at the same time that its independence was secured. But Metternich disappointed him. And we have witnessed since the slow and wonderful attainment of the same goal by another path.

This chapter of history has commonly been thought uninviting, partly I suppose because of the intricate appearance which German history always

presents from the multitude of small states, partly, perhaps, because the Germans do not write history in a dramatic or epigrammatic style. The first difficulty lies altogether on the surface; as to the second, it must be confessed that the Germans as a nation have not the art of posing like their neighbours. The French contrive to make the long ignominy and decay of Louis XV.'s reign interesting, while the Germans cannot make even the age of Stein and Hardenberg seem so. Nor, I fear, will the two thousand judicious pages in German type, which have suggested this paper, mend the matter. German history will never be read by the novel-reading public. But that it should be read by *nobody* seems a pity. It is quite as instructive and important as other history. And if it does not make a good novel of plot, it makes, at least in the age we are thinking of, a very fair novel of character. It is unfortunate that the only biography of an eminent German politician of that age which is known to the English public is confessedly unsatisfactory from the political point of view. Miss Winkworth, when she translated Niebuhr's life, regretted in her preface that "the account given in it of his public career was very incomplete, and by no means one that enabled the reader to perceive the relation in which Niebuhr stood to his times." Yet Niebuhr's character is so interesting, even when a good part of it is left in shade, that two or three editions of the book have been called for. Let some one put by the side of it a portrait executed on the same scale of the other great scholar-statesman of Prussia, W. von Humboldt, the great educational reformer and founder of the University of Berlin. The life of Arndt, with its wanderings and adventures, might be made even popular. Blücher, Gneisenau, and Yorck, are striking military figures. Scharnhorst is perhaps more important than any of these, but his reserved and unimpassioned character is not much adapted

for biography, at least if we may judge from the admitted failure of Klippel's attempt; but perhaps the rising historian, Max Lehmann, who promises a new life of Scharnhorst, will teach us better. The age too is rich in interesting specimens of more or less perverted character. Such are Dalberg, Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Johannes Müller, Gentz, the first King of Württemberg.

Who, in all this assemblage of characters, holds the regal position? I think it is the proud Reichsfreiherr, Karl von Stein, greater than any by the breadth of his views and the commanding force of his character, even if we should grant that Hardenberg might claim to rival him in the sum of his achievements. Our author closes his work with an elaborate comparison between the two statesmen, in which, as was natural, and perhaps proper, in a *Life of Hardenberg*, somewhat more than justice is done to him, and somewhat less to Stein. The great superiority of Stein lies in the influence he exerted outside Prussia upon Germany as a whole. In 1813 it was the custom to speak of him as Emperor of Germany; and the phrase was a happy way of

marking that, as our author says, he was "the first and grandest representative of the German idea." Who else could write as early as 1812 what Stein wrote to Count Münster?—"I am sorry your Excellency suspects a Prussian in me and betrays a Hanoverian in yourself. I have but one fatherland, and that is Germany; and as under the old constitution I belonged to Germany alone, and not to any part of Germany, so to Germany alone, and not to any part of it, I am devoted with my whole heart." It is the strangest ignorance which pictures this great-hearted man—who had his life in large and simple ideas, and who has been called Germany's political Luther—merely as a successful legislator on land questions.

If we made a commencement by becoming familiar with the lives of a few of these men, we should find the fog which now hides German politics from our view insensibly dissipated, and, I believe, also, we should be astonished at the richness, variety, and interest of the scene which would be disclosed.

J. R. SEELEY.

LOVE'S ARROWS.

"At a league's distance from the town of Ponteuille in Provence, and hard by the shrine of our Lady of Marten, there is in the midst of verdant meadows a little pool, overshadowed on all sides by branching oak-trees, and surrounded at the water's edge by a green sward so fruitful that in spring it seemeth, for the abundance of white lilies, as covered with half melted snow. Unto this fair place a damsel from out a near village once came to gather white flowers for the decking of our Lady's chapel; and while so doing saw lying in the grass a naked boy: in his hair were tangled blue water-flowers, and at his side lay a bow and marvellously wrought quiver of two arrows, one tipped at the point with gold, the other with lead. These the damsel, taking up the quiver, drew out; but as she did so the gold arrow did prick her finger, and so sorely that, starting at the pain, she let fall the leaden one upon the sleeping boy. He at the touch of that arrow sprang up, and crying against her with much loathing, fled over the meadows. She followed him to overtake him, but could not, albeit she strove greatly; and soon, wearied with her running, fell upon the grass in a swoon. Here had she lain, had not a goatherd of those parts found her and brought her to the village. Thus was much woe wrought unto the damsel, for after this she never again knew any joy, nor delighted in aught, save only it were to sit waiting and watching among the lilies by the pool. By these things it seemeth that the boy was not mortal as she supposed, but rather the Demon or Spirit of Love, whom John of Dreux for his two arrows holdeth to be that same Eros of Greece."—*MSS. Mus. Aix. B. 754.*

The story that I write of shows how Love,
Once wandering in the woodlands, to a grove
Of oak-trees came, within which was a pool
Fed by a stream of water, clear and cool.

Such a lovely pool as this
Love had hardly seen, I wis:
All about its edges grew
Blue forget-me-nots, as blue
As the hue of summer skies,
Or the light of Love's own eyes.
From this belt of flowers the sward
Upward sloped, and did afford
Footing soft as is most meet
For the soles of bathers' feet:
And upon this sward oak-trees
Stretched their branches to the breeze,
And with pleasant sound and shade
Covert from the sun's heat made.
'Neath the trees were violets seen
Mixing with the grass's green,
And white lilies, at whose sight
Life seemed merged in one delight.

When Love saw the oak tree's shade,
And how soft the sward was laid,

He at once did throw aside
Bow and arrows—nought beside
Was he cumbered with—and then
Plunged into the pool. Again
Will not be a sight so fair
As the Love-god bathing there.
How can I, poor modern, write
Of his beauty, or how white
Were his limbs, how gold his hair,
Or how passing fine and fair
Was his form: I should but spoil
Beauty's bloom, and waste my toil.
If great Marlowe could not sing
All Leander's praise, nor bring
All his beauties in his line,
Shall it be allowed to mine?

When Love tired of swimming grew,
From the pool his limbs he drew,
And on the sward himself down threw.
Love upon the green sward lay,
Flowers about him every way.
The soft turf that formed his bed
Was with lilies overspread;
And from out his hair there gleamed
Blue forget-me-nots (that seemed
Like to turquoise stones when gold
Their blue beauty doth enfold);
They had caught and tangled there
As he swam with streaming hair.
Thus Love lay and laughing played
With a grass's spiky blade,
Watching with half closing eyes
The green-crested dragon-flies,
That about the pool did skim,
Or the bird that on its rim
Came, with outstretched thirsty bill,
From the pool to drink its fill.
But not long did Eros keep
His blue eyes from coming sleep:
For the humming of the bees,
And the murmurs from the trees
That his bed of wild flowers shaded,
All to drowsiness persuaded:
Soon he did begin to feel
Sleep o'er all his limbs to steal;
Soon the pool and meadow grew
Less distinct upon his view;
Soon his sleep-o'er-weighted head
On his arm dropped down; then fled
From the eyes of conquered Love
Flowers and meadow, pool and grove.
Now, as chance had it, to the pool-side came
This very day a maiden, one by name
Margaret, a comely damsel, full of grace

Both in her form and in her fair young face.
Tall and upright she was, with black hair crowned;
Her eyes were black, and seemed to look around
With gentleness on all things, and did show
Her love for all things lovely; and here now
White flowers she sought wherewith to deck the shrine
Of Christ His Mother, and to intertwine
Their stems upon her altar. When she drew
Near to the pool a something met her view
That glittered in the grass: she nears to see,
And, lo! a naked boy! At first thinks she
To fly and hide her blushes, but some power
Holdeth her spell-bound, and she doth devour
The sleeper with her eyes till all her soul
Grows drunken with his beauty, and the whole
Of her fair heart is moved. She presently
Among the grass his quiver doth espy,
And takes it up. Two arrows doth it hold,
One with lead barbed, the other barbed with gold.
Ah! little does she know the evils dread
Roused by these arrows:—that which bears the lead
In those it touches a fierce loathing wakes;
But that which has the gold for loving makes.
Not witting this, poor maid, she draws them out.
The gold one pricks her finger—then about
Her body runs a trembling, and a joy
Unspeakable doth hold her. On the boy
She looks, and straight doth love him. But, ah woe!
As she stands gazing thus on him below,
The leaden arrow from her fingers falls,
And strikes the boy. He, springing upright, calls
With hate upon her: she with love replies,
Feasting the while upon him with her eyes:
In haste he turns to fly: around his neck
She casts white clinging arms. But little reck
Immortal limbs such binding: forth he flies,
Crying, "Thou burn'st me:" after him she hies;
But all in vain. Soon spent she falls, and would
Have died had not a goatherd in the wood
Found her, and led her home. From this sad day
Margaret ne'er joined in any youthful play,
But lived disconsolately. In the grove
She would sit oft, waiting her scarce known love,
Who never came. Thus was much woe to thee
Fair Margaret—and the Love-god, how fares he?

ST. LOE STRACHEY.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN SUSPENSE.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE was extremely annoyed at the turn things had taken. On the day of his father's seizure indeed a kind of serene solemnity came over him. He would not have been so indiscreet or indecorous as to admit that he was glad of the "stroke" which might terminate the Squire's life; such an evil sentiment was far from him. Still if his dear father was indeed in the providence of God to be taken away from this mortal scene, there was a sad satisfaction in having it happen while he was still at the Castle and ready to be of use. As the only male member of the family it was indeed very important that he should be there on such a melancholy occasion. Mary would have enough on her hands with the nursing and the strictly feminine duties, and he was the only one to turn to, the only one who could do anything. He telegraphed to his wife what the sad occasion was that detained him, and went to bed with a comfortable sense that his visit had not been in vain. It was melancholy to think that all might be over before the morning; but yet he could do no good by staying up and wearing himself out. If it should so happen that his own sad prognostications were correct, why then he had occasion for all his strength, for he it would be who must do everything. And no martyr could have contemplated the stake with more elevated resignation and satisfaction than Randolph looked at the labours and troubles he would have to take upon him. He lay down, solemnly going over them in his mind—the details of the funeral, the reading

of the will, the taking possession of the estate. He resolved that he would take possession in his brother's name. No one knew where John was; he could not be called at a moment's notice like respectable men. Nor, indeed, would it be kind to think of such a thing as bringing him here to the endangerment of his life. No, he would take possession for his brother. He would put his brother's little son to school. The girl of course would go with Mary, who for her part must, he supposed, have the house on the way to Pennington, which was called the Dower-house, though he did not think an unmarried sister had any real right to a place which was intended for the widow of the previous Squire. But that might pass: Mary had been accustomed to have everything her own way, and she should have the Dower-house by grace at least, if not by right. He fell asleep as he was arranging all these things with a great deal of serious satisfaction. Of course it was sad: what is there in this vale of tears that is not mixed with sadness? But it was not (he said to himself) as if his father were a young man, or carried off in the midst of his work. He was old, he had lived out the life of man, he had arrived at the time when a man has a right to expect that his day is over, and must know that in the course of nature he ought to give place to his successors. And as things were to take such a serious turn, how well it was that he Randolph should be on the spot to do everything! His satisfaction in this was really the foremost feeling in his mind.

But all was not over in the morning as Randolph had so certainly anticipated. He got up in the same solemnized but resigned and serene condition,

and wondered a little to see how late it was. For indeed the turn things had taken, though so serious, had been peace-inspiring, removing anxiety from his mind, and he had slept later than usual in consequence. And it was clear that as yet there had been "no change." Eastwood, who was late too, having stayed up late on the previous night indulging the solemn excitement which was natural to this crisis, came in with profound seriousness and an air as solemn as Randolph's. "Just the same, sir," he said; "the doctor is with him now." Randolph could not help a slight sensation of disappointment. He had made up his mind so distinctly what was to happen, and there are cases in which even good news are out of place. It was with less resignation and more anxiety that he hurried out to hear what the doctor said.

And he was much provoked and annoyed when a week later there was still no progress made, and it became apparent that no such easy solution of all difficulties as he had expected was to be looked for. The Squire was in much the same state on the next Saturday and the next, and it was apparent that the illness was to be a lingering and tedious one—the kind of thing which wears out everybody round. When people are going to die, what a pity that they should not do it speedily, relieving both themselves and others! But nature, so often acting in a manner contrary to all prognostications, was not to be hurried. To jog her gently on, and relieve the sufferer authoritatively from his troubles, is not yet permissible in England. On the contrary, medical science acts just the other way with questionable mercy, prolonging lives in which there is nothing but suffering, and stimulating the worn-out machinery of the frame to go on a little longer, to suffer a little more, with all that wheezing and creaking of the rusty wheels which bears witness to the unnaturalness of the process. This was what Randolph felt with much restrained warmth of

annoyance. It was unnatural; it was almost impious. Two doctors, a professional nurse, and Mary, who was as good, all labouring by every possible invention to keep mere life in their patient. Was it right to do so? Providence had evidently willed to release the old man, but science was forcing him to remain imprisoned in the flesh. It was very hard upon the Squire, and upon Randolph too, especially as the latter could not venture to express his real sentiments on this matter, but was compelled to be glad of every little sign of tenacity and vitality which the patient gave. If it had been recovery indeed, he said to himself, there might have been some reason for satisfaction; but as it was only holding by life, mere existing and nothing more, what ground was there for thankfulness? It would be better for the sufferer himself, better for everybody, that it should be over soon. After this state of things had lasted for a fortnight, Randolph could not bear it any longer. He sent for Mary from the sick-room, and gave her to understand that he must go.

"Had I expected he would last so long," he said, "I should have gone last week. Of course it does not matter for you who have nothing else to do; but my work and my time are of importance. If anything were likely to happen directly, of course I should think it my duty to stay; but so far as I can see nothing is likely to happen," said Randolph in an aggrieved tone. Mary was too sad to laugh and too languid to be angry, but there came a gleam of mingled resentment and amusement into her eyes.

"It is not for us to wish that anything should happen," she said.

"Wish? Did I talk of wishing? I stated a fact. And in the meantime my parish is being neglected and my work waiting for me. I cannot hang on here for ever. Of course," Randolph added, "if anything should happen, you have only to telegraph, and I will come."

"I don't see that it is necessary,

Randolph. My father may rally, or he may linger for months, the doctors say; and whatever happens—of course you shall hear immediately—but so far as I am concerned, it does not seem necessary to disturb your work and unsettle your parish——”

“That is ridiculous; of course I shall come the moment I am summoned. It is quite essential that there should be some man to manage matters. And the boy is all ready,” he added; “you had his outfit prepared before my father’s attack came on. Let them pack up for him, and on Friday we shall go.”

“The boy! How could I send him away now, when my father might recover his consciousness, and want him?”

“My father want him? This is too much,” said Randolph—“my father, from whom you concealed his very existence—who never could bear children at any time. My father? What could he possibly want with the boy? He should have gone a fortnight ago. I wrote to enter his name of course, and the money is running on. I can’t afford to pay for nothing whatever you may do, Mary. Let his things be packed up, and let him go with me.”

“I think your brother is right,” said the vicar, who was present. “Nello is doing no good with me. We have been so much disturbed with all that has taken place; and Emily has been so poorly—you know how poorly she has been—and one feels with one’s own children the time can always be made up somehow. That is the worst of lessons at home,” said Mr. Pen, with a sigh.

“But my father sent for him—wanted him; how can I send the child away? Mr. Pen, you know, if Randolph does not, that he is the heir, and his grandfather has a right to have him close at hand.”

“It is no use arguing with women,” said Randolph, white with rage. “I don’t understand this nonsense about my father wanting him. I don’t believe a word of it. But I tell you

this, Mary, if he is the heir I am his uncle, his next friend; and I say, he sha’n’t lose his time here and get ruined among a pack of women. He must go to school. Supposing even that my father did want him (which is absolute absurdity; why my father pretends not to know of his existence!) would you put a selfish old man’s fancy against the boy’s good?”

“Randolph! how do you dare when he is so ill,” cried Mary, with trembling lips, “to speak of my father so!”

“It is true enough anyhow,” said the undutiful son. “When he is so ill! Why, that is the reason I can speak freely. One would not hurt his feelings if he could ever know it. But he was always known to be selfish. I did not think there was any doubt about that. The boy must not be ruined for an old man’s whim, even if it is true.”

“It is dreadful to go against you,” said the vicar, looking at her with piteous eyes, beseeching her forgiveness; “but Randolph is in the right. Nello is losing his time; he is doing no good; he ought to go to school.”

“You too!” cried Mary. She could not but smile, though the tears were in her eyes. And poor Mr. Pen’s dissent from her cost the good man so much. He looked at her, his eyes too filling, with deprecating, beseeching, wistful looks, as a dog does. When he thus took part so distinctly against Mary, conscience, it was clear, must have been strong within Mr. Pen. He had tried hard for her sake to overcome the habit of irregular hours, and desultory occupation which had grown upon him, and to give the children their lessons steadily, at the same hours, day by day. But poor Mr. Pen had not known how hard it would be to accomplish this. The idea of being able to make up the failing lessons at any odd moment which made the children at the vicarage so uncertain in their hours, had soon returned after the first bracing up of duty towards Lilius and Nello had come to an end. And then Mrs. Pen

had been ill, and could not bear the noise of the children; and then the squire had been ill, upsetting everybody and everything; and then—the vicar did not know what more to say for himself. He had got out of the way of teaching, out of the habit of exact hours, and Emily had been very poorly, and, on the whole, Randolph was right, and the boy ought to go to school.

Several of these discussions, however, took place before Mary gave way. No one had told Randolph the particulars of the last scene in the library, before the squire had his "stroke." He sincerely believed (though with an uneasy sense of something in it that sounded like truth) that this story was a fabrication to suit a purpose. But, on the other hand, his own intentions were very distinct. The mere fact that such a story had been invented, showed the meaning on the other side. This boy was to be foisted into the place which, for years, he had supposed himself to occupy. John not being possible, who but Randolph could fill that place? Another heir was ridiculous, was shameful, and a wrong to him. He would not suffer it. What right had John, an outlaw and exile, to have a son, if it came to that? He would not allow the child to stay here to be petted and pampered, and made to believe himself the heir. For, in the end, Randolph had made up his mind that the boy could not and should not be admitted to the advantages of heirship without a very different kind of proof of identity from any they possessed. And it would be ruin to the child to be allowed to fill such a false position now. The mere idea of it filled him with suppressed rage. He did not mean the boy any harm—not any real harm. On the contrary, it would be a real advantage to him in any case to be bred up frugally and industriously; and this he would insist upon in spite of every resistance. He would not leave the child to have him wormed into the old man's affections, made a tool of by

Mary in John's interests, and to his own detriment. He was determined to get rid of Nello, whatever it cost him: not to do him harm, but to get him out of the way. This idea began to possess him like a mania, to get rid of the child who was more dangerous, a great deal more dangerous, than John himself. And all the circumstances of the house favoured his removal at this moment, when the squire's illness occupied everybody's attention. And then it was a great point to have enlisted on his side the reluctant, and abashed, yet conscientious support of Mr. Pen.

As for the children themselves, a subtle discomfort had stolen into their life. The old gentleman's illness, though it did not affect them, affected the house. The severe and dangerous illness of an important member of any household has always a confusing influence upon domestic life. It changes the centre of existence, so that everything, which once radiated from the cheerful hearth, becomes absorbed in the sick-chamber, making of it the temporary and fictitious centre of the dwelling. In this changed orbit, all the stars of the household firmament shine, and beyond it everything is left cold, and sunless, and neglected. Children are always the first to feel this atmospheric change, which affects them more than it does the watchers and nurses, whose time and minds are absorbed in the new occupation. It was as if the sun had gone out of the sky to the children at Penninghame. They were left free indeed, to go and come as they liked, nobody attempting to hustle them out of the way, to say, "Run, children, some one is coming." All the world might go and come, and it did not matter. Neither did it matter to them now where they went, for every room was equally dreary and empty. Mary, who meant home to them, and to whom they carried all their grievances and pleasures, had disappeared from their view; and Miss Brown, who was their directress in minor matters, had become invisible too, swallowed up by that sick-room,

which absorbed everything. It was no pleasure to roam about the drawing-room, generally forbidden ground, and even through and through the passages from the hall to the dining-room, though they had so often longed to do it, when nobody was to be found there, either to laugh with them, or to find fault. Even Eastwood was swept up in the same whirlpool; and as for Mary, their domestic divinity, all that was seen of her was when she passed from one room to another, crossing the corridor, disappearing within the door of the mysterious room, where doctors, and nurses, and every sort of medicine, and drinks, and appliances of all kinds were being taken. How could the old gentleman want so much? Twice over a new kind of bed was taken into that strange gulf of a sick-room, and all so silently—Eastwood standing on the stairs, deprecating with voice and gesture, “No noise, no noise!” That was what everybody said. Mary would smile at them when she met them, or wave her hand from the end of the corridor, or over the stairs. Sometimes she would pause and stoop down and kiss them, looking very pale and worn out. “No, dear, he is no better,” she would say. Except for these encounters, and the accounts which the servants gave them of their grandfather’s state, how he was lying, just breathing, knowing nobody, not able to speak, accounts which froze the children’s blood in their veins, they had no life at all; only dull meals which they ate under this shadow, and dull hours in which, having nothing to do, they huddled together, weary and lonely, and with nothing before them but to go to bed. Out of doors it was not much better. Mr. Pen had fallen into all the old disorder of his ways, out of which he had made a strenuous effort to wake for their benefit. He never was ready for them when they went with their lessons. “I will hear you to-morrow,” he would say, looking at them with painful humility, feeling the grave

countenance of Liliás more terrible than that of any judge; and when to-morrow came, there were always a hundred excuses. “Go on to the next page and learn the next lesson. I have had such a press of work—and Mrs. Pennithorne is so poorly,” the poor man would say. All this shook the pillars of the earth to Liliás and Nello. They were shaken out of everything they knew, and left to blunder out their life as best they could, without any guide.

And this was hardest upon the one who understood it least. Liliás, whose mind was open to everything, and who sat looking out as from a door, making observations, keenly interested in all that went on, and at the same time with a reserve of imagination to fall back upon, was fully occupied at least if nothing more. Every day she watched for “Mr. Geoff,” with news of her father. The suspense was too visionary to crush her with that sickening depression which affects elder minds. All had a softening vagueness and confusion to the child. She hoped and hoped, and cried with imaginative misery, then dried her eyes and hoped again. She thought everything would come right if Mr. Geoff would only bring papa; and Mr. Geoff’s ability sooner or later to find and bring papa she never doubted. It was dreadful to have to wait so long—so long; but still every morning, any morning he might come. This hope in her mind absorbed Liliás, and made her silent, indisposed for play. At other times she would talk eagerly, demanding her brother’s interest and response to things he did not understand. Children can go on a long time without understanding, each carrying on his or her monologue, two separate streams, which, flowing tranquilly together, feel like something mutual, and answer all the ends of intercourse; and in this way neither of them was aware how far apart they were. But Nello was dull; he had so little to do. He had no pony, he could not play cricket as Johnny Pen did with the village boys. He was small, even

for his age, and he had not been educated in the art of knocking about as English boys are. He was even a little timid of the water, and the boats, in which other boys might have found solace. Half of his time he wandered about, listless, not knowing what to make of himself. This was the condition of mind in which Randolph met him on one of these lingering afternoons. The child had strayed out all by himself; he was standing by the waterside at his old amusement, but not enjoying it this time. "What are you doing?" said his uncle, calling out to him as he approached. Randolph was not a favourite with the children; but it was half an amusement to see any one coming near, and to have to answer a question. He said "Nothing," with a sigh. Not a single skip could he get out of those dull slates. The water would not carry them; they would not go; they went to the bottom with a prosaic splash and thud. How different from that day with the old gentleman, when they flew as if they had been alive! Perhaps this newcomer might have luck, and do as well as the old gentleman. "Will you have a try?" he said; "here is a good one, it ought to be a good one; but I can't make them go to-day."

"I—have a try?" Randolph was startled by the suggestion. But he was anxious to conciliate the little fellow whom he wanted so much to get rid of. And it was only for once. He took suspiciously (for he was always suspicious) the stone Nello held out to him, and looked at it as if it might be poison—or it might be an attempt on his dignity got up by somebody. When he had satisfied himself that it was a common piece of slate he took courage, and, with a smile that sat very awkwardly upon his face, threw it, but with the most complete unsuccess.

"Ah! you are not good, like the old gentleman; his skipped seven times! He was so clever at it! I wish he was not ill," said Nello, checking an incipient yawn. It was, perhaps, the first time any one had

uttered such a wish. It had been taken for granted, even by his daughter, that the Squire's illness was the most natural thing in the world.

"Did he really come and play with you? But old men are no better than children," said Randolph. "I suppose he had nothing else to do."

"It is very nice to have somebody to play with when you have nothing else to do," said Nello, reflectively. "And he was clever. You—you don't know even how to throw. You throw like a girl—like this. But this is how the old gentleman did," cried Nello, suiting the action to the word, "and so do I."

"Do you know nothing but these baby-games? I suppose you never played cricket?" said Randolph, with, though he was a man, a pleasurable sense of being thus able to humiliate the little creature beside him. Nello coloured to the roots of his hair.

"I do not like cricket. Must every one like the same things? It is too hot; and one cannot play by oneself," the boy added with a sigh.

"You ought not to play by your self, it is not good for you. Have you no one to play with, little boy?"

"Nobody," said Nello, with emphasis; "not one person. There is Lily; but what does it matter about a girl? And sometimes Johnny Pen comes. He is not much good; he likes the green best, and all the village boys. Then they say I am too little; and I don't know them," the boy added, with a gleam of moisture in his eyes. The village boys had not been kind to Nello; they had laughed at him for a little foreigner, and made remarks about his hair, which was cut straight across his forehead. "I don't want to know them." This was said with vehemence; for Nello was sore at the want of appreciation which had been shown him. They did not care for *him*, but they made a great deal of Johnny Pen!

"You should go to school; that is where all boys should go. A boy should not be brought up like a little girl; he should learn to use his hands,

and his fists even. Now, what should you do if there was a fight——”

“A fight?” Nello grew pale and then grew red. “If it was—some one else, I would walk away; but if it was me—if any one touched me, I should kill him!” cried the child, setting his little white teeth. Randolph ought professionally to have improved the occasion; but he only laughed—that insulting laugh which is offensive to everybody, and specially exasperates a child. “How could you kill him? That is easier said than done, my boy.”

“I would get a gun, or a sword; but first,” said Nello, calming down, “I would tell him to go away, because I should not *wish* to kill him. I have seen people fighting with guns and swords—have you?”

Here Randolph, being obliged to own himself inferior, fell back upon what was right, as he ought to have done before.

“Fighting is very wrong,” he said. “It is dreadful to think of people cutting each other to pieces, like wild beasts; but it is not so bad if you defend yourself with your fists. Only foreigners fight with swords; it is thoroughly un-English. You should never fight; but you would have to defend yourself if you were at school.”

Nello looked at his uncle with an agreeable sense of superiority. “But I have seen *real* fighting,” he said; “not like children. I saw them fighting the Austrians—that was not wrong. Papa said so. It was to get back their houses and their country. I was little then, and I was frightened. But they won!” cried the boy, with a gleam in his dark eyes. What a little savage he was! Randolph was startled by the sudden reference to “papa,” and this made him more warm and eager in his turn.

“Whoever has trained you to be a partisan has done very wrong,” he said. “What do you know about it? But look here, my little man. I am going away on Friday, and you are to come with me. It will be a great deal better for you than growing up like a

little girl here. You are exactly like a little girl now, with your long hair and your name, which is a girl's name. You would be Jack if you were at school. I want to make a man of you. You will never be anything but a little lady if you don't go to school. Come; you have only to put on a frock like your sister. Nelly! Why, that's a girl's name! You should be Jack if you were at school.”

“I am not a girl!” cried Nello. His face grew crimson, and he darted his little brown fist—not so feebly as his size promised—in his uncle's face. Randolph took a step backwards in his surprise. “I hate you!” cried the child. “You shall never never come here when I am a man. When the old gentleman is dead, and papa is dead, and everything is mine, I will shut up all the doors, I will turn out the dogs, and you shall never come here. I know now it is true what Lily says—you are the bad uncle that killed the babes in the wood. But when I am a big man and grown up, you shall never come here!”

“So!” said Randolph, furious but politic; “it is all to be yours? I did not know that. The castle, and the woods, and everything? How do you know it will be yours?”

“Oh, everybody knows that,” said Nello, recovering his composure as lightly as he had lost it; “Martuccia and every one. But first the old gentleman must be dead, and, I think, papa. I am not so sure about papa. And do you think they would teach me cricket at school, and to fight? I don't really care for cricket, not really. But Johnny Pen and the rest, they think so much of it. I should like to knock down all their wickets, and get all the runs; that would teach them! and lick them after!” said the bloodthirsty Nello, with gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN APPARITION.

THUS Randolph overcame Nello's opposition to school, to his own extreme

surprise. Though he had a child of his own, and all the experiences of a middle-aged clergyman, he had never yet learned the A, B, C of childhood. But it may be supposed that the conversation generally had not made him love his nephew more dearly. He shook his fist at the boy as he ran along the water-side, suddenly seized by the delight of the novelty and the thought of Johnny Pen's envy. "If I had you, my boy!" Randolph said, between his teeth, thinking grimly of the heirship which the child was so sure of. Pride would have a fall in this as in other cases. The child's pretensions would not count for very much where he was going. To be flogged out of all such nonsense would be far the best thing for him; and a good flogging never did a boy much harm. Randolph, though he was not a bad man, felt a certain gratification in thinking of the change that would occur in Nello's life. There was nothing wrong about the school; it was a very humble place, where farmers' sons were trained roughly but not unkindly. It would make a man of the delicate little half-foreign boy, who knew nothing about cricket. No doubt it would be different from anything he was used to; but what of that? It was the best thing for him. Randolph was not cruel, but still it gave him a little pleasure to think how the impudent little wretch would be brought to his senses; no harm done to him—no *real* harm—but only such a practical lesson as would sweep all nonsense out of his head. If Nello had been a man of his own age, a rival, he could not have anticipated his humiliation with more zest. He would have liked to be a boy himself to fag the little upstart. There would be probably no fagging at the farmers' school, but there would be—well! He smiled to himself. Nello would not like it; but it would bring the little monkey to his senses, and for that good object there was no objection to be taken to the means.

And as he walked through the Chase, through the trees, seeing in

the distance before him the blunt, turret-chimneys, all veiled and dignified with ivy, of the old house, many thoughts were in Randolph's heart. He was a Musgrave, after all, if not a very fine example of the race. His wife was well off. If it had not been for John, who was a criminal, and this boy—what he would have done for the old place! What he might do still if things went—well! Was that, perhaps, the word to use—well? That is, if John could be somehow disposed of, prevented from coming home, and the boy pushed quietly to one side. As for John, he could not come home. It would be death—perhaps, certainly renewed disgrace. He would have to stand his trial, and, if he fled from that trial once, how was he likely to be able to face it now? He would stay abroad, of course—the only safe place for him. If he could but be communicated with, wherever he was, and would send for his son and daughter, some arrangement might be made: a share of the income settled upon him, and the family inheritance left for those who could enjoy it. This would be, in every way, the best thing that could be done; best for John himself; best for the house which had been always an honourable one, and never connected with disgrace. It is so easy to believe what one wishes that Randolph, after a while, going over the subject in his mind, succeeded in smoothing away all difficulties, except, indeed, the initial one of getting into correspondence, one way or another, with John. If this could be done, surely all the rest was smooth enough! John was not a fool; he must see that he could not come home. He must see how difficult it would be to prove his marriage and his son's birth, and make everything clear (though why this should be so difficult Randolph did not explain even to himself). Then he must see equally well that, to put the property and the old castle into the hands of a man with money, who could really do something to improve them, would be far better for the

family than to go on as he (John) must do, having no money, if even he could come lawfully into possession. All this was so evident, no man in his senses could refuse to see it. And as for communicating with John: there was, of course, one way, which seemed the natural way, and which surely must be infallible in that case as in most other cases—the *Times*. However far out of the world John might be, surely he would have opportunities from year to year of seeing the *Times*! No Englishman, even though banished, could live without that. And, sooner or later, if often enough repeated, the advertisement must reach him, suppose it to be put something in this form:—“J. M., of P.—His brother R. wishes to communicate with him on urgent business connected with the death of their father.” This would attract no particular attention from any one, and John could not fail to perceive that he was meant. Thus he had, to his satisfaction, made everything clear.

It was just when he came to this satisfactory settlement of the difficulty, so perfectly easy in theory, though no doubt there might be certain difficulties about carrying it out, that Randolph suddenly saw a little way before him, some one making his way through the trees. The Chase was private, and very few people had the right of coming here; neither did Randolph see whence this unexpected passenger had come, for there was no tributary path by which he might have made his way down to the footwalk, through the elms and oaks. He was within easy sight, obscured a little by the brushwood, and with his back to the spectator; but the sight of him gave Randolph a great start and shock, which he could not very well explain. The man was in dark clothes, with a broad felt hat, quite unlike anything worn in this district; and there was something about his attitude and walk (no doubt a merely fantastic resemblance, or some impression on his mind from his pre-occupation with the idea of John) which recalled his brother to Randolph's mind. He was more

startled than words could say. For a moment he could not even think or move, but stood open-mouthed, staring at the figure before him, which went on straight, not turning to the right or to the left.

When Randolph came to himself, he tried to laugh at his own folly—then coughed loudly and meaningly, by way of catching the stranger's attention, and seeing who it was. But his cough attracted no manner of attention from the wayfarer, who went on pushing through the trees, like one who knew every turn and winding. Randolph was at the end of his invention. If he called out “Hi!” it might turn out to be somebody of importance. If he spoke more politely, and called the stranger to halt, he might be a nobody—if indeed it was not—. A vague impression, half of fear, came upon him. What nonsense it was! In broad daylight, in so well-known and familiar a place. Had it been in the dark, in any of the ghostly passages of the old house! but out here in the sunshine, in the open air!

Randolph took off his hat, to let the air blow freely about him, for he had grown hot and uncomfortable. His hand with the hat in it dropped for a moment between him and the other who was so near him. When he raised it again there was no one there. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, and darted forward to see whether the man was hiding among the trees; but there was no one there. Randolph took off his hat once more, to wipe his streaming forehead; his hand trembled so that he could scarcely do it. What did it mean? When he had convinced himself there was no one to be seen, he turned and hurried away from the place, with his heart beating loudly in his breast. He never looked behind him, but hastened on till he had got to the broad road, where there was not a bush to hide an apparition. Then he permitted himself to draw breath.

It would be doing Randolph injustice to suppose that after he was out

of the shadow of the trees, and in safety, with a broad level bit of road before him, on which everything was distinctly visible all round, he could be capable of believing that he had seen a ghost. Nothing of the kind. It must have been one of the people about the place, poking among the bushes, who had disappeared under the branches of the trees, and whom he thought like John, only because he had been thinking of John—or perhaps his thought of John had produced an optical delusion, and imagination had painted some passing shadow as a substantial thing, and endued it with his brother's image. It might have been merely an eccentric tree, on the outline of which fancy had wrought, showing a kind of grotesque resemblance. It might be, and probably was, just nothing at all. And it was supremely ridiculous that his heart should so thump for such an absurd delusion; but thump it did, and that in the most violent manner. He was out of breath, though he had made no exertion. And he could not pick up his thoughts where he had dropped them, when he saw that—figure. A thrill as of guilt was in his soul; he was afraid to begin again where he had left off. He found himself still rather breathless before the house, looking up at the veiled windows of his father's room. For the first time Randolph thought with a little awe of his father lying there between life and death. He had not thought of him at all in his own person, but rather of the Squire officially, the old life who kept a younger generation out of the estate. It was time the elders were out of the way, and age superseded by middle age. But now for a moment he realised the man lying helpless there, in the very pathway of death—not freed by the Great Deliverer, but imprisoned by Him, all his senses and faculties bound up, a captive tied hand and foot by the grim potency who conquers all men. Randolph was frightened altogether by the mysterious encounter and impressed with awe. If there had been

daily service he would have gone to church, but as there was nothing of the sort in Penninghame, he went into the library to read a good book, as the next best thing to do. But he could not stay in the library. The silence of it was awful. He seemed to see his father, seated there in his usual chair, silent, gazing at him with eyes of disapproval that went through and through him. After five minutes he could stand it no longer. He took his good book, and went out to the side of the water, within sight of the road where people were coming and going. It was a comfort to him to see even the doctor's boy with his phials, and the footman who came with his mistress's card to inquire how the Squire was. And he looked out, but looked in vain, with mingled eagerness and fear for the broad hat he had seen so mysteriously appearing and disappearing. Who could it be?—some stranger astray in the Chase—some one of the many tourists who wander everywhere—or. Randolph shuddered, in spite of himself.

It is generally people without imagination, or with the most elementary and rude embryo of that poetic faculty, who see ghosts. This sounds like a paradox, yet there is reason in it. The people who are literal and matter-of-fact in mind, are those to whom wonders and prodigies come naturally; those who possess the finer eye of fancy do not need those actual revelations. Randolph's was as stolid a mind as ever asked for a sign—and he had not asked for a sign in this case, nor felt that anything of the kind was necessary; but his entire mental balance was upset by what he had seen, or supposed himself to have seen; and he could not free his mind from the impression. As he sat and read, or rather pretended to read, his mind kept busy with the one question—What was it? Was it a real person, a stranger who had got astray, and stumbled into some copse or brushwood, which Randolph had forgotten—a man with a chance resemblance to John, heightened by the pre-occu-

pation and previous reference to John in Randolph's mind? or was it John himself, come to look after his own interests—John—in the body, or out of the body, who could tell?

As for Nello, he ran home by the waterside, his mind possessed by the new thing that was about to be accomplished—school! Boys to play with, novelty of all kinds, and then that cricket, which he pretended to despise, but secretly admired and desired with all his heart—the game which came to Johnny Pen by nature, but which the little foreign boy could not master; all this buzzed through his little head. When he came home from school he would know all about it; he would have played with much better players than Johnny Pen ever saw. The revolution in his thoughts was great and sudden. But as he ran home, eager to tell Liliás about the change in his fortunes, Nello too met with a little adventure. He came suddenly, just as he emerged from the woods upon the waterside where it was open to the road, on a man whom he had seen before at a distance with a dog, which was his admiration. The dog was not with his master now; but he took a something white and furry out of his great pocket, which stopped Nello even in the hot current of his excitement.

"Would you like to have this, my little gentleman?" the man said.

It was a white rabbit, with the biggest ears that Nello had ever seen. How his eyes danced that had been all aglow before!

"But I have no money," he said, disposed to cry in disappointment as sudden as his delight.

"It's not for money, it's a present," said the stranger, with a smile, "and I'll give you another soon. They tell me you're going to school, my young gentleman; is that true?"

"Am I to have it all for myself, or will you come back again for it, and take it away? Oh yes, I'm going to school," said Nello, dropping into indifference. "Will it eat out of my hand? Has it got a name? And am

I to have it all for myself?" The rabbit already had eclipsed school for the moment in Nello's mind.

"It's all for you, and better things than that—and what day are you going, my bonnie little lad?"

"To-morrow; oh give it me! I want to show it to Lily," cried the child. "Thank you very much. Let me run and show it to Lily. We never, never had a rabbit before."

The man stood and looked after Nello with a tender illumination of his dark face. "The old woman likes the other best; but this one is mine," he said to himself. As for Nello, he flew home with his precious burden out of breath. He said a man had given it to him; but thought of the donor no more.

Randolph spent this, his last evening at home, in anything but an agreeable way; he was altogether unhinged, nervous, and restless, not caring to sit alone. In this respect he was in harmony with the house, which was all upset, tremulous, and full of excitement and expectation. Human nature is always impatient of the slow progress of fate. After the thunderclap of a great event, it is painful to relapse into stillness, and feel the ordinary day resuming its power without any following out of the convulsion. But dramatic sequence, rapidity, and completeness are rare in human affairs. All the little crowd of lookers-on outside the Squire's room, watched eagerly for some change. Two or three women were always hanging about the passages ready, as they said, to run for anything that might be wanted, and always in the way to learn if anything occurred. They kept a little lamp burning on the table against the wall, at either end of which was a chair, on which sometimes Cook herself, sometimes lesser functionaries, would be found, but always two together, throwing exaggerated shadows on the wall, and talking in whispers of their own fears, and how well they had perceived what was coming. There was not one of them that had not intended, one time or other, to make so bold as

to speak to Miss Mary. "But trouble is always soon enough when it comes," they said, shaking their heads. Then Eastwood would come and join them, his shadow wavering over the staircase. When the privileged persons who had the *entrée* went or came, Miss Brown or the nurse, or even Mary herself, there was a little thrill and universal movement.

"Change! no, there's no change—there never will be but one change," Miss Brown said, standing solemnly by the table, with the light on her grave face; and it was upon this Rembrandtish group that Randolph came, as he wandered about in a similar frame of mind, glad to find himself in company with others, though these others were only the maids of the house.

"Is my father worse?" he asked, pausing, with his arm upon the banisters. Such a group of eager, pale faces! and the darkness all round in which others still might be lurking unseen.

"No change, sir," said Miss Brown, shaking her head. She was impatient, too, like the rest, but yet felt a sort of superior resignation, as one who was in the front of affairs. And she had something to say besides. She gave a glance at the other women, who responded with secret nods of encouragement, then cleared her throat and delivered her soul—"Mr. Randolph, sir, might I make so bold as to say a word?"

"Say whatever you like," said Randolph. He could not help but give a little glance round him, to make sure that there was no one else about.

"It is just this, sir—when you see him lying there, that white, as if he was gone already, and knows that better he can't be—oh, it brings a many thoughts into the mind. I've stood by dying beds before now, and seen them as were marked for death, but I never saw it more clear. And oh, Mr. Randolph, if there were things that might lie on his mind, and keep him from going quiet, as an old gentleman ought! If there were folks he ought to see afore all's over——!"

"I don't see what you are driving at," Randolph said, hastily. "Speak out if you've anything to say."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you think—— I am not one that likes to interfere, but I am an old servant, and when a body has been long about a place, it's natural to feel an interest. If it wasn't your family at all—if it was another that your advice was asked for—shouldn't you say that Mr. John ought to know?"

This appeal startled Randolph. He had not been looking for it; and he gave an uncomfortable look round him. Then he felt a strange irritation and indignation that were more easy to express. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he said. "I don't know where Mr. John is, that I should go and hunt for him to let him know."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you be angry! Cook here is like me: she thinks it's only his due. I would say it to Miss Mary, not troubling you that are 'most a stranger, but she's night and day, she never will leave her father; she has a deal upon her. And a gentleman knows ways that womanfolk don't think of. If you would be but that kind, Mr. Randolph! Oh, where there's a will there's always a way!"

"It is none of my business," said Randolph; "and I don't know where he is," he added, looking round him once more. He might be here already in the dark, waiting till the breath was out of his father's body—waiting to seize possession of the house, felon as he was. And if Randolph was the means of betraying him into the hands of justice, what would everybody say? He went abruptly away down the uncarpeted, polished stairs, on which his hasty step rang and slid. John, always John! he seemed to be in the air. Even Eastwood, when he attended him with his bed-candle, could not refrain from adding a word. "The doctor looks very serious, sir," Eastwood said; "and if there's any telegraph to be sent, I'll keep the groom ready to go at a moment's

notice. It would be well to send for all friends, the doctor said."

"I don't know any one to send for," said Randolph, peremptorily. "Let the groom go to bed." And he went to bed himself sooner than usual, to get rid of these appeals and of equally imperative thoughts. He went to bed, but he could not go to sleep, and kept his candle burning half the night. He heard the watchers moving about in his father's room, which was overhead, all the night through. Sometimes there would be a little rush of steps, and then he held his breath, thinking this might be at last the "change" which was looked for. But then everything grew still again, and he dozed, with the one poor candle, feeble but steadfast watcher, burning on till it became a pale intruder into the full glory of day.

Randolph, however, slept deeply in the morning, and got up with the greater part of those cobwebs blown away. John lost his hold upon the imagination in daylight, and he was able to laugh at his foolish alarm. How could it be John whom he had seen? He durst not show himself in the country where still his crime was so well remembered, and the sentence out against him. And as for the appearance being anything more than mortal, or less than human, Randolph laughed at the state of his own nerves which rendered such an idea tenable for a moment. He was a materialist by nature—as so many are; though he said his creed without any intrusive doubts; and the absurdity was too patent after he had slept and been refreshed. But no doubt it was bad for his health, bad for his *morale*, to stay here. There was something in the atmosphere that was demoralising; the air had a creeping sensation in it as of something more than met the eye. Death was in it; death, creeping on slowly, silently—loitering about with faint odours of mortality and sickening stillness. Randolph felt that he must escape into a more natural and wholesome air before further harm was done.

As for Mary, the occupations of the sick-room, and the sudden problems of the hereafter thus thrust upon her, were enough to fill her mind, and make her even comparatively indifferent to the departure of Nello, though it was against her judgment. It was not the hereafter of the spirit, which thus lay death-bound on the verge of the unseen, which occupied her. We must all die, everybody knows; but who thinks it true in their own case until it comes? Mary had known very well that a man much over seventy could not live very much longer; but it was only when her father fell back in his chair unconscious, his body motionless, his mind veiled within blinding mists, that she felt the real weight of all that was to follow. It was for her to act as soon as the breath should be out of his body. She did not trust her younger brother, and she did not know what to do for her elder brother. The crisis had arrived while she was still unprepared. She went down mechanically to see Randolph go away, her eyes seeing many other things more clearly than she saw the two figures actually before her; the man suspicious as usual, and putting no faith in her—the boy in a subdued excitement, his eyes sparkling with the light of novelty and adventure. Randolph had gone into his father's room that morning, and had walked suspiciously round the bed, making quite sure that the "no change" was true. "I suppose he may last like this for weeks yet," he said, in a querulous undertone—and yet not so low but that everybody heard it—to the doctor. "Oh, hush, for Heaven's sake, Randolph! How can you tell that he does not hear?" said Mary. "Pshaw! how can he hear?" Randolph replied, turning with a certain contempt from the helpless and powerless frame which lay there making no sign, yet living when it would be so much better that he should die. The awe of such a presence gives way to familiarity and weariness even with the most reverent watcher; but Randolph, though he had

no desire to be indecorous, could not help feeling a certain irritation at his father, who balked him by this insensibility just as he had balked him while yet he had all his wits about him. It seemed incredible that this half-dead, half-living condition, which brought everything to a standstill, should not be more or less a man's own fault.

Thus he went away, irritated and baffled, but still full of excitement; the moment which must decide all could not be very far off. He left the strongest charges upon the household, from his sister to Eastwood, to send for him instantly when "any change" occurred. "If it should be to-morrow," he said; "I shall hold myself always ready." He kept his eyes fixed on the Castle as long as he could see it, feeling that even now there might be a sign recalling him. And he thought he had made up his mind what to do. He would bring his wife with him and take possession at once. Mary would not be able to look after everything; or, at least, if she should be, she ought not to be; no really delicate-minded woman, no *lady* should be able to make any exertion at such a moment. He would come with his household, as a kindness to Mary, and take possession at once.

As for Nello, he took leave very cavalierly of Liliás, who cried, yet would not cry, angry at his desertion and deeply wounded by his indifference, at the door. Poor little Liliás, it was her first disappointment in life. He was not thinking of her, but a great deal of his new portmanteau and the sandwiches put up for him, and the important position as a traveller in which he stood—but neither was Nello unkind. He took pains to console his sister.

"Don't cry," he said, "Lily; I shall come back in the holidays, and sometimes I will write you letters; and there is always the white rabbit I gave you, and little Mary Pen for you to play with."

"I don't want to play," said Liliás, with a burst of tears; "is play every-

thing? I am too old for that. But oh, Nello, you are going to leave me and you don't care. You do not care for Mary, or Martuccia, or any one. Me I should not mind—but you do not love *any one*. You care for nobody but yourself."

"Oh yes I do," said Nello, "everybody," and he cracked the coachman's whip which was placed in readiness; "but boys have to go out and see the world, Eastwood says so. If I don't like being at school I shall come back and stay at home, and then you will have me again, but I hope not, and I don't think so, for school is jolly, very jolly, so Uncle Randolph says."

"You can go with Uncle Randolph," cried Liliás, in a blaze of sharp anger, "and I hope you will not come back. I hope you will always stay away, you cruel, cruel boy!"

This bewildered Nello for a moment, as did the hurried wiping of Liliás' eyes and the tremulous quiver of her lip with which it was accompanied; but there was no time for more. He laughed and waved his hand to her as he was hurried into the carriage. He had scarcely ever looked so gay before. He took off his hat and waved it as he went out of sight. Hurrah! they heard his shrill little voice shouting. Liliás sat down on the ground and cried her heart out. It was not only that he was unkind—but Nello thus showed himself wanting to all the needs of the situation. No little hero of a story had ever gone away without a tribute to the misery of parting. This thought contracted her heart with a visionary pang more exquisite than the real. Nello was no hero, nothing but a little cruel, common, vulgar boy, not fit to put into any story, to go away so.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

WHILE these events were going on at the Castle Lord Stanton, for his part, had come to a standstill in the matter which he had been drawn into so inadvertently, and which had

become so very serious an occupation in his life. He was young and unacquainted with the ways of the world, and he did not know what step to take next. And he too was paralyzed by the sudden catastrophe which had happened to the Squire. Was it his fault? He could scarcely help an uneasy sense that by agitating him unduly he had helped to bring on the sudden attack, and thus he had left the Castle that evening with a heavy burden on his mind. And Geoff, with entire unconsciousness of the lingering pangs of life and the tenacity of the human frame, believed, without any doubt, that Mr. Musgrave would die, and did not know what was to be done about the exile, whose position would thus be completely changed. In the meantime it seemed to him necessary to wait until the issue of this illness should be known. Thus his doubtfulness was supplanted by an apparent necessity, and the time went on with nothing done.

He went at first daily to inquire for the old man, and never failed to see Liliás somewhere waiting for him with serious intent face, and eyes which questioned even when the lips did not speak. Liliás did not say much at any time. She examined his face with her eyes and said "Papa?" with a voice which trembled; but it became by degrees less easy to satisfy Liliás by telling her, as he did so often, that he had not forgotten, that he was doing everything that could be done, smoothing the way for her father's return, or waiting till he could more successfully smooth the way. "You do not believe me, Lily," Geoff said, with a sense of being doubted, which hurt him sadly. "Yes; but he is not your papa, Mr. Geoff, and you are grown up and don't want any one," Liliás said, with her lip quivering. The visionary child was deeply cast down by the condition of the house and the recollection of the melancholy rigid figure which she had seen carried past, with a pang of indescribable pain and terror. Liliás seemed to see him lying in his room,

where Mary now spent almost all her time, pale with that deadly ashen paleness, his faded eyes half open, his helpless hands lying like bits of rag, all the grey fingers huddled together. Fright and sorrow together brought a sob out of her heart whenever she thought of this; not moving, not able to speak, or turn round, or look up at those who watched him; and still not dead! Liliás felt her heart stand still as she thought of her grandfather. And she had no one to take refuge with. Martuccia was frightened too, and would not go up or down stairs alone. Liliás, for her part, did all she could, out of pride, and shame of her own weakness, to conceal her terror; but oh, to have papa nigh to creep close to, to feel safe because he was there! A few tears dropped from her eyes. "You are grown up and you don't want any one." This went to Geoff's heart.

"Oh Lily, don't you think they would let you come to my mother?" he cried; "this is too sad for you, this dismal house; and if Nello goes away as you said——"

"Do you think I would go and leave Mary all alone? Nobody is sorry for Mary except me—and Mr. Pen. When she comes out of her room I go and I kiss her hand, and she cries. She would be more ill and more weary," said Liliás, with a precocious understanding, "if there was not some little thing to give her an excuse and make her cry."

"My little Lily! who taught you all that? it must have been the angels," cried Geoff, kissing in his turn the little hand.

But this touch had the same effect upon Liliás that her own kiss had on Mary. She cried and sobbed and did her best to swallow it down. "Oh, Mr. Geoff! I want papa!" she cried, with that little convulsive break in her voice which is so pitiful in a child. She was seated on Mary's chair at the door of the hall, and he on the threshold at her feet. Geoff did not know what kind of half-admiring, half-pitying sentiment he had for

this child. He could not admire her enough, or wonder at her. She was but a child, not equal to him in his young manhood; and yet that very childhood in its unconsciousness was worlds above him, he thought. He felt like the man in the story who loved the fairy maiden—the young Immortal; would she give up her visionary paradise for his sake and learn to look at him, not as an angel but as a woman? but for that she must be a woman first, and at present she was but a child. When he kissed her hand it cost Lilius no blush. She accepted it with childish, angelical dignity. “She took the kiss sedately—” and the dark fountains of her eyes filled full, and two great tears tumbled over, and a piteous quiver came to her lips, and she said, “Oh, Mr. Geoff, I want papa!”

This was when the Squire had been ill about a week, six or seven days before Randolph took Nello away. Geoff went home riding, very full of thought. What could he do to please his little Lily? He preferred that she should creep close to himself and tell him her troubles, but he could not resist that plaint, and even though it should be against himself he must try what he could do to bring her father to her. Geoff thought a great deal on this subject, but it was very fatiguing and unsatisfactory, for he did not know what to do, and after a while he relapsed into the pleasanter path, and began to think of Lily. “Because of the angels,” he said to himself as he jogged softly along, much more slowly and reflectively than his horse liked to go. He forgot where he was going and the engagements he had, and everything that was practical and important as he rambled on. The day was sweet in early autumn, the lake rippling musically upon the beach, the sky blue and crossed by floating atoms of snowy cloud. Everything in the world was sweet and pleasant to the young man. “Because of the angels;” he had never been quite clear what these words meant, but he seemed to see quite plainly now,

though he could no more have explained than he could have written *Hamlet*. “Because of the angels!” he seemed to make a little song of it as he went on, a drowsy, delicious burden like the humming of the bee. It was not he that said it, he thought, but it murmured all about him, wrapping him in a soft enchantment. Such a visionary love as his, perhaps has need of those intoxications of etherial fancy: for nothing can be so like the love of an angel as that of a young man possessed by a tender visionary passion for a child.

Geoff was so rapt in his own thoughts that he did not see for some time the beckonings and signals that were coming to him from a carriage drawn up on the road to which the path descended, along which he was moving so gently. When his attention was at last caught, he saw it was his cousin Mary, leaning half out of the window in her eagerness.

“Give your horse to the footman and come in here—I have so much to say to you,” she said.

But when he had done as she told him and taken his seat beside her, Lady Stanton kept looking at her young cousin.

“What is it?” she said; “you keep on smiling, and there is a little drowsy, dreamy, intoxicated air about you; what has happened, Geoff?”

“Nothing; and it is unkind to say I look intoxicated. Could you not find a prettier word?”

“I believe you are really, really!—Geoff, I think I know what it means, and I hope it is somebody very nice. Tell me, who is she?”

“This is strange,” said Geoff; “indeed, it is true, I have been visiting a lady; but she is only twelve years old,” he said, turning to her with a vivid blush.

“Oh, Geoff!” Mary’s brow contracted, “you do not mean *that* little girl?”

“Why shouldn’t I mean her? I will make you my confessor, Cousin Mary. I don’t think I shall ever marry any one but little Lily. Of

course she is very little, and when she is grown up she will probably have nothing to say to me; but I shall never care for any one else. Why should you shake your head? I never saw any one like her," said Geoff, growing solemn, and shaking off his blush as he saw himself opposed.

"Oh, Geoff!" Mary shook her head, and contracted her beautiful brow, "I do not think anything good can come out of that family; but I must not speak. I am jealous, I suppose. How did you know I did not want you for Annie or Fanny?" she went on with a smile, that was a little strained and fictitious; for Mary knew very well that she was jealous, but not for Annie, or Fanny, or of Geoff.

"Hush," he said, "I loved you before Lily, but you could not have me; it is Lily, failing you. If you could but have seen her just now. The squire is lying between life and death, and Miss Musgrave, who was so good to her, is with him night and day, and poor little Lily is so lonely and frightened. She looks at me with her little lip all quivering, and says, 'Papa! I want papa.'" Geoff almost cried himself to recollect her piteous tone, and the tears came to Mary's eyes.

"Ah! if she takes after him, Geoff! but that is just what I want to talk to you about. I have done something that you may think trash. I have spoken to Sir Henry. He is—well, he has his faults like the rest of us—but he is just; he would not do a wrong thing. I told him that you had found out something——"

"What did he say?" cried Geoff, breathless, for Lady Stanton made a sudden pause.

She was looking across him out at the window; her eyes had strayed past his face, looking away from him as people do with a natural artifice to allow the first signs of displeasure to blow over, before they look an offended person in the face. But as she looked, Lady Stanton's countenance changed, her lips fell apart, her eyes widened out, her face paled, as if a cloud had

passed over it. She gave a great cry, "Oh John, John!" she said.

"What is it? who is it?" cried Geoff.

She made him signs to have the carriage stopped; she could not speak. Geoff did what he could to make the coachman hear him; but it was by no means the affair of a moment to gain the attention of that functionary, and induce him to stop. When, however, this was accomplished, Geoff obeyed the passionate desire in Lady Stanton's face, who all the time had been straining to look out, and jumped to the ground. He looked round anxiously, while she, half out of the carriage, gazed back, fixing her eyes upon one of those recesses in the road, which are common in the north country. "I see no one," said Geoff. He came back to the place on which her gaze was fixed, and looked behind the wall that bounded it, and all about, but could see nothing. When he returned, he found that Mary had fallen back in her corner, and was weeping bitterly. "He looked at me with such reproachful eyes. Oh, he need not; there was no reason. I would have saved or served him with my life," she cried; "and he had never any claim on me, Geoff, never any claim on me! why should he come and look at me with such reproachful eyes? If he is dead, he ought to know better than that. Surely he ought to know——"

The carriage, standing in the middle of the road, the young man searching about, not knowing what he was looking for, the coachman superbly indifferent on the box, contemplating the agitation of his inferiors with god-like calm, the footman, on Geoff's horse, with his mouth open, staring, while the beautiful lady wept inside, made the strangest picture. As a matter of course, the footman, riding on in advance, had seen nothing and nobody. He avowed frankly that he was not taking any notice of the folks on the road. He might have seen a man seated on the stones, he could not be certain. Neither had the coachman taken any notice. Foot passengers did

not interest either of these functionaries. And Lady Stanton did not seem able to give any further explanation. The only thing to be done was to go on. She had been on her way to Stanton to give Geoff the advantage of Sir Henry's advice and opinion, and thither, accordingly, they proceeded after this interruption. Geoff took his place again beside his cousin, perhaps a little impatient of the stoppage; but as she lay back in the corner, covering her face with her hands, Geoff's heart was too soft not to forget every other sentiment. He thought only of consoling her.

"Tell me what it was," he said, soothingly. "You saw—some one? Do not cry so bitterly. You never harmed anybody in your life. Tell me—you thought you saw——?"

"I saw *him*, as plainly as I see you, Geoff; don't tell me it was a fancy. He was sitting, resting, like a man tired with walking, dusty and worn out. I noticed his weary look before I saw his face, and just as we passed he raised his head. Oh, why should he have looked at *me* like that, Geoff? No, I never did any one harm, much less him. I have always stood up for him, you know, since you first spoke to me. I have always said, always—even before this was found out: living people mistake each other continually; but the dead—the dead ought to know——"

"Who is dead?" said Geoff; "are you speaking of John Musgrave, who is as much alive as I am?"

"If he were a living man," said Mary, solemnly, "how could I have seen him? Geoff, it is no mistake. I saw him, as I see you."

"And is that why you think him dead?" said Geoff, with natural surprise.

Lady Stanton raised herself erect in her corner. "Geoff, oh can you not understand?" she cried. But she did not herself quite understand what she meant. She thought from the suddenness of it, from the shock it gave her, and from the disappearance of the wayfarer, which was so inexplicable, that

it was an apparition she had seen. John Musgrave could not be there, in the flesh, seated by the roadside; it was not possible; but when Geoff asked whether having seen him was an argument for thinking him dead, she had nothing to say. She wrung her hands. "I have seen him whether he is living or dead," she repeated, "and he looked at me with such eyes. He was not young as he used to be, but worn, and a little grey. I came to tell you what Sir Henry said; but here is something far, far more important. Know him! could I mistake him, do you think; how could I mistake him? Geoff, how could it be *he*, sitting there, without any warning, without a word; but if it was he, if that was possible, why are we going on like this? Are we to desert him? give him up? I am talking folly," she said, again, clasping her hands. "Oh, Geoff, a living man would not have looked at me with such eyes."

"He has not very much right to happy eyes, has he?" said Geoff; "coming home an outlaw, not venturing to speak to any one. It would not be half so sad if he were a ghost. But to come back, and not to dare to trust even his friends, not to know if he has any friends, not to be able to go home and see his children like any other man, to rest on the stones at the roadside, he to whom all the land belongs. I don't wonder he looked sad," cried Geoff, half-sympathetic, half-indignant. "How was he to know even that he would find a friend in you?"

Mary was sobbing, scarcely able to speak. "Oh, tell them to go back again—tell them to go back," she cried. There was no way of satisfying her but this: the carriage turned slowly round, rolling like a ship at sea. The coachman was disgusted and unwilling. "What did she want now?" he said, telegraphing with uplifted hands and eyes to the surprised footman on Geoff's horse. Lady Stanton was not a hard mistress like her stepdaughters, nor fantastical

and unreasonable as they were. She took the carriage humbly when she could get it, and would consult this very coachman's convenience before bringing him out, which no one else thought of doing. Nevertheless Lady Stanton had her character in the house, and human nature required that it should be kept up. She was the stepmother, the scapegoat. "What is she after now?" the coachman said.

She got out of the carriage herself, trembling, to aid in the search, and the footman getting down, looked everywhere, even under the stones, and in the roadside hedges, but no one was there. When they resumed their way again, Mary lay back in her corner too much worn out with excitement and emotion to be able even to speak. Geoff could not tell whether she was glad or sorry to be brought to acknowledge that it was more likely to be John Musgrave whom she had seen than his ghost. She was convinced by his reasoning. Oh, yes; no doubt, she said, it must be so. Because you saw a man unexpectedly, that was no reason for supposing him to be dead. Oh, no—Geoff was quite right; she saw the reason of all he said. But Mary's head and her heart and all her being thrilled with the shock. There was a ringing in her ears, and pulses were beating all over, and her blood coursing through her veins. The very country, so familiar, seemed to change its aspect. No stronger commentary could have been on the passage of time than the sudden glimpse of the face which she had seen just now on the roadside. But Mary did not think of that. The lake and the rural road that ran by it, and the hills in the distance, seemed to take again the colours of her youth. He was nothing to her, and never had been. She had not loved him, only had "taken an interest." But all that was most poignant in her life came back to her, with the knowledge that he was here. Once more it

seemed to be that time when all is vivid, when every day may be the turning-point of life—the time that was consciously but a drift and floating on of hour by hour when it existed, as is the present moment—but which, looking back upon it, seemed the time of free action, of choice, of every possibility. Was it so? Might he be met with round any corner, this man who had been banished so long? In the face of death and danger had he come back, he whom nobody had expected ever to come back? A strange half-question whether everything else had come back with him, and half-certainty that nothing for her could change, was in Mary's mind as she lay back, quivering with emotion, hearing Geoff's voice in her ears, not knowing a word he said. What had Geoff to do with it—young Geoff, to whom nothing had ever happened? She smiled vaguely to herself to think that the boy could think he knew. How was he to know? he was not of that time. But all the people in the road, and the very water itself, and the villages and houses, seemed to ask her, was it true?

This was all the evidence on the subject from which a judgment could be formed. Randolph Musgrave (who told no one) had seen in his own words a something, a some one, whose face he did not see, but who suggested John to him so strongly that his very heart seemed to stop beating—then disappeared. And Lady Stanton from the window of the carriage, driving past, saw a face, which was John Musgrave's face grown older and worn, with hair that was slightly grey, instead of the brown curls of former years, and which disappeared too in the twinkling of an eye, and being searched for, could be found no more. What was it? an apparition conjured up by their interest or their fears—or John Musgrave, in his own person, come home?

To be continued.

THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

V.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES; MONTI, GOLDONI, ETC.

A.D. 1600—1800.

VICENZO MONTI followed close upon the footsteps of Alfieri in the *terribil via* struck out by that Michael Angelo of the Italian drama. The *Aristodemo*, Monti's best tragedy, was inspired by the recital of Alfieri's *Virginia* in Rome (1782). Deeply impressed with the beauty and vigour of that play, Monti, immediately on his return home, sketched out the plot of *Aristodemo*, *King of Messenia*, which appeared to him an equally fine subject for a tragedy. The discussion among the *litterati* of the day as to the merits and defects of Alfieri's style stimulated Monti to improve upon the rugged asperities and strained inversions which occasionally mar the grand passages of his fellow-tragedian. And his success was signal; for Signorelli, an eminent critic, remarks that when Alfieri's noble conceptions are illustrated by Monti's polished style, Italian tragedy at last attains to the summit of perfection. *Aristodemo* carried away the gold medal offered by the Duke of Parma for the best drama, a distinction which, owing to the general inferiority of tragical composition, had not been claimed for two years. The style is noble and sustained, the versification fluent, the dialogue easy and polished, the plot clearly and rapidly unfolds itself; but, above all, the passions are delineated with the hand of a master. The anguish of *Aristodemo*, soothed by the tender compassion of *Cesina*, to whom, while still unaware that she is his daughter, he feels drawn with the strong chain of parental affection; the attachment shown by the faithful servant *Gonippo*—all these, in the hands of an author who writes as if entranced with his subject,

make a series of beautiful and pathetic pictures; so that the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch by those alternations of terror and compassion which are the great elements of a well-sustained tragedy. It is an awful drama; and if the mere perusal of it is sufficient to stir the strongest emotions, the effect when represented on the stage can easily be imagined. In the third Act (Scene 7) there is a remarkable discourse upon suicide between *Gonippo* and *Aristodemo*, and the same scene contains the description of the apparition of the spectre to the unhappy king, one of the most powerful passages in the drama. The accessories of spectres and tombs have since been objected to as a kind of tragic terror too hackneyed for use; and the entrance of *Cesira* into the tomb has been censured as an unnatural act of courage on her part; but Monti urges in her defence that the desire to save her father is sufficient to outweigh all the ordinary fears such an action would inspire; and we must here observe that, like *Merope*, the whole interest of *Aristodemo* centres in filial affection. *Aristodemo* is looked upon as undoubtedly the best of Monti's three dramas, although the other two—*Caio Gracco* and *Galeotto Manfredi*—have also obtained distinguished laurels. The *Gracco* owed its reputation in some measure to its patriotic sentiment, which was in accordance with the spirit of the age. It has besides great intrinsic merit, showing a vigour and power in depicting the Roman character which can only have been derived from deep study of the classics. It would seem as if the ardent spirits of this century in Italy looked back fondly to the past, as though to learn from their Roman ancestors how to gain that liberty for which they sighed in vain. But Monti is careful to draw the distinction between the true liberty established on the basis of truth and justice and the

lawless license at that time so vividly portrayed in France, founded on crime, and only maintained by the daily perpetration of new atrocities. This "*libertà di ladroni e d'assassini*" is sternly condemned by the Mother of the Gracchi. "They have," she says, "their country's name for ever on their lips, and never in their hearts" (Act i. Scene 3). In his description of the assassinated Consul (Act iv. Scene 6), Monti has literally borrowed the well-known forcible language in which Shakspeare paints the murdered corpse of Gloucester.

"But 'see, his face is black, and full of blood."

"Ma qui, il vedete? tutto quanto il viso Dell' infelice n'è ricolmo e nero."

"His eyeballs farther out than when he lived, Staring full ghastly like a strangled man."

"Mirate le pupille Travolte, oblique, e per lo sforzo quasi Fuor dell' orbita lor."

"His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling."

"Notate il varco Delle narici dilatato, indizio di compres respiro."

"His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued."

"equestre braccia
Stese quanto son lunghe, equeste dita
Pur tutte aperte, come d'uom che sente
Afferrarsi alla gola, e si dibatte
Finchè forza il soggioga."¹

The Italian tragedian does not attempt to render the

"Well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged;"

but he concludes his description with a beautiful contrast which diverts the thoughts from the preceding horrors. An English translation can scarcely convey the soft and peaceful picture presented by the Italian:—

"Not thus, not thus, my friends, a just man's soul
Parts from its earthly home. It flees not thence,

Like some invading foe whose iron tread
Leaves ruthless footmarks in the trampled soil,
But gently lays its mortal burthen down,
With lingering looks of love. So have I seen

One who has travelled o'er some distant way,
Reaching the goal at last, take tender leave
Of the beloved companion of his toils,
Bidding him fond farewell."

The imitation of Shakspeare again appears in *Galeotto Manfredi, Principe di Faënza*, Monti's third and last tragedy, the character of Zambrino, the wicked courtier, resembling closely the Iago of *Othello*. But he is also painted from the life as a portrait of the author's personal enemy. By the character of Ubaldo, the contrast to Zambrino, Monti intended to represent himself; and it is said that on one occasion when the tragedy was being played the allusion struck the spectators so forcibly that they insisted upon the repetition of the whole scene between the faithful and false courtiers.² The argument of the tragedy, the author tells us, is taken from Tenducci's *Storia di Faënza*.³ It had a great attraction for Monti, who had spent much of his time in that brilliant and cultivated city, and had seen with his own eyes the chamber where Manfredi was murdered. Monti was born in Alfonsina, near Ravenna, in 1754; he was educated at Faënza. His talents early procured him the notice of the papal legate at Ferrara, Cardinal Borghese, under whose protection he went to Rome. There he resided some years, and became secretary to the Duca di Nemi, nephew to Pius VI. He obtained a high reputation as a poet some time previous to the appearance of those tragedies already mentioned; but the limits of our subject will not admit of the mention, except by name, of his famous poem, *La Bassvigliana*, written in the "terza rima" of Dante, and of the same visionary character as the *Divina Commedia*. The subject was the

² *Galeotto Manfredi*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

¹ *King Henry VI.*, Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2; *Caio Gracco*, Att. iv. Sc. 6.

³ Also to be found in Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, vol. ii. pp. 168-172.

death of the French envoy at Rome, Ugo de Bassville. It was published in 1793, the year of the murder of Louis XVI., and contains a striking description of the death of that unhappy monarch. Monti witnessed the rise and fall of Napoleon, some of whose victories he celebrated in his poetry. In the zenith of his fame he recognised and acknowledged the bright star of the rising genius of Manzoni, and Manzoni, making allusion to the classical subjects of Monti's poetry, takes leave of the last tragedian of the eighteenth century in the graceful couplet—

“Salve, O divino, a cui largì natura,
Il cor di Dante, e del suo Duca il canto,
Questo fia il grido dell'età ventura
Ma l'età che fu tua tel dice in pianto.”¹

We have seen how great an effort was required to restore Italian tragedy, but it was a yet more difficult task to give stability to her comedy. The great writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Bibbiena, Ariosto, and Machiavelli, had once given it the shape and form of dramatic composition; but their improvements were confined to their own comedies, and, with very rare exceptions, no writers worthy of note continued the task which these had begun. Thus in the seventeenth century we find the comic drama of Italy chiefly depending for its reputation upon the old *commedie dell'arte*, which still maintained the position they had acquired by their classical origin. Goldoni conceived the ingenious idea of enlisting harlequin and his troop in the service of the true drama, availing himself of the license they enjoyed, and the immunities they claimed from long prescriptive right. This was a work of time, and required all the skill and ingenuity of the greatest of Italian comedians before he could substitute the dialogues and plots of his own invention for the extempore jests and

grotesque wit of the personages of the old Italian *Mascherata*. We find the account in Memoirs which rival those of Alfieri in candour, and make so lively and sparkling a narrative, that Gibbon pronounces them “to be a great deal more comic than the comedies themselves.” Carlo Goldoni was born in Venice in 1707, and from his childhood gave unmistakable signs of his passion for the drama. We have already seen how he employed the puppet-show which had been given to him for a toy, and at the age of eight he wrote his first comedy—so good that his father would not believe it was his unassisted work. At thirteen he composed a prologue to the comedy *La Sorellina di Don Pilone*, by Gigli, in which he acted the part of the prima donna. It was represented at the Jesuit College at Perugia, the scene of his early education. He pursued his studies at Rimini, under the tutelage of the Dominican fathers, and there he fell in with a troop of comedians, with whom he rapidly made friends. Every night he attended their performances, and was in such despair when their engagement at Rimini came to a close that he accepted their invitation to accompany them to Chiozza, under pretext of seeing his mother, who had taken up her abode there. His voyage of three days in the “*Barca dei Comici*” seems to have influenced the whole of his after-life. At college he spent the time he ought to have devoted to his studies in reading all the plays he could lay hands upon, in every language; and perceiving the inferiority of the Italian drama to that of other nations, he determined that it should be the work of his life to place it on an equal footing with theirs. When dismissed in disgrace from college for a satirical dramatic composition, called *L'Atellana*, in imitation of the old Roman farces, he nearly fled to Gravina at Rome, in the hope that he would take him, as a second Metastasio, under his protection; but not having sufficient funds for the journey, he was obliged to return to his parents at Chiozza. What were

* “Hail Bard divine! at once to thee were given
The heart of Dante and his leader's theme;
Meet salutation for the age to come,
Thine own, o'er glories past, must weep and dream.”

they to do with him? From his father's profession he had already turned with loathing; he thought in a moment of despair of entering a monastery, but as quickly abandoned the idea. There seemed some chance of success for him in the legal profession, when, after passing his examination at Padua, he became enrolled in the corps of advocates at Venice. But his career as a lawyer came to an abrupt end, and although it was afterwards resumed with some distinction, it has been entirely eclipsed by his fame as the greatest writer of Italian comedy. He began, however, by writing an opera. "The authors of comedy," he tells us, "were ill paid, while the Opera offered a prospect of an immediate fortune."¹ And so he wrote his "*Amalassunta*." He read it aloud to the director of the Opera, who pronounced it to be a complete failure as an opera. "You have written it," he said, "on the true principles of tragedy, but you did not know that in the composition of an opera you must be guided by rules, which, however destitute of common sense they may appear, are none the less essential to the construction of a musical drama." And then he proceeded to enumerate all the arbitrary arrangements and restrictions as to the number of *ariette*, and their distribution among the actors and actresses, which Metastasio had managed to observe without marring the poetical effect of his drama. Made wiser by experience, Goldoni consulted a musical composer before he wrote his second opera. This he called *Il Gondolier Veneto*, and it appeared as an intermezzo to an opera called *Belisario*, shining all the more by contrast with this indifferent composition. Goldoni offered to re-write *Belisario*; his offer was accepted with joy by the troop of comedians, and when the *Belisario* was represented at Venice (1714), the effect it produced surpassed their highest expectations. "*Questa, questa*," was the unanimous choice of the audience, when, according to the custom, the stage manager appeared before the curtain to announce the performance for the

ensuing night. The *Belisario* had been supplemented by two "opere buffe," also by Goldoni, a kind of dramatic composition which, although well known in Naples and Rome, had not yet made its way into Northern Italy. This novelty added to the popularity of the performance, and the comedians discovered that Goldoni was henceforth indispensable to their dramatic arrangements. He lived with them on the most friendly terms, writing parts to suit this person and that, gratifying the whims and fancies of the prima donnas, and turning their very jealousies and quarrels to account; thus feeling his way by degrees to the reform which he had long meditated. The first step consisted in composing what he called a *commedia di carattere*, to be performed without masks, by contrast with the *commedia a soggetto*, the name given to plays with skeleton plots filled in at the pleasure of the actors, just as charades are now performed in private theatricals. The Italian comedians were very tenacious of this privilege. They considered it an insult to their talents to be given a written part to perform, and much disliked the trouble of learning it. They struggled with pertinacity for their rights in this respect, and Goldoni never obtained a complete victory over them, although he fought hard for it all his life. In his first *commedia* of the reformed kind he entrusted the principal parts to two actors, late additions to their company, of whose talents he had a high opinion, and it had an eminent success. After this attempt Goldoni tried another opera, *Gustavo Vasa*, about which he consulted the great Apostolo Zeno, then in his old age, and living in retirement at Venice. The tacit discouragement of so excellent a judge, and the lukewarm reception of *Gustavo Vasa* by the people, proved to Goldoni that comedy was the best field for his genius, for in it he could command the success which did not always attend his other dramatic compositions. *Il Prodigio* was another *commedia di carattere* of the same kind as his first experiment; but the comedians again complained that this class of drama took the bread out of

¹ *Mem. del Sig. Goldoni*, p. 103.

their mouths, and gave them nothing to do. To pacify them, he wrote *Le Trentadue Disgrazie di Arlecchino*, to be played by their best actor, Sacchi. It was very well received, and the comedians were for the time satisfied. It was followed by another of the same kind. But in the succeeding one, *Il Fallimento*, intended to expose the swindling speculations at that time prevalent in Venice, a much larger proportion of the drama was written than in either of the preceding *commedie di carattere*. Thus little by little, now yielding, and now taking advantage of his concession, Goldoni advanced steadily on his way to the reform he contemplated. He devotes a chapter of his Memoirs to the account of the origin of what he calls the "four masks of Italy," deriving his information from a manuscript containing a hundred and twenty *commedie d'arte*. Four personages were indispensable to the plot of each of these comedies—Pantaleone, a Venetian merchant; Il Dottore, a jurist, or Doctor of Law of Bologna; Brighella and Arlecchino, Bergamese servants, one a knave and the other a fool. Il Pantaleone and Il Dottore represent the parts of the old men, or fathers in the comedy; the other two are subordinate. Pantaleone, the merchant, has always worn the Venetian costume, Venice being the most ancient mercantile city of Italy. Il Dottore, the lawyer, from the famous University of Bologna, is meant to draw the contrast between the man of learning and the man of commerce. He was always disfigured by a most hideous mask. The servants are Bergamese, because in Bergamo the two extremes of knavery and stupidity are most conspicuous. Brighella wears a kind of livery, and a brown mask, as a caricature of the sunburnt skin of the inhabitants of those high mountains. Arlecchino, as has been already said, wears a coat of many pieces, to represent a beggar who patches his torn coat with rags and tatters of all colours and kinds. Goldoni then laments over the necessity of the masks, as concealing all the play of feature and change of countenance, which often convey better than

words the desired impression to the audience. For this reason Goldoni determined sooner or later to extirpate the masks from Italian comedy. Meanwhile he continued indefatigable in providing for the public amusement, and in return he was a general favourite. His popularity stood him in good stead when, on his appointment to the consulship of Genoa, he left Venice (1741) to take possession of his new office. Italy was involved in the war of the succession of Austria, and the country was full of hostile troops. Goldoni and his wife fell a prey to the rapacity of the Austrian soldiers, and were robbed of all their goods; but they obtained immediate redress when the Commander-in-Chief discovered that he was the author of the comedies at that time so universally popular, and moreover presented him to Lobkowitz, the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army, who placed in his hands the direction of the theatrical entertainments provided for the troops. At Pisa the comedians asked his leave to perform the *Trentadue Disgrazie d'Arlecchino*, but this being a comedy *a soggetto*, and depending in great measure upon the talent of Sacchi, who had played harlequin before, now fell completely flat. Goldoni, in a moment of disgust, resolved to abandon as a hopeless task the reform of the *comici*, who would always insist upon representing *commedie a soggetto*, regardless whether their actors were good or bad. There was at that time a branch of the *Accademia degli Arcadi* resident at Pisa; the Arcadians received Goldoni with open arms, and invited him to join their society, assuring him that his talents might be far more worthily employed than in writing comedies. By their advice, he resumed the forsaken practice of the law; his clients steadily increased, he was making himself a name as an advocate, when, fortunately for the Italian drama, his scheme of life was again changed by tidings from Sacchi that he had returned to Venice. This letter from his favourite actor had the effect of a trumpet upon a war-horse. Sacchi begged Goldoni to write a comedy for him to act; more-

over, he proposed the subject, *Il Servitore di Due Padroni*, but Goldoni should treat it exactly as he pleased, even to the writing of the whole play, so as to leave nothing to be marred by the comedians. The temptation was not to be resisted. For a little while Goldoni still clung to the law, pleading by day and writing by night; but the arrival of a fresh troop of comedians at Leghorn settled the question for ever in favour of comedy. If Goldoni would only write for them, Médebac, their director, would engage the theatre of San' Angelo at Venice purely for the representation of his plays. Thus the moment had at last arrived for the reform which Goldoni had long desired to effect. The theatre was opened in 1747, with three *commedie di carattere*—*Tonin della Grazia*, *L'Uomo Prudente*, *I Due Gemelli Veneziani*. The brilliant success of these three comedies aroused the jealousy of the other comedians in Venice, which vented itself in spiteful criticisms and parodies. Goldoni was equal to the occasion, and wrote a parody of their parody of *La Vedova Scaltra*, and thus effectually silenced his enemies. But for a time their ill-natured criticisms had emptied the theatre of San' Angelo. Goldoni, to restore its popularity, bound himself by a promise to write sixteen new comedies for the year 1750, which promise he fulfilled. The first of these, *Il Teatro Comico*, successfully exposed the defects of the *commedie dell'arte*, and the only one out of all this number which met with a bad reception was *Il Giuocatore*, because it reproved the gambling at that time common in Venice. Space will not admit of a review of each separately, so we will content ourselves with saying that *Il Vero Amico* was esteemed by Goldoni as the best of the number. His unceasing labours brought on a severe illness, aggravated by the ingratitude of Médebac, who refused to allow him the copyright of his works. This piece of tyranny decided Goldoni upon breaking with the manager as soon as his engagement expired. Among the last plays that he wrote for the Teatro San' Angelo we must notice *La Locandiera*,

one of his cleverest compositions. Médebac used every effort to retain Goldoni in the service of his theatre, but the author of *La Locandiera* was already employed by a Venetian nobleman to write for the theatre of San' Lucca, at that time in private hands. This was the period of Goldoni's greatest fame. Among many excellent comedies, we select as the best the inimitable *Smanie della Villeggiatura*, well known to all. It was invaluable at the time in exposing the extravagances of these *villeggiatura*, which seem to have been carried to a height of folly scarcely credible. But with his increasing fame his enemies increased also. There were many who still upheld the old masks, and said that Goldoni had done his best to extinguish an entertainment which had been the boast of Italy from time immemorial. At Rome, where he was summoned to write for another private theatre, the masks still reigned supreme. Goldoni saw them in their glory during Carnival, and then had the mortification to witness the ruin of one of his best comedies, *La Vedova Scaltra*, in their unpractised hands. His enemies attacked him also for his Venetian dialect. This he endeavoured to correct by a four years' residence in Florence, submitting the new edition of his works to the corrections of those most learned in the pure Tuscan dialect. He tried to console himself by comparing his fate with that of Tasso, whose works were so mercilessly analysed by the Cruscan Academicians; but we can hardly forgive him for making the misfortunes of that unhappy poet the subject of a comedy. The fame of his plays having reached Paris, he received an offer (1761) from the superintendent of the Royal Theatre of a two years' engagement, remunerated with a much larger salary than any which he had yet received in his own country. He could not afford to throw away so good a prospect, and in a short time his preparations were made for leaving Venice. The comedy which was acted the night before his departure was called *Una delle ultime sere d'Carnevale*, and had reference to the author's farewell to his country. Goldoni was moved to

tears when the theatre rang with applause, mingled with shouts of "*Buon viaggio: ricordatevi di ritornare, non mancate!*" But he never did return. At the close of his first engagement he received a royal pension, and for the remainder of his life—thirty years—he resided at Paris.

He saw the last days of the *ancien régime* in all its splendour under Louis XV., following the Court from palace to palace. Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Marly, he visited in turn; the favourite for whom the rigid rules of etiquette were always relaxed, taking affectionate interest in the failing health of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI.; deeply attached to Madame la Dauphine, who treated him with never-failing kindness; teaching Italian to the king's daughters, Madame Adelaide and Madame Sophia, who in return obtained for him from the Government an annual salary of four thousand francs. He refused the invitation of a London manager that he might not miss the marriage festivities of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria. Like Burke, Goldoni saw the Dauphiness "just above the horizon," and unconsciously he employs nearly the same language to describe her—"decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy." But we must refrain from dwelling on his narrative of that interesting time, described with all the truth and liveliness of an eye-witness of the events he recounts. Goldoni continued to write comedies for the Italian theatre at Paris; but there, as in Italy, the comedians insisted upon *comédie à soggetto*, and Goldoni's old difficulties were renewed. He allowed them their way, but sadly avows that he never went to see their maimed representations of his comedies. He frequented instead the French theatre, where he beheld with a sigh the carefully-learned parts and finished acting which did full justice to Molière's admirable plays. "One of two things," he exclaimed on leaving the theatre; "either my countrymen must

imitate their method of representing comedy, or I will write plays in French for the French comedians to act." The continued obstinacy of the Italian comedians drove him to the latter course, and, in spite of his foreign origin, his recently acquired French, the sharp contrast with Molière, in whose theatre his plays came to be represented, his *Bourru bienfaisant* won for him a shower of applause and the high commendation of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire. Goldoni calls it the lucky comedy which sealed his reputation. It was his tribute to the wedding festivities already alluded to, and was represented in Paris, Nov. 4, 1771, and the following day at Fontainebleau, where the royal approbation made itself manifest in a present of one hundred and fifty louis-d'or. For the first time Goldoni had the satisfaction of seeing full justice done by the actors to his talents. He was called before the curtain, and, in spite of the compliment, he found it a painful and novel situation, for the custom was not known in Italy. It was difficult to make the Parisian world believe that the *Bourru bienfaisant* was not translated from the Italian, but written; indeed, as the author expresses it, "thought out" in French. Thus encouraged, he wrote another French drama, *L'Avare fastueux*, which, although well received, had not the same brilliant success as the *Bourru bienfaisant*. He also despatched from time to time comedies and operettas to Italy. His dramatic labours were varied by his duties at Court; for the instructions in Italian which had once been given to the king's aunts, were now renewed to his sisters, Madame Clothilde, before she became Princess of Piedmont, and Madame Elisabeth, whose docility seems to have won Goldoni's heart. On his retiring from Court in 1787 he received a renewal of the pension granted to him by Louis XV., and with this year his *Memoirs* close. It would seem as if his life of ceaseless activity had well earned the peace and comparative affluence secured by the royal bounty to his old age. But he had scarcely begun to

enjoy it when the Revolution broke out. It is needless to say that his pension was rudely withdrawn from Goldoni by the party which came into power, and in his extreme old age he suffered severe privations. He died in his eighty-third year, January 8, 1793, a fortnight previous to the murder of his sovereign and benefactor. Too late—the day of his death—the Convention Nationale restored the pension which they had wrested from him; but they settled on his widow an annual stipend of 1,200 francs. Goldoni has enriched the dramatic literature of his country with one hundred and fifty comedies in prose and verse, all eminently true pictures of domestic life. Like the good old-fashioned novel, he is careful to make unhappiness the inseparable companion of vice, and to crown virtue, after the proper amount of vicissitude, with its due reward. The rigid critics of his country pronounce that, had Goldoni had knowledge equal to his great natural gifts, had he written with more care, had his satire been finer and more delicate, he might very well have stood a comparison with Molière. As it is, only five or six of his comedies, *Il Vero Amico*, *Il Padre di Famiglia*, *Pamela Maritata*, *La Famiglia dell'Antiquario*, *Le Smanie della Villeggiatura*, *La Locandiera*, *Il Bugiardo*, are calculated to amuse a cultivated audience; the others are farces, more adapted for the entertainment of the people.¹ If, on the one hand, this want of knowledge mars the effect of Goldoni's work, it proves, on the other hand, how great must have been his natural gifts to accomplish what he did in the reform of the drama! These gifts are indisputable, and were never at fault. He possessed the keen eye of a critic in discerning the social defects which demanded reform, an inexhaustible genius in finding varieties of character, a lively imagination to paint them in the brightest colours, consummate ingenuity in disentangling

difficult situations, and, in addition to all these, a keen sense of humour, manifesting itself in a lively wit, which provokes the merriment of educated and uneducated alike. A born comedian, his life was full of comical adventures, or he made them appear so by his whimsical manner of relating them. If any extraordinary piece of good fortune fell to his lot, it was immediately succeeded by some half ludicrous, half serious calamity. He is made Consul of Genoa, to his immense satisfaction, with all the emoluments of the office; he sets off to take possession of his consulship, and on reaching it after many perils and disasters, discovers that these emoluments are purely nominal. This he relates as an excellent jest. He is cheated out of a large sum of money, and he writes a play called *L'Impostore*, which brings him in twice as much as he had lost. One of his comedies is rudely criticised; in fourteen days he writes another, which turns these criticisms into a subject for a comedy. And so on through his life; only his end, over which we would wish to draw a veil, was tragical, in keeping with the fearful times in which he died, but not in keeping with the forgiving spirit which never recorded an injury, or the gentle kindness of disposition which in any other circumstances, at any other time, must have been a sure passport to a corresponding benevolence. As far as his own country is concerned, he filled up the one thing that was lacking to her dramatic literature. Metastasio had shown the grace and delicacy of the Italian language in melodrama. Alfieri and Monti had proved that the same language was capable of all the eloquence and power which are the elements of tragedy, and Goldoni has endowed it with some unrivalled specimens of the true wit and masterly delineations of character which are the life and soul of good comedy.

¹ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, pp. 649, 650.

THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

I.—THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS.

THERE is probably no one quality of natural objects, from which we derive so much pure and intellectual enjoyment as from their colours. The “heavenly” blue of the firmament, the glowing tints of sunset, the exquisite purity of the snowy mountains, and the endless shades of green presented by the verdure-clad surface of the earth, are a never-failing source of pleasure to all who enjoy the inestimable gift of sight. Yet these constitute, as it were, but the frame and background of a marvellous and ever-changing picture. In contrast with these broad and soothing tints, we have presented to us in the vegetable and animal worlds, an infinite variety of objects adorned with the most beautiful and most varied hues. Flowers, insects, and birds, are the organisms most generally ornamented in this way; and their symmetry of form, their variety of structure, and the lavish abundance with which they clothe and enliven the earth, cause them to be objects of universal admiration. The relation of this wealth of colour to our mental and moral nature is indisputable. The child and the savage alike admire the gay tints of flower, bird, and insect; while to many of us their contemplation brings a solace and enjoyment which is both intellectually and morally beneficial. It can then hardly excite surprise that this relation was long thought to afford a sufficient explanation of the phenomena of colour in nature; and although the fact that—

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—”

might seem to throw some doubt on the sufficiency of the explanation, the answer was easy,—that in the progress of discovery, man would, sooner or later, find out and enjoy every beauty that

the hidden recesses of the earth have in store for him. This theory received great support, from the difficulty of conceiving any other use or meaning in the colours with which so many natural objects are adorned. Why should the homely gorse be clothed in golden raiment, and the prickly cactus be adorned with crimson bells? Why should our fields be gay with buttercups, and the heather-clad mountains be clad in purple robes? Why should every land produce its own peculiar floral gems, and the alpine rocks glow with beauty, if not for the contemplation and enjoyment of man? What could be the use to the butterfly of its gaily-painted wings, or to the humming bird of its jewelled breast, except to add the final touches to a world-picture, calculated at once to please and to refine mankind? And even now, with all our recently acquired knowledge of this subject, who shall say that these old-world views were not intrinsically and fundamentally sound; and that, although we now know that colour has “uses” in nature that we little dreamt of, yet the relation of those colours to our senses and emotions may be another, and perhaps more important use which they subserve in the great system of the universe?

We now propose to lay before our readers a general account of the more recent discoveries on this interesting subject; and in doing so, it will be necessary first to give an outline of the more important facts as to the colours of organised beings; then to point out the cases in which it has been shown that colour is of use; and lastly, to endeavour to throw some light on its nature, and the general laws of its development.

Among naturalists, colour was long thought to be of little import, and to

be quite untrustworthy as a specific character. The numerous cases of variability of colour led to this view. The occurrence of white blackbirds, white peacocks, and black leopards; of white blue-bells, and of white, blue, or pink milkworts, led to the belief that colour was essentially unstable, that it could therefore be of little or no importance, and belonged to quite a different class of characters from form or structure. But it now begins to be perceived that these cases, though tolerably numerous, are, after all, exceptional; and that colour, as a rule, is a constant character. The great majority of species, both of animals and plants, are each distinguished by peculiar tints which vary very little, while the minutest markings are often constant in thousands or millions of individuals. All our field buttercups are invariably yellow, and our poppies red, while many of our butterflies and birds resemble each other in every spot and streak of colour through thousands of individuals. We also find that colour is constant in whole genera and other groups of species. The *Genistas* are all yellow, the *Erythrinæ* all red, many genera of *Carabidæ* are entirely black, whole families of birds—as the *Dendrocolaptidæ*—are brown, while among butterflies the numerous species of *Lycæna* are all more or less blue, those of *Pontia* white, and those of *Callidryas* yellow. An extensive survey of the organic world thus leads us to the conclusion that colour is by no means so unimportant or inconstant a character as at first sight it appears to be; and the more we examine it the more convinced we shall become that it must serve some purpose in nature, and that besides charming us by its diversity and beauty it must be well worthy of our attentive study, and have many secrets to unfold to us.

In order to group the great variety of facts relating to the colours of the organic world in some intelligible way, it will be best to consider how far the chief theories already proposed will

account for them. One of the most obvious and most popular of these theories, and one which is still held, in part at least, by many eminent naturalists, is, that colour is due to some direct action of the heat and light of the sun, thus at once accounting for the great number of brilliant birds, insects, and flowers, which are found between the tropics. But here we must ask whether it is really the fact that colour is more developed in tropical than in temperate climates, in proportion to the whole number of species; and even if we find this to be so, we have to inquire whether there are not so many and such striking exceptions to the rule, as to indicate some other causes at work than the direct influence of solar light and heat. As this is a most important question, we must go into it somewhat fully.

It is undoubtedly the case that there are an immensely greater number of richly-coloured birds and insects in tropical than in temperate and cold countries; but it is by no means so certain that the *proportion* of coloured to obscure species is much or any greater. Naturalists and collectors well know that the majority of tropical birds are dull-coloured; and there are whole families, comprising hundreds of species, not one of which exhibits a particle of bright colour. Such are the *Timaliidæ* of the Eastern and the *Dendrocolaptidæ* of the Western hemispheres. Again, many groups of birds, which are universally distributed, are no more adorned with colour in the tropical than in the temperate zone; such are Thrushes, Wrens, Goat-suckers, Hawks, Grouse, Plovers, and Snipe; and if tropical light and heat have any direct colouring effect, it is certainly most extraordinary that in groups so varied in form, structure, and habits as those just mentioned, the tropical should be in no wise distinguished in this respect from the temperate species. The brilliant tropical birds mostly belong to groups which are wholly or almost wholly tropical—as the chattering, toucans,

trogons, and pittas; but as there are perhaps an equal number of groups which are wholly dull-coloured, while others contain dull and bright-coloured species in nearly equal proportions, the evidence is by no means strong that tropical light or heat has anything to do with the matter. But there are also groups in which the cold and temperate zones produce finer-coloured species than the tropics. Thus the arctic ducks and divers are handsomer than those of the tropical zone, while the King-duck of temperate America and the Mandarin-duck of N. China are the most beautifully coloured of the whole family. In the pheasant family we have the gorgeous gold and silver pheasants in N. China and Mongolia; and the superb Impeyan pheasant in the temperate N. W. Himalayas, as against the peacocks and fire-backed pheasants of tropical Asia. Then we have the curious fact that most of the bright-coloured birds of the tropics are denizens of the forests, where they are shaded from the direct light of the sun, and that they abound near the equator where cloudy skies are very prevalent; while, on the other hand, places where light and heat are at a maximum have often dull-coloured birds. Such are the Sahara and other deserts where almost all the living things are sand-coloured; but the most curious case is that of the Galapagos islands, situated under the equator, and not far from South America where the most gorgeous colours abound, but which are yet characterised by prevailing dull and sombre tints in birds, insects, and flowers, so that they reminded Mr. Darwin of the cold and barren plains of Patagonia. Insects are wonderfully brilliant in tropical countries generally, and any one looking over a collection of South American or Malayan butterflies would scout the idea of their being no more gaily-coloured than the average of European species, and in this they would be undoubtedly right. But on examination we should find that all the more brilliantly-coloured groups

were exclusively tropical, and that, where a genus has a wide range, there is little difference in coloration between the species of cold and warm countries. Thus the European *Vanessa*s, including the beautiful "peacock," "Camberwell beauty," and "red admiral" butterflies, are quite up to the average of tropical beauty in the same group, and the remark will equally apply to the little "blues" and "coppers;" while the alpine "apollo" butterflies have a delicate beauty that can hardly be surpassed. In other insects, which are less directly dependent on climate and vegetation, we find even greater anomalies. In the immense family of the *Carabidæ* or predaceous ground-beetles, the northern forms fully equal, if they do not surpass, all that the tropics can produce. Everywhere, too, in hot countries, there are thousands of obscure species of insects which, if they were all collected, would not improbably bring down the average of colour to much about the same level as that of temperate zones.

But it is when we come to the vegetable world that the greatest misconception on this subject prevails. In abundance and variety of floral colour the tropics are almost universally believed to be pre-eminent, not only absolutely, but relatively to the whole mass of vegetation and the total number of species. Twelve years of observation among the vegetation of the eastern and western tropics has, however, convinced me that this notion is entirely erroneous, and that, in proportion to the whole number of species of plants, those having gaily-coloured flowers are actually more abundant in the temperate zones than between the tropics. [This will be found to be not so extravagant an assertion as it may at first appear, if we consider how many of the choicest adornments of our greenhouses and flower-shows are really temperate as opposed to tropical plants. The masses of colour produced by our *Rhododendrons*, *Azaleas*, and *Camellias*, our *Pelargoniums*, *Calceo-*

laris, and Cinerarias,—all strictly temperate plants—can certainly not be surpassed, if they can be equalled, by any productions of the tropics.¹ But we may go further, and say that the hardy plants of our cold temperate zone equal, if they do not surpass, the productions of the tropics. Let us only remember such gorgeous tribes of flowers as the Roses, Peonies, Hollyhocks, and Antirrhinums, the Laburnum, Wistaria, and Lilac; the Lilies, Irises, and Tulips, the Hyacinths, Anemones, Gentians, and Poppies, and even our humble Gorse, Broom, and Heather; and we may defy any tropical country to produce masses of floral colour in greater abundance and variety. It may be true that individual tropical shrubs and flowers do surpass everything in the rest of the world, but that is to be expected, because the tropical zone comprises a much greater land-area than the two temperate zones, while, owing to its more favourable climate, it produces a still larger proportion of species of

¹ It may be objected that most of the plants named are choice cultivated *varieties*, far surpassing in colour the original stock, while the tropical plants are mostly unvaried wild *species*. But this does not really much affect the question at issue. For our florists' gorgeous varieties have all been produced under the influence of our cloudy skies, and with even a still further deficiency of light, owing to the necessity of protecting them under glass from our sudden changes of temperature; so that they are themselves an additional proof that tropical light and heat are not needed for the production of intense and varied colour. Another important consideration is, that these cultivated *varieties* in many cases displace a number of wild *species* which are hardly, if at all, cultivated. Thus there are scores of *species* of wild hollyhocks varying in colour almost as much as the cultivated varieties, and the same may be said of the pentstemons, rhododendrons, and many other flowers; and if these were all brought together in well-grown specimens, they would produce a grand effect. But it is far easier, and more profitable, for our nurserymen to grow *varieties* of one or two species, which all require a very similar culture, rather than fifty distinct *species*, most of which would require special treatment; the result being that the varied beauty of the temperate flora is even now hardly known, except to botanists and to a few amateurs.

plants, and a great number of peculiar natural orders.

Direct observation in tropical forests, plains, and mountains, fully supports this view. Occasionally we are startled by some gorgeous mass of colour, but as a rule we gaze upon an endless expanse of green foliage, only here and there enlivened by not very conspicuous flowers. Even the orchids, whose gorgeous blossoms adorn our stoves, form no exception to this rule. It is only in favoured spots that we find them in abundance; the species with small and inconspicuous flowers greatly preponderate; and the flowering season of each kind being of short duration, they rarely produce any marked effect of colour amid the vast masses of foliage which surround them. An experienced collector in the Eastern tropics once told me, that although a single mountain in Java had produced three hundred species of Orchideæ, only about 2 per cent. of the whole were sufficiently ornamental or showy to be worth sending home as a commercial speculation. The alpine meadows and rock-slopes, the open plains of the Cape of Good Hope or of Australia, and the flower-prairies of North America, offer an amount and variety of floral colour which can certainly not be surpassed, even if it can be equalled, between the tropics.

It appears, therefore, that we may dismiss the theory that the development of colour in nature is directly dependent on, and in any way proportioned to the amount of solar heat and light, as entirely unsupported by facts. Strange to say, however, there are some rare and little-known phenomena, which prove that, in exceptional cases, light does directly affect the colours of natural objects, and it will be as well to consider these before passing on to other matters.

A few years ago Mr. T. W. Wood called attention to the curious changes in the colour of the chrysalis of the small cabbage butterfly (*Pontia rapæ*) when the caterpillars were confined

in boxes lined with different tints. Thus in black boxes they were very dark, in white boxes nearly white; and he further showed that similar changes occurred in a state of nature, chrysalises fixed against a white-washed wall being nearly white, against a red brick wall reddish, against a pitched paling nearly black. It has also been observed that the cocoon of the emperor moth is either white or brown, according to the surrounding colours. But the most extraordinary example of this kind of change is that furnished by the chrysalis of an African butterfly (*Papilio Nireus*), observed at the Cape by Mrs. Barber, and described (with a coloured plate) in the *Transactions of the Entomological Society*, 1874, p. 519. The caterpillar feeds on the orange tree, and also on a forest tree (*Vepris lanceolata*) which has a lighter green leaf, and its colour corresponds with that of the leaves it feeds upon, being of a darker green when it feeds on the orange. The chrysalis is usually found suspended among the leafy twigs of its food-plant, or of some neighbouring tree; but it is probably often attached to larger branches, and Mrs. Barber has discovered that it has the property of acquiring the colour, more or less accurately, of any natural object it may be in contact with. A number of the caterpillars were placed in a case with a glass cover, one side of the case being formed by a red brick wall, the other sides being of yellowish wood. They were fed on orange leaves, and a branch of the bottle-brush tree (*Banksia*, *sp.*) was also placed in the case. When fully fed, some attached themselves to the orange twigs, others to the bottle-brush branch; and these all changed to green pupæ; but each corresponded exactly in tint to the leaves around it, the one being dark the other a pale faded green. Another attached itself to the wood, and the pupa became of the same yellowish colour; while one fixed itself just where the wood and brick joined, and became one side red, the other side yellow!

These remarkable changes would perhaps not have been credited, had it not been for the previous observations of Mr. Wood; but the two support each other, and oblige us to accept them as actual phenomena. It is a kind of natural photography, the particular coloured rays to which the fresh pupa is exposed in its soft, semi-transparent condition, effecting such a chemical change in the organic juices as to produce the same tint in the hardened skin. It is interesting, however, to note that the range of colour that can be acquired seems to be limited to those of natural objects to which the pupa is likely to be attached; for when Mrs. Barber surrounded one of the caterpillars with a piece of scarlet cloth no change of colour at all was produced, the pupa being of the usual green tint, but the small red spots with which it is marked were brighter than usual.

In these caterpillars and pupæ, as well as in the great majority of cases in which a change of colour occurs in animals, the action is quite involuntary; but among some of the higher animals the colour of the integument can be modified at the will of the animal, or at all events by a reflex action dependent on sensation. The most remarkable case of this kind occurs with the Chameleon, which has the power of changing its colour from dull white to a variety of tints. This singular power has been traced to two layers of pigment deeply seated in the skin, from which minute tubes, or capillary vessels, rise to the surface. The pigment-layers are bluish and yellowish, and by the pressure of suitable muscles these can be forced upwards either together or separately. When no pressure is exerted the colour is dirty white, which changes to various tints of bluish, green, yellow, or brown, as more or less of either pigment is forced up and rendered visible. The animal is excessively sluggish and defenceless, and its power of changing its colour to harmonise with surrounding objects is essential to its existence.

Here too, as with the pupa of *Papilio Nireus*, colours such as scarlet or blue, which do not occur in the immediate environment of the animal, cannot be produced. Somewhat similar changes of colour occur in some prawns and flat-fish, according to the colour of the bottom on which they rest. This is very striking in the Chameleon Shrimp (*Mysis Chamaleon*), which is grey when on sand, but brown or green when among sea-weed of these two colours. Experiment shows, however, that when blinded the change does not occur, so that here too we probably have a voluntary or reflex sense-action. Many cases are known among insects in which the same species has a different tint according to its surroundings, this being particularly marked in some South African locusts which correspond with the colour of the soil wherever they are found; while several caterpillars which feed on two or more plants vary in colour accordingly. Several such changes are quoted by Mr. R. Meldola, in a paper on Variable Protective Colouring in Insects (*Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, 1873, p. 153), and some of them may perhaps be due to a photographic action of the reflected light. In other cases, however, it has been shown that green chlorophyll remains unchanged in the tissues of leaf-eating insects, and being discernible through the transparent integument produces the same colour as that of the food plant.

These peculiar powers of change of colour and adaptation, are however rare and quite exceptional. As a rule there is no direct connection between the colours of organisms and the kind of light to which they are usually exposed. This is well seen in most fishes, and in such marine animals as porpoises, whose backs are always dark, although this part is exposed to the blue and white light of the sky and clouds, while their bellies are very generally white, although these are constantly subjected to the deep blue or dusky green light from the bottom.

It is evident, however, that these two tints have been acquired for concealment and protection. Looking down on the dark back of a fish it is almost invisible, while to an enemy looking up from below the light undersurface would be equally invisible against the light of the clouds and sky. Again, the gorgeous colours of the butterflies which inhabit the depths of tropical forests bear no relation to the kind of light that falls upon them, coming as it does almost wholly from green foliage, dark brown soil, or blue sky; and the bright underwings of many moths which are only exposed at night, contrast remarkably with the sombre tints of the upper wings which are more or less exposed to the various colours of surrounding nature.

We find, then, that neither the general influence of solar light and heat, nor the special action of variously tinted rays, are adequate causes for the wonderful variety, intensity, and complexity, of the colours that everywhere meet us in the animal and vegetable world. Let us therefore take a wider view of these colours, grouping them into classes determined by what we know of their actual uses or special relations to the habits of their possessors. This, which may be termed the functional or biological classification of the colours of living organisms, seems to be best expressed by a division into five groups as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|---------|---|------------------------|---|---|
| Animals | { | 1. Protective colours. | { | a. Of creatures specially protected. |
| | | 2. Warning colours. | | b. Of defenceless creatures, mimicking a. |
| Plants | { | 3. Sexual colours. | { | |
| | | 4. Typical colours. | | |
| | | 5. Attractive colours. | | |

The nature of the two first groups, Protective and Warning colours, has been so fully detailed and illustrated in my chapter on "Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among Animals," (*Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, p. 45), that very little need be added here except a few words of general explanation. Protective colours are exceedingly preva-

lent in nature, comprising those of all the white arctic animals, the sandy-coloured desert forms, and the green birds and insects of tropical forests. It also comprises thousands of cases of special resemblance—of birds to the surroundings of their nests, and especially of insects to the bark, leaves, flowers, or soil, on or amid which they dwell. Mammalia, fishes, and reptiles, as well as mollusca and other marine invertebrates, present similar phenomena; and the more the habits of animals are investigated, the more numerous are found to be the cases in which their colours tend to conceal them, either from their enemies or from the creatures they prey upon. One of the last-observed and most curious of these protective resemblances has been communicated to me by Sir Charles Dilke. He was shown in Java a pink-coloured *Mantis*, which, when at rest, exactly resembled a pink orchis-flower. The *Mantis* is a carnivorous insect which lies in wait for its prey, and by its resemblance to a flower the insects it feeds on would be actually attracted towards it. This one is said to feed especially on butterflies, so that it is really a living trap and forms its own bait! All who have observed animals, and especially insects, in their native haunts and attitudes, can understand how it is that an insect which in a cabinet looks exceedingly conspicuous, may yet, when alive in its peculiar attitude of repose and with its habitual surroundings, be perfectly well concealed. We can hardly ever tell by the mere inspection of an animal, whether its colours are protective or not. No one would imagine the exquisitely beautiful caterpillar of the Emperor-Moth, which is green with pink star-like spots, to be protectively coloured; yet when feeding on the heather it so harmonises with the foliage and flowers as to be almost invisible. Every day fresh cases of protective colouring are being discovered even in our own country, and it is becoming more and more evident that

the need of protection has played a very important part in determining the actual coloration of animals.

The second class—the warning colours—are exceedingly interesting, because the object and effect of these is, not to conceal the object, but to make it conspicuous. To these creatures it is *useful* to be seen and recognised, the reason being that they have a means of defence which, if known, will prevent their enemies from attacking them, though it is generally not sufficient to save their lives if they are actually attacked. The best examples of these specially protected creatures consist of two extensive families of butterflies, the *Danaidæ* and *Acraeidæ*, comprising many hundreds of species inhabiting the tropics of all parts of the world. These insects are generally large, are all conspicuously and often most gorgeously coloured, presenting almost every conceivable tint and pattern; they all fly slowly, and they never attempt to conceal themselves: yet no bird, spider, lizard, or monkey (all of which eat other butterflies) ever touch them. The reason simply is that they are not fit to eat, their juices having a powerful odour and taste that is absolutely disgusting to all these animals. Now, we see the reason of their showy colours and slow flight. It is good for them to be seen and recognised, for then they are never molested; but if they did not differ in form and colouring from other butterflies, or if they flew so quickly that their peculiarities could not be easily noticed, they would be captured, and though not eaten would be maimed or killed. As soon as the cause of the peculiarities of these butterflies was recognised, it was seen that the same explanation applied to many other groups of animals. Thus bees and wasps and other stinging insects are showily and distinctively coloured; many soft and apparently defenceless beetles, and many gay-coloured moths, were found to be as nauseous as the above-named butterflies; other beetles, whose hard and glossy coats of mail

render them unpalatable to insect-eating birds, are also sometimes showily coloured; and the same rule was found to apply to caterpillars, all the brown and green (or protectively-coloured species) being greedily eaten by birds, while showy kinds which never hide themselves—like those of the magpie, mullein, and burnet-moths—were utterly refused by insectivorous birds, lizards, frogs, and spiders. (*Contributions to Theory of Natural Selection*, p. 117.) Some few analogous examples are found among vertebrate animals. I will only mention here a very interesting case not given in my former work. In his delightful book entitled *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, Mr. Belt tells us that there is in that country a frog which is very abundant, which hops about in the day-time, which never hides himself, and which is gorgeously coloured with red and blue. Now frogs are usually green, brown, or earth-coloured, feed mostly at night, and are all eaten by snakes and birds. Having full faith in the theory of protective and warning colours, to which he had himself contributed some valuable facts and observations, Mr. Belt felt convinced that this frog must be uneatable. He therefore took one home, and threw it to his ducks and fowls; but all refused to touch it except one young duck, which took the frog in its mouth, but dropped it directly, and went about jerking its head as if trying to get rid of something nasty. Here the uneatableness of the frog was predicted from its colours and habits, and we can have no more convincing proof of the truth of the theory than such previsions.

The universal avoidance by carnivorous animals of all these specially protected groups, which are thus entirely free from the constant persecution suffered by other creatures not so protected, would evidently render it advantageous for any of these latter which were subjected to extreme persecution to be mistaken for the former, and for this

purpose it would be necessary that they should have the same colours, form, and habits. Strange to say, wherever there is an extensive group of directly-protected forms (division *a* of animals with warning colours), there are sure to be found a few otherwise defenceless creatures which resemble them externally so as to be mistaken for them, and which thus gain protection as it were on false pretences, (division *b* of animals with warning colours). This is what is called "mimicry," and it has already been very fully treated of by Mr. Bates (its discoverer), by myself, by Mr. Trimen, and others. Here it is only necessary to state that the uneatable Danaidæ and Acraeidæ are accompanied by a few species of other groups of butterflies (Leptaliidæ, Papilios, Diademas, and Moths) which are all really eatable, but which escape attack by their close resemblance to some species of the uneatable groups found in the same locality. In like manner there are a few eatable beetles which exactly resemble species of uneatable groups, and others which are soft, imitate those which are uneatable through their hardness. For the same reason wasps are imitated by moths, and ants by beetles; and even poisonous snakes are mimicked by harmless snakes, and dangerous hawks by defenceless cuckoos. How these curious imitations have been brought about, and the laws which govern them, have been discussed in the work already referred to.

The third class—Sexual Colours—comprise all cases in which the colours of the two sexes differ. This difference is very general, and varies greatly in amount, from a slight divergence of tint up to a radical change of coloration. Differences of this kind are found among all classes of animals in which the sexes are separated, but they are much more frequent in some groups than in others. In mammalia, reptiles, and fishes, they are comparatively rare and not great in amount, whereas among birds they are very frequent and very largely developed. So among

insects, they are abundant in butterflies, while they are comparatively uncommon in beetles, wasps, and hemiptera.

The phenomena of sexual variations of colour, as well as of colour generally, are wonderfully similar in the two analogous yet totally unrelated groups of birds and butterflies; and as they both offer ample materials, we shall confine our study of the subject chiefly to them. The most common case of difference of colour between the sexes, is for the male to have the same general hue as the females, but deeper and more intensified; as in many thrushes, finches, and hawks; and among butterflies in the majority of our British species. In cases where the male is smaller the intensification of colour is especially well pronounced, as in many of the hawks and falcons, and in most butterflies and moths in which the coloration does not materially differ. In another extensive series we have spots or patches of vivid colour in the male which are represented in the female by far less brilliant tints or are altogether wanting; as exemplified in the gold-crest warbler, the green woodpecker, and most of the orange-tip butterflies (*Anthocharis*). Proceeding with our survey we find greater and greater differences of colour in the sexes, till we arrive at such extreme cases as some of the pheasants, the chatterers, tanagers, and birds-of-paradise, in which the male is adorned with the most gorgeous and vivid colours, while the female is usually dull brown, or olive green, and often shows no approximation whatever to the varied tints of her partner. Similar phenomena occur among butterflies; and in both these classes there are also a considerable number of cases in which both sexes are highly coloured in a different way. Thus many woodpeckers have the head in the male red, in the female yellow; while some parrots have red spots in the male, replaced by blue in the female, as in *Psittacula diophthalma*. In many South American Papilios green spots on the

male are represented by red on the female; and in several species of the genus *Epicallia*, orange bands in the male are replaced by blue in the female, a similar change of colour as in the small parrot above referred to. For fuller details of the varieties of sexual coloration we refer our readers to Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*, chapters x. to xviii., and to chapters iii. iv. and vii. of my *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*.

The fourth group—of Typically coloured animals—includes all species which are brilliantly or conspicuously coloured in both sexes, and for whose particular colours we can assign no function or use. It comprises an immense number of showy birds, such as Kingfishers, Barbets, Toucans, Lories, Tits, and Starlings; among insects most of the largest and handsomest butterflies, innumerable bright-coloured beetles, locusts, dragon-flies, and hymenoptera; a few mammalia, as the zebras; a great number of marine fishes; thousands of striped and spotted caterpillars; and abundance of mollusca, star-fish, and other marine animals. Among these we have included some, which like the gaudy caterpillars have warning colours; but as that theory does not explain the particular colours or the varied patterns with which they are adorned, it is best to include them also in this class. It is a suggestive fact, that all the brightly coloured birds mentioned above build in holes or form covered nests, so that the females do not need that protection during the breeding season, which I believe to be one of the chief causes of the dull colour of female birds when their partners are gaily coloured. This subject is fully argued in my *Contributions*, &c., chapter vii.

As the colours of plants and flowers are very different from those of animals both in their distribution and functions, it will be well to treat them separately: we will therefore now consider how the general facts of colour

here sketched out can be explained. We have first to inquire what is colour, and how it is produced; what is known of the causes of change of colour; and what theory best accords with the whole assemblage of facts.

The sensation of colour is caused by vibrations or undulations of the ethereal medium of different lengths and velocities. The whole body of vibrations caused by the sun is termed radiation, and consists of sets of waves which vary considerably in their dimensions and their rate of vibration, but of which the middle portion only is capable of exciting in us sensations of light and colour. Beginning with the largest and slowest rays or wave-vibrations, we have first those which produce heat-sensations only; as they get smaller and quicker, we perceive a dull red colour; and as the waves increase in rapidity of vibration and diminish in size, we get successively sensations of orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, all fading imperceptibly into each other. Then come more invisible rays, of shorter wave-length and quicker vibration, which produce, solely or chiefly, chemical effects. The red rays, which first become visible, have been ascertained to vibrate at the rate of 458 millions of millions of times in a second, the length of each wave being $\frac{1}{36800}$ th of an inch; while the violet rays, which last remain visible, vibrate 727 millions of millions of times per second, and have a wave-length of $\frac{1}{64516}$ th of an inch. Although the waves vibrate at different rates, they are all propagated through the ether with the same velocity (192,000 miles per second), just as different musical sounds, which are produced by waves of *air* of different lengths and rates of vibration, travel at the same rate, so that a tune played several hundred yards off reaches the ear in correct time. There are, therefore, an almost infinite number of different colour-producing vibrations, and these may be combined in an almost infinite variety of ways, so as to excite in us

the sensation of all the varied colours and tints we are capable of perceiving. When all the different kinds of rays reach us in the proportion in which they exist in the light of the sun, they produce the sensation of white. If the rays which excite the sensation of any one colour are prevented from reaching us, the remaining rays in combination produce a sensation of colour often very far removed from white. Thus green rays being abstracted leave purple light; blue, orange-red light; violet, yellowish green light, and so on. These pairs are termed complementary colours. And if portions of differently coloured lights are abstracted in various degrees, we have produced all those infinite gradations of colours, and all those varied tints and hues which are of such use to us in distinguishing external objects, and which form one of the great charms of our existence. Primary colours would therefore be as numerous as the different wave-lengths of the visible radiations if we could appreciate all their differences, while secondary or compound colours caused by the simultaneous action of any combination of rays of different wave-lengths must be still more numerous. In order to account for the fact that all colours appear to us capable of being produced by combinations of three primary colours—red, green, and violet—it is believed that we have three sets of nerve fibres in the retina, each of which is capable of being excited by all rays, but that one set is excited most by the larger or red waves, another by the medium or green waves, and the third set chiefly by the violet or smallest waves of light; and when all three sets are excited together in proper proportions we see white. This view is supported by the phenomena of colour-blindness, which are explicable on the theory that one of these sets of nerve-fibres (usually that adapted to perceive red) has lost its sensibility, causing all colours to appear as if the red rays were abstracted from them. It is

another property of these various radiations, that they are unequally refracted or bent in passing obliquely through transparent bodies, the longer waves being least refracted, the shorter most. Hence it becomes possible to analyse white or any other light into its component rays; a small ray of sunlight, for example, which would produce a round white spot on a wall, if passed through a prism is lengthened out into a band of coloured light exactly corresponding to the colours of the rainbow. Any one colour can thus be isolated and separately examined, and by means of reflecting mirrors the separate colours can be again compounded in various ways, and the resulting colours observed. This band of coloured light is called a *spectrum*, and the instrument by which the *spectra* of various kinds of light are examined is called a *spectroscope*. This branch of the subject has, however, no direct bearing on the mode in which the colours of living things are produced, and it has only been alluded to in order to complete our sketch of the nature of colour.

The colours which we perceive in material substances are produced either by the absorption or by the interference of some of the rays which form white light. Pigmental or absorption-colours are the most frequent, comprising all the opaque tints of flowers and insects, and all the colours of dyes and pigments. They are caused by rays of certain wave-lengths being absorbed, while the remaining rays are reflected and give rise to the sensation of colour. When all the colour-producing rays are reflected in due proportion the colour of the object is white, when all are absorbed the colour is black. If blue rays only are absorbed the resulting colour is orange-red; and generally, whatever colour an object appears to us, it is because the complementary colours are absorbed by it. The reason why rays of only certain refrangibilities are reflected and the rest of the incident light absorbed by each substance, is supposed to depend

upon the molecular structure of the body. Chemical action almost always implies change of molecular structure, hence chemical action is the most potent cause of change of colour. Sometimes simple solution in water effects a marvellous change, as in the case of the well-known aniline dyes; the magenta and violet dyes exhibiting, when in the solid form, various shades of golden or bronzy metallic green. Heat again often produces change of colour, and this without effecting any chemical change. Mr. Ackroyd has recently investigated this subject,¹ and has shown that a large number of bodies are changed by heat, returning to their normal colour when cooled, and that this change is almost always in the direction of the less refrangible rays or longer wave-lengths; and he connects the change with molecular expansion caused by heat. As examples may be mentioned mercuric-oxide, which is orange-yellow, but which changes to orange, red, and brown when heated; chromic-oxide, which is green, and changes to yellow; cinnabar, which is scarlet, and changes to puce; and metaborate of copper, which is blue, and changes to green and greenish yellow. The colouring matters of animals are very varied. Copper has been found in the red of the wing of the turaco, and Mr. Sorby has detected no less than seven distinct colouring matters in birds' eggs, several of which are chemically related to those of blood and bile. The same colours are often produced by quite different substances in different groups, as shown by the red of the wings of the burnet-moth changing to yellow with muriatic acid, while the red of the red-admiral-butterfly undergoes no such change.

These pigmental colours have a different character in animals according to their position in the integument. Following Dr. Hagen's classification, epidermal colours are those which exist in the external chitinated skin of insects, in the hairs of mammals, and, partially,

¹ "Metachromatism, or Colour-Change," *Chemical News*, August, 1876.

in the feathers of birds. They are often very deep and rich, and do not fade after death. The hypodermal colours are those which are situated in the inferior soft layer of the skin. These are often of lighter and more vivid tints, and usually fade after death. Many of the reds and yellows of butterflies and birds belong to this class, as well as the intensely vivid hues of the naked skin about the heads of many birds. These colours sometimes exude through the pores, forming an evanescent bloom on the surface.

Interference colours are less frequent in the organic world. They are caused in two ways: either by reflection from the two surfaces of transparent films, as seen in the soap-bubble and in thin films of oil on water; or by fine striæ which produce colours either by reflected or transmitted light, as seen in mother-of-pearl and in finely-ruled metallic surfaces. In both cases colour is produced by light of one wave-length being neutralised, owing to one set of such waves being caused to be half a wave-length behind the other set, as may be found explained in any treatise on physical optics. The result is, that the complementary colour of that neutralised is seen; and as the thickness of the film or the fineness of the striæ undergo slight changes almost any colour can be produced. This is believed to be the origin of many of the glossy or metallic tints of insects, as well as of those of the feathers of some birds. The iridescent colours of the wings of dragon-flies are caused by the superposition of two or more transparent lamellæ; while the shining blue of the Purple-Emperor and other butterflies, and the intensely metallic colours of humming-birds are probably due to fine striæ.

This outline sketch of the nature of colour in the animal world, however imperfect, will at least serve to show us how numerous and varied are the causes which perpetually tend to the production of colour in animal tissues. If we consider, that in order to produce white all the rays which fall upon an

object must be reflected in the same proportions as they exist in solar light, whereas if rays of any one or more kinds are absorbed or neutralised the resultant reflected light will be coloured, and that this colour may be infinitely varied according to the proportions in which different rays are reflected or absorbed, we should expect that white would be, as it really is, comparatively rare and exceptional in nature. The same observation will apply to black, which arises from the absorption of all the different rays. Many of the complex substances which exist in animals and plants are subject to changes of colour under the influence of light, heat, or chemical change, and we know that chemical changes are continually occurring during the physiological processes of development and growth. We also find that every external character is subject to minute changes, which are generally perceptible to us in closely allied species; and we can therefore have no doubt that the extension and thickness of the transparent lamellæ, and the fineness of the striæ or rugosities of the integuments, must be undergoing constant minute changes; and these changes will very frequently produce changes of colour. These considerations render it probable that colour is a normal and even necessary result of the complex structure of animals and plants, and that those parts of an organism which are undergoing continual development and adaptation to new conditions, and are also continually subject to the action of light and heat, will be the parts in which changes of colour will most frequently appear. Now there is little doubt that the external changes of animals and plants in adaptation to the environment are much more numerous than the internal changes, as seen in the varied character of the integuments and appendages of animals—hair, horns, scales, feathers, &c. &c.—and in plants, the leaves, bark, flowers, and fruit, with their various appendages,—compared with the comparative uniformity of the texture and compo-

sition of their internal tissues; and this accords with the uniformity of the tints of blood, muscle, nerve, and bone throughout extensive groups, as compared with the great diversity of colour of their external organs. It seems a fair conclusion that colour *per se* may be considered to be normal, and to need no special accounting for, while the absence of colour (that is, either *white* or *black*), or the prevalence of certain colours to the constant exclusion of others, must be traced, like other modifications in the economy of living things, to the needs of the species. Or, looking at it in another aspect, we may say, that amid the constant variations of animals and plants colour is ever tending to vary and to appear where it is absent, and that natural selection is constantly eliminating such tints as are injurious to the species, or preserving and intensifying such as are useful.

This view is in accordance with the well-known fact, of colours which rarely or never appear in the species in a state of nature continually occurring among domesticated animals and cultivated plants; showing us that the capacity to develop colour is ever present, so that almost any required tint can be produced which may, under changed conditions, be useful, in however small a degree.

Let us now see how these principles will enable us to understand and explain the varied phenomena of colour in nature, taking them in the order of our functional classification of colours (p. 389).

Theory of Protective Colours.—We have seen that obscure or protective tints in their infinitely varied degrees are present in every part of the animal kingdom, whole families or genera being often thus coloured. Now the various brown, earthy, ashy, and other neutral tints are those which would be most readily produced, because they are due to an irregular mixture of many kinds of rays; while pure tints require either rays of one kind only, or definite mixtures in proper proportions of two

or more kinds of rays. This is well exemplified by the comparative difficulty of producing definite pure tints by the mixture of two or more pigments, while a hap-hazard mixture of a number of these will be almost sure to produce browns, olives, or other neutral or dirty colours. An indefinite or irregular absorption of some rays and reflection of others would, therefore, produce obscure tints; while pure and vivid colours would require a perfectly definite absorption of one portion of the coloured rays, leaving the remainder to produce the true complementary colour. This being the case we may expect these brown tints to occur when the need of protection is very slight or even when it does not exist at all, always supposing that bright colours are not in any way useful to the species. But whenever a pure colour is protective, as green in tropical forests or white among arctic snows, there is no difficulty in producing it, by natural selection acting on the innumerable slight variations of tint which are ever occurring. Such variations may, as we have seen, be produced in a great variety of ways; either by chemical changes in the secretions or by molecular changes in surface structure, and may be brought about by change of food, by the photographic action of light, or by the normal process of generative variation. Protective colours therefore, however curious and complex they may be in certain cases, offer no real difficulties.

Theory of Warning Colours.—These differ greatly from the last class, inasmuch as they present us with a variety of brilliant hues, often of the greatest purity; and combined in striking contrasts and conspicuous patterns. Their use depends upon their boldness and visibility, not on the presence of any one colour; hence we find among these groups some of the most exquisitely-coloured objects in nature. Many of the uneatable caterpillars are strikingly beautiful; while the Danaidæ, Heliconidæ, and protected groups of Papilionidæ com-

prise a series of butterflies of the most brilliant and contrasted colours. The bright colours of many of the sea-anemones and sea-slugs will probably be found to be in this sense protective, serving as a warning of their uneatableness. On our theory none of these colours offer any difficulty. Conspicuousness being useful, every variation tending to brighter and purer colours was selected, the result being the beautiful variety and contrast we find.

But when we come to those groups which gain protection solely by being mistaken for some of these brilliantly coloured but uneatable creatures, a difficulty really exists, and to many minds is so great as to be insuperable. It will be well therefore to endeavour to explain how the resemblance in question may have been brought about. The most difficult case, which may be taken as a type of the whole, is that of the genus *Leptalis* (a group of South American butterflies allied to our common white and yellow kinds), many of the larger species of which are still white or yellow, and which are all eatable by birds and other insectivorous creatures. But there are also a number of species of *Leptalis*, which are brilliantly red, yellow, and black, and which, band for band and spot for spot, resemble some one of the Danaidæ or Heliconidæ which inhabit the same district and which are nauseous and uneatable. Now the common objection is, that a slight approach to one of these protected butterflies would be of no use, while a greater sudden variation is not admissible on the theory of gradual change by indefinite slight variations. This objection depends almost wholly on the supposition that when the first steps towards mimicry occurred, the South American Danaidæ were what they are now, while the ancestors of the Leptalides were like the ordinary white or yellow Pieridæ to which they are allied. But the danaïoid butterflies of South America are so immensely numerous and so greatly varied, not only in colour but in structure, that we may

be sure they are of vast antiquity and have undergone great modification. A large number of them, however, are still of comparatively plain colours, often rendered extremely elegant by the delicate transparency of the wing-membrane, but otherwise not at all conspicuous. Many have only dusky or purplish bands or spots, others have patches of reddish or yellowish brown—perhaps the commonest colour among butterflies; while a considerable number are tinged or spotted with yellow, also a very common colour, and one especially characteristic of the Pieridæ, the family to which *Leptalis* belongs. We may therefore reasonably suppose that in the early stages of the development of the Danaidæ, when they first began to acquire those nauseous secretions which are now their protection, their colours were somewhat plain, either dusky with paler bands and spots, or yellowish with dark borders, and sometimes with reddish bands or spots. At this time they had probably shorter wings and a more rapid flight, just like the other unprotected families of butterflies. But as soon as they became decidedly unpalatable to any of their enemies, it would be an advantage to them to be readily distinguished from all the eatable kinds; and as butterflies were no doubt already very varied in colour, while all probably had wings adapted for pretty rapid or jerking flight, the best distinction might have been found in outline and habits; whence would arise the preservation of those varieties whose longer wings, bodies, and antennæ, and slower flight rendered them noticeable,—characters which now distinguish the whole group in every part of the world. Now it would be at this stage that some of the weaker-flying Pieridæ which happened to resemble some of the Danaidæ around them in their yellow and dusky tints and in the general outline of their wings, would be sometimes mistaken for them by the common enemy, and would thus gain an advantage in the struggle for exist-

ence. Admitting this one step to be made, and all the rest must inevitably follow from simple variation and survival of the fittest. So soon as the nauseous butterfly varied in form or colour to such an extent that the corresponding eatable butterfly no longer closely resembled it, the latter would be exposed to attacks, and only those variations would be preserved which kept up the resemblance. At the same time we may well suppose the enemies to become more acute and able to detect smaller differences than at first. This would lead to the destruction of all adverse variations, and thus keep up continually increasing complexity the outward mimicry which now so amazes us. During the long ages in which this process has been going on, many a *Leptalis* may have become extinct from not varying sufficiently in the right direction and at the right time to keep up a protective resemblance to its neighbour; and this will accord with the comparatively small number of cases of true mimicry as compared with the frequency of those protective resemblances to vegetable or inorganic objects whose forms are less definite and colours less changeable. About a dozen other genera of butterflies and moths mimic the Danaidæ in various parts of the world, and exactly the same explanation will apply to all of them. They represent those species of each group which at the time when the Danaidæ first acquired their protective secretions happened outwardly to resemble some of them, and have by concurrent variation, aided by a rigid selection, been able to keep up that resemblance to the present day.¹

¹ For fuller information on this subject the readers should consult Mr. Bates's original paper, "Contributions to an Insect-fauna of the Amazon Valley," in *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, vol. xxiii. p. 495; Mr. Trimen's paper in vol. xxvi. p. 497; the author's essay on "Mimicry," &c., already referred to; and, in the absence of collections of butterflies, the plates of Heliconidæ and Leptaliidæ, in Hewitson's *Exotic Butterflies*, and Felder's *Voyage of the "Novara,"* may be examined.

Theory of Sexual Colours.—In Mr. Darwin's celebrated work, *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex*, he has treated of sexual colour in combination with other sexual characters, and has arrived at the conclusion that all or almost all the colours of the higher animals (including among these insects and all vertebrates) are due to voluntary sexual selection; and that diversity of colour in the sexes is due, primarily, to the transmission of colour-variations either to one sex only or to both sexes, the difference depending on some unknown law, and not being due to natural selection.

I have long held this portion of Mr. Darwin's theory to be erroneous, and have argued that the primary cause of sexual diversity of colour was the need of protection, repressing in the female those bright colours which are normally produced in both sexes by general laws; and I have attempted to explain many of the more difficult cases on this principle ("A Theory of Birds' Nests," in *Contributions, &c.*, p. 231). As I have since given much thought to this subject, and have arrived at some views which appear to me to be of considerable importance, it will be well to sketch briefly the theory I now hold, and afterwards show its application to some of the detailed cases adduced in Mr. Darwin's work.

The very frequent superiority of the male bird or insect in brightness or intensity of colour, even when the general tints and coloration are the same, now seem to me to be due to the greater vigour and activity and the higher vitality of the male. The colours of an animal usually fade during disease or weakness, while robust health and vigour adds to their intensity. This intensity of coloration is most manifest in the male during the breeding season, when the vitality is at a maximum. It is also very manifest in those cases in which the male is smaller than the female, as in the hawks and in most butterflies and moths. The same phenomena occur, though in a less marked degree, among

mammalia. Whenever there is a difference of colour between the sexes the male is the darker or more strongly marked, and difference of intensity is most visibled uring the breeding season; (*Descent of Man*, p. 533). Numerous cases among domestic animals also prove, that there is an inherent tendency in the male to special developments of dermal appendages and colour, quite independently of sexual or any other form of selection. Thus, "the hump on the male zebu cattle of India, the tail of fat-tailed rams, the arched outline of the forehead in the males of several breeds of sheep, and the mane, the long hairs on the hind-legs, and the dewlap of the male of the Berbura goat," are all adduced by Mr. Darwin as instances of characters peculiar to the male, yet not derived from any parent ancestral form. Among domestic pigeons the character of the different breeds is often most strongly manifested in the male birds; the wattle of the carriers and the eye-wattles of the barbs are largest in the males, and male pouters distend their crops to a much greater extent than do the females, and the cock fantails often have a greater number of tail-feathers than the females. There are also some varieties of pigeons of which the males are striped or spotted with black while the females are never so spotted (*Animals and Plants under Domestication*, I. 161); yet in the parent stock of these pigeons there are no differences between the sexes either of plumage or colour, and artificial selection has not been applied to produce them.

The greater intensity of coloration in the male—which may be termed the normal sexual difference, would be further developed by the combats of the males for the possession of the females. The most vigorous and energetic usually being able to rear most offspring, intensity of colour, if dependent on, or correlated with vigour, would tend to increase. But as differences of colour depend upon minute chemical or structural differences in

the organism, increasing vigour acting unequally on different portions of the integument, and often producing at the same time abnormal developments of hair, horns, scales, feathers, &c., would almost necessarily lead also to variable distribution of colour, and thus to the production of new tints and markings. These acquired colours would, as Mr. Darwin has shown, be transmitted to both sexes or to one only, according as they first appeared at an early age, or in adults of one sex, and thus we may account for some of the most marked differences in this respect. With the exception of butterflies, the sexes are almost alike in the great majority of insects. The same is the case in mammals and reptiles, while the chief departure from the rule occurs in birds, though even here in very many cases the law of sexual likeness prevails. But in all cases where the increasing development of colour became disadvantageous to the female, it would be checked by natural selection, and thus produce those numerous instances of protective colouring in the female only, which occur in these two groups of animals.

There is also, I believe, a very important purpose and use of the varied colours of the higher animals, in the facility it affords for recognition by the sexes or by the young of the same species; and it is this use which probably fixes and determines the coloration in many cases. When differences of size and form are very slight, colour affords the only means of recognition at a distance or while in motion, and such a distinctive character must therefore be of especial value to flying insects which are continually in motion, and encounter each other, as it were, by accident. This view offers us an explanation of the curious fact, that among butterflies the females of closely-allied species in the same locality sometimes differ considerably, while the males are much alike; for as the males are the swiftest and the highest fliers and seek the females, it would evidently be advantageous

for them to be able to recognize their true partners at some distance off. This peculiarity occurs with many species of *Papilio*, *Diadema*, *Adolias*, and *Colias*. In birds such marked differences of colour are not required, owing to their higher organisation and more perfect senses, which render recognition easy by means of a combination of very slight differential characters. This principle may, perhaps, however, account for some anomalies of coloration among the higher animals. Thus, Mr. Darwin, while admitting that the hare and the rabbit are coloured protectively, remarks that the latter, while running to its burrow, is made conspicuous to the sportsman, and no doubt to all beasts of prey, by its upturned white tail. But this very conspicuousness while running away, may be useful as a signal and guide to the young, who are thus enabled to escape danger by following the older rabbits, directly and without hesitation, to the safety of the burrow; and this may be the more important from the semi-nocturnal habits of the animal. If this explanation is correct, and it certainly seems probable, it may serve as a warning of how impossible it is, without exact knowledge of the habits of an animal and a full consideration of all the circumstances, to decide that any particular coloration cannot be protective or in any way useful. Mr. Darwin himself is not free from such assumptions. Thus, he says: "The zebra is conspicuously striped, and stripes cannot afford any protection on the open plains of South Africa." But the zebra is a very swift animal, and, when in herds, by no means void of means of defence. The stripes therefore *may* be of use by enabling stragglers to distinguish their fellows at a distance, and they *may* be even protective when the animal is at rest among herbage—the only time when it would need protective colouring. Until the habits of the zebra have been observed with special reference to this point, it is surely somewhat

hasty to declare that the stripes "cannot afford any protection."

The wonderful display and endless variety of colour in which butterflies and birds so far exceed all other animals, seems primarily due to the excessive development and endless variations of the integumentary structures. No insects have such widely expanded wings in proportion to their bodies as butterflies and moths; in none do the wings vary so much in size and form, and in none are they clothed with such a beautiful and highly-organized coating of scales. According to the general principles of the production of colour already explained, these long-continued expansions of membranes and developments of surface-structures must have led to numerous colour-changes, which have been sometimes checked, sometimes fixed and utilised, sometimes intensified, by natural selection, according to the needs of the animal. In birds, too, we have the wonderful clothing of plumage—the most highly organised, the most varied, and the most expanded of all dermal appendages. The endless processes of growth and change during the development of feathers, and the enormous extent of this delicately-organised surface, must have been highly favourable to the production of varied colour-effects, which, when not injurious, have been merely fixed for purposes of specific identification, but have often been modified or suppressed whenever different tints were needed for purposes of protection.

To voluntary sexual selection, that is, the actual choice by the females of the more brilliantly-coloured males, I believe very little if any effect is directly due. It is undoubtedly proved that in birds the females do sometimes exert a choice; but the evidence of this fact collected by Mr. Darwin (*Descent of Man*, chap. xiv.) does not prove that colour determines that choice, while much of the strongest evidence is directly opposed to this view. All the facts appear to be con-

sistent with the choice depending on a variety of male characteristics, with some of which colour is often correlated. Thus it is the opinion of some of the best observers that vigour and liveliness are most attractive, and these are no doubt usually associated with intensity of colour. Again, the display of the various ornamental appendages of the male during courtship may be attractive, but these appendages, with their bright colours or shaded patterns, are due probably to general laws of growth and to that superabundant vitality which we have seen to be a cause of colour. But there are many considerations which seem to show that the possession of these ornamental appendages and bright colours in the male is not an important character functionally, and that it has not been produced by the action of voluntary sexual selection. Amid the copious mass of facts and opinions collected by Mr. Darwin as to the display of colour and ornaments by the male birds, there is a total absence of any evidence that the females admire or even notice this display. The hen, the turkey, and the peafowl go on feeding while the male is displaying his finery, and there is reason to believe that it is his persistency and energy rather than his beauty which wins the day. Again, evidence collected by Mr. Darwin himself proves that each bird finds a mate under any circumstances. He gives a number of cases of one of a pair of birds being shot, and the survivor being always found paired again almost immediately. This is sufficiently explained on the assumption that the destruction of birds by various causes is continually leaving widows and widowers in nearly equal proportions, and thus each one finds a fresh mate; and it leads to the conclusion that permanently unpaired birds are very scarce; so that, speaking broadly, every bird finds a mate and breeds. But this would almost or quite neutralize any effect of sexual selection of colour or ornament, since

the less highly-coloured birds would be at no disadvantage as regards leaving healthy offspring. If, however, heightened colour is correlated with health and vigour, and these healthy and vigorous birds provide best for their young, and leave offspring which, being equally healthy and vigorous, can best provide for themselves, then natural selection becomes a preserver and intensifier of colour. Another most important consideration is, that male butterflies rival or even excel the most gorgeous male birds in bright colours and elegant patterns; and among these there is literally not one particle of evidence that the female is influenced by colour or even that she has any power of choice, while there is much direct evidence to the contrary (*Descent of Man*, p. 318). The weakness of the evidence for sexual selection among these insects is so palpable that Mr. Darwin is obliged to supplement it by the singularly inconclusive argument that, "Unless the females prefer one male to another, the pairing must be left to mere chance, and this does not appear probable (*l.c.*, p. 317)." But he has just said—"The males sometimes fight together in rivalry, and many may be seen pursuing or crowding round the same female;" while in the case of the silk-moths, "the females appear not to evince the least choice in regard to their partners." Surely the plain inference from all this is, that males fight and struggle for the almost passive female, and that the most vigorous and energetic, the strongest-winged or the most persevering, wins her. How can there be chance in this? Natural selection would here act, as in birds, in perpetuating the strongest and most vigorous males, and as these would usually be the more highly coloured of their race, the same results would be produced as regards the intensification and variation of colour in the one case as in the other.

Let us now see how these principles will apply to some of the cases

adduced by Mr. Darwin in support of his theory of voluntary sexual selection.

In *Descent of Man*, 2nd ed., pp. 307-316, we find an elaborate account of the various modes of colouring of butterflies and moths, proving that the coloured parts are always more or less displayed, and that they have some evident relation to an observer. Mr. Darwin then says—"From the several foregoing facts it is impossible to admit that the brilliant colours of butterflies, and of some few moths, have commonly been acquired for the sake of protection. We have seen that their colours and elegant patterns are arranged and exhibited as if for display. Hence I am led to believe that the females prefer or are most excited by the more brilliant males; for on any other supposition the males would, as far as we can see, be ornamented to no purpose" (*i.e.*, p. 316). I am not aware that any one has ever maintained that the brilliant colours of butterflies have "commonly been acquired for the sake of protection," yet Mr. Darwin has himself referred to cases in which the brilliant colour is so placed as to serve for protection; as for example, the eye-spots on the hind wings of moths, which are pierced by birds and so save the vital parts of the insect, while the bright patch on the orange-tip butterflies which Mr. Darwin denies are protective, may serve the same purpose. It is in fact somewhat remarkable how very generally the black spots, ocelli, or bright patches of colour are on the tips, margins, or discs of the wings; and as the insects are necessarily visible while flying, and this is the time when they are most subject to attacks by insectivorous birds, the position of the more conspicuous parts at some distance from the body may be a real protection to them. Again, Mr. Darwin admits that the white colour of the male Ghost-moth may render it more easily seen by the female while flying about in the dusk, and if to this we add that it will be also more readily dis-

tinguished from allied species, we have a reason for diverse ornamentation in these insects quite sufficient to account for most of the facts, without believing in the selection of brilliant males by the females, for which there is not a particle of evidence. The facts given to show that butterflies and other insects can distinguish colours and are attracted by colours similar to their own, are quite consistent with the view that colour, which continually tends to appear, is utilised for purposes of identification and distinction, when not required to be modified or suppressed for purposes of protection. The cases of the females of some species of *Thecla*, *Callidryas*, *Colias*, and *Hipparchia*, which have more conspicuous markings than the male, may be due to several causes: to obtain greater distinction from other species, for protection from birds, as in the case of the yellow-underwing moths, while sometimes—as in *Hipparchia*—the lower intensity of colouring in the female may lead to more contrasted markings. Mr. Darwin thinks that here the males have selected the more beautiful females, although one chief fact in support of his theory of voluntary sexual selection is, that throughout the whole animal kingdom the males are usually so ardent that they will accept any female, while the females are coy, and choose the handsomest males, whence it is believed the general brilliancy of males as compared with females has arisen.

Perhaps the most curious cases of sexual difference of colour are those in which the female is very much more gaily coloured than the male. This occurs most strikingly in some species of *Pieris* in South America, and of *Diadema* in the Malay islands, and in both cases the females resemble species of the uneatable *Danaidæ* and *Heliconidæ*, and thus gain a protection. In the case of *Pieris pyrrha*, *P. malenka*, and *P. lorena*, the males are plain white and black, while the females are orange, yellow, and black, and so banded and spotted as exactly to

resemble species of *Heliconidæ*. Mr. Darwin admits that these females have acquired these colours as a protection; but as there is no apparent cause for the strict limitation of the colour to the female, he believes that it has been kept down in the male by its being *unattractive* to her. This appears to me to be a supposition opposed to the whole theory of sexual selection itself. For this theory is, that minute variations of colour in the male are *attractive* to the female, have always been selected, and that thus the brilliant male colours have been produced. But in this case he thinks that the female butterfly had a constant aversion to every trace of colour, even when we must suppose it was constantly recurring during the successive variations which resulted in such a marvellous change in herself. But if we consider the fact that the females frequent the forests where the *Heliconidæ* abound, while the males fly much in the open, and assemble in great numbers with other white and yellow butterflies on the banks of rivers, may it not be possible that the appearance of orange stripes or patches would be as injurious to the male as it is useful to the female, by making him a more easy mark for insectivorous birds among his white companions? This seems a more probable supposition, than the altogether hypothetical choice of the female, sometimes exercised in favour of and sometimes against every new variety of colour in her partner.

The full and interesting account given by Mr. Darwin of the colours and habits of male and female birds (*Descent of Man*, chapters xiii. and xiv.), proves that in most, if not in all cases, the male birds fully display their ornamental plumage, before the females and in rivalry with each other; but on the essential point of whether the female's choice is determined by minute differences in these ornaments or in their colours, there appears to be an entire absence of evidence. In the section on "*Preference*

for particular Males by the Females," the facts quoted show indifference to colour, except that some colour similar to their own seems to be preferred. But in the case of the hen canary, who chose a greenfinch in preference to either chaffinch or goldfinch, gay colours had evidently no preponderating attraction. There is some evidence adduced that female birds may, and probably do, choose their mates, but none whatever that the choice is determined by difference of colour; and no less than three eminent breeders informed Mr. Darwin that they "did not believe that the females prefer certain males on account of the beauty of their plumage." Again, Mr. Darwin himself says: "as a general rule colour appears to have little influence on the pairing of pigeons." The oft-quoted case of Sir R. Heron's peahens which preferred an "old pied cock" to those normally coloured, is a very unfortunate one, because pied birds are just those that are not favoured in a state of nature, or the breeds of wild birds would become as varied and mottled as our domestic varieties. If such irregular fancies were not rare exceptions the production of definite colours and patterns by the choice of the female birds, or in any other way, would be impossible.

We now come to such wonderful developments of plumage and colour as are exhibited by the peacock and the Argus-pheasant; and I may here mention that it was the case of the latter bird, as fully discussed by Mr. Darwin, which first shook my belief in "sexual," or more properly "female" selection. The long series of gradations, by which the beautifully shaded ocelli on the secondary wing-feathers of this bird have been produced, are clearly traced out, the result being a set of markings, so exquisitely shaded as to represent "balls lying loose within sockets,"—purely artificial objects of which these birds could have no possible knowledge. That this result should have been attained through thousands and tens

of thousands of female birds all preferring those males whose markings varied slightly in this one direction, this uniformity of choice continuing through thousands and tens of thousands of generations, is to me absolutely incredible. And, when further, we remember that those which did not so vary would also, according to all the evidence, find mates and leave offspring, the actual result seems quite impossible of attainment by such means.

Without pretending to solve completely so difficult a problem, I would point out a circumstance which seems to afford a clue. It is, that the most highly-coloured and most richly-varied markings, occur on those parts of the plumage which have undergone the greatest modification, or have acquired the most abnormal development. In the peacock, the tail-coverts are enormously developed, and the "eyes" are situated on the greatly dilated ends. In the birds of paradise, breast, or neck, or head, or tail-feathers, are greatly developed and highly coloured. The hackles of the cock, and the scaly breasts of humming-birds are similar developments; while in the Argus-pheasant the secondary quills are so enormously lengthened and broadened as to have become almost useless for flight. Now it is easily conceivable, that during this process of development, inequalities in the distribution of colour may have arisen in different parts of the same feather, and that spots and bands may thus have become broadened out into shaded spots or ocelli, in the way indicated by Mr. Darwin, much as the spots and rings on a soap bubble increase with increasing tenuity. This is the more probable, as in domestic fowls varieties tend to become symmetrical, quite independently of sexual selection. (*Descent of Man*, p. 424.)

If now we accept the evidence of Mr. Darwin's most trustworthy correspondents, that the choice of the female, so far as she exerts any, falls

upon the "most vigorous, defiant, and mettlesome male;" and if we further believe, what is certainly the case, that these are as a rule the most brightly coloured and adorned with the finest developments of plumage, we have a real and not a hypothetical cause at work. For these most healthy, vigorous, and beautiful males will have the choice of the finest and most healthy females, will have the most numerous and healthy families, and will be able best to protect and rear those families. Natural selection, and what may be termed male selection, will tend to give them the advantage in the struggle for existence, and thus the fullest plumage and the finest colours will be transmitted, and tend to advance in each succeeding generation.

There remains, however, what Mr. Darwin evidently considers his strongest argument—the display by the male of each species of its peculiar beauties of plumage and colour. We have here, no doubt, a very remarkable and very interesting fact; but this too may be explained by general principles, quite independent of any choice or volition of the female bird. During pairing-time, the male bird is in a state of great excitement, and full of exuberant energy. Even unornamented birds flutter their wings or spread them out, erect their tails or crests, and thus give vent to the nervous excitability with which they are overcharged. It is not improbable that crests and other erectile feathers may be primarily of use in frightening away enemies, since they are generally erected when angry or during combat. Those individuals who were most pugnacious and defiant, and who brought these erectile plumes most frequently and most powerfully into action, would tend to increase them by use, and to leave them further developed in some of their descendants. If, in the course of this development, colour appeared, we have every reason to believe it would be most vivid in these most pugnacious and energetic

individuals, and as these would always have the advantage in the rivalry for mates (to which advantage the excess of colour and plumage might sometimes conduce), there seems nothing to prevent a progressive development of these ornaments in *all dominant races*, that is, wherever there was such a surplus of vitality, and such complete adaptation to conditions, that the inconvenience or danger produced by them, was so comparatively small as not to affect the superiority of the race over its nearest allies. If then those portions of the plumage, which were originally erected and displayed, became developed and coloured, the actual display, under the influence of jealousy or sexual excitement becomes intelligible. The males, in their rivalry with each other, would see what plumes were most effective, and each would endeavour to excel his enemy as far as voluntary exertion could effect it, just as they endeavour to rival each other in song, even sometimes to the point of causing their own destruction.

There is also a general argument against Mr. Darwin's views on this question, founded on the nature and potency of "natural" as opposed to "sexual" selection, which appears to me to be itself almost conclusive of the whole matter at issue. Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, acts perpetually and on an enormous scale. Taking the offspring of each pair of birds as, on the average, only six annually, one-third of these at most will be preserved, while the two-thirds which are least fitted will die. At intervals of a few years, whenever unfavourable conditions occur, five-sixths, nine-tenths, or even a greater proportion of the whole yearly production are weeded out, leaving only the most perfect and best adapted to survive. Now unless these survivors are on the whole the most ornamental, this rigid selective power must neutralise and destroy any influence that may be exerted by female selection. For the utmost that can be claimed

for this is, that a small fraction of the least ornamented do not obtain mates, while a few of the most ornamented may leave more than the average number of offspring. Unless, therefore, there is the strictest correlation between ornament and general perfection, the former can have no permanent advantage; and if there is (as I maintain) such a correlation, then the sexual selection of ornament for which there is little or no evidence becomes needless, because natural selection which is an admitted *vera causa* will itself produce all the results. In the case of butterflies the argument becomes even stronger, because the fertility is so much greater, and the weeding out of the unfit takes place, to a great extent, in the egg and larvæ state. Unless the eggs and larva which escaped to produce the next generation were those which would produce the more highly-coloured butterflies, it is difficult to perceive how the slight preponderance of colour sometimes selected by the females, should not be wholly neutralised by the extremely rigid selection for other qualities to which the offspring in every stage are exposed. The only way in which we can account for the observed facts is, by the supposition that colour and ornament are strictly correlated with health, vigour, and general fitness to survive. We have shown that there is reason to believe that this is the case, and if so, voluntary sexual selection becomes as unnecessary as it would certainly be ineffective.

There is one other very curious case of sexual colouring among birds—that, namely, in which the female is decidedly brighter or more strongly marked than the male; as in the fighting quails (*Turnix*), painted snipe (*Rhynchæa*), two species of phalarope (*Phalaropus*), and the common cassowary (*Casuarus galeatus*). In all these cases, it is known that the males take charge of and incubate the eggs, while the females are almost always larger and more pugnacious. In my "Theory of Birds' Nests" (*Natural Selection*,

p. 251), I imputed this difference of colour to the greater need for protection by the male bird while incubating, to which Mr. Darwin has objected that the difference is not sufficient, and is not always so distributed as to be most effective for this purpose, and he believes that it is due to reversed sexual selection, that is, to the female taking the usual rôle of the male, and being chosen for her brighter tints. We have already seen reason for rejecting this latter theory in every case, and I also admit that my theory of protection is, in this case, only partially if at all applicable. But the general theory of intensity of colour being due to general vital energy is quite applicable; and the fact that the superiority of the female in this respect is quite exceptional, and is therefore probably not of very ancient date in any one case, will account for the difference of colour thus produced being always comparatively slight.

Theory of Typical Colours.—The remaining kinds of animal colours—those which can neither be classed as protective, warning, nor sexual, are for the most part readily explained on the general principles of the development of colour which we have now laid down. It is a most suggestive fact, that, in cases where colour is required only as a warning, as among the uneatable caterpillars, we find, not one or two glaring tints only but every kind of colour disposed in elegant patterns, and exhibiting almost as much variety and beauty as among insects and birds. Yet here, not only is sexual selection out of the question, but the need for recognition and identification by others of the same species, seems equally unnecessary. We can then only impute this variety to the normal production of colour in organic forms, when fully exposed to light and air and undergoing great and rapid developmental modification. Among more perfect animals, where the need for recognition has

been added, we find intensity and variety of colour at its highest pitch among the South American butterflies of the families Heliconiidae and Danaidae, as well as among the Nymphalidae and Erycinidae, many of which obtain the necessary protection in other ways. Among birds also, wherever the habits are such that no special protection is needed for the females, and where the species frequent the depths of tropical forests and are thus naturally protected from the swoop of birds of prey, we find almost equally intense coloration; as in the trogons, barbets, and gapers.

Of the mode of action of the general principles of colour-development among animals, we have an excellent example in the humming-birds. Of all birds these are at once the smallest, the most active, and the fullest of vital energy. When poised in the air their wings are invisible, owing to the rapidity of their motion, and when startled they dart away with the rapidity of a flash of light. Such active creatures would not be an easy prey to any rapacious bird; and if one at length was captured, the morsel obtained would hardly repay the labour. We may be sure, therefore, that they are practically unmolested. The immense variety they exhibit in structure, plumage, and colour, indicates a high antiquity for the race, while their general abundance in individuals shows that they are a dominant group, well adapted to all the conditions of their existence. Here we find everything necessary for the development of colour and accessory plumes. The surplus vital energy shown in their combats and excessive activity, has expended itself in ever-increasing developments of plumage, and greater and greater intensity of colour, regulated only by the need for specific identification which would be especially required in such small and mobile creatures. Thus may be explained those remarkable differences of colour between closely-allied species, one having a

crest like the topaz, while in another it resembles the sapphire, The more vivid colours and more developed plumage of the males, I am now inclined to think may be wholly due to their greater vital energy, and to those general laws which lead to such superior developments even in domestic breeds; but in some cases the need of protection by the female while incubating, to which I formerly imputed the whole phenomenon, may have suppressed a portion of the ornament which she would otherwise have attained.

Another real, though as yet inexplicable cause of diversity of colour, is to be found in the influence of locality. It is observed that species of totally distinct groups are coloured alike in one district, while in another district the allied species all undergo the same change of colour. Cases of this kind have been adduced by Mr. Bates, by Mr. Darwin, and by myself, and I have collected all the more curious and important examples in my Address to the Biological Section of the British Association at Glasgow in 1876. The most probable cause for these simultaneous variations would seem to be the presence of peculiar elements or chemical compounds in the soil, the water, or the atmosphere, or of special organic substances in the vegetation; and a wide field is thus offered for chemical investigation in connection with this interesting subject. Yet, however we may explain it, the fact remains of the same vivid colours in definite patterns being produced in quite unrelated groups, which only agree, so far as we yet know, in inhabiting the same locality.

Let us now sum up the conclusion at which we have arrived, as to the various modes in which colour is produced or modified in the animal kingdom.

The various causes of colour in the animal world are, molecular and chemical change of the substance of their integuments, or the action on it of heat, light or moisture. It is also

produced by interference of light in superposed transparent lamellæ, or by excessively fine surface striæ. These elementary conditions for the production of colour are found everywhere in the surface-structures of animals, so that its presence must be looked upon as normal, its absence as exceptional.

Colours are fixed or modified in animals by natural selection for various purposes; obscure or imitative colours for concealment—gaudy colours as a warning—and special markings, either for easy recognition by strayed individuals, females, or young, or to direct attack from a vital part, as in the large brilliantly-marked wings of some butterflies and moths.

Colours are produced or intensified by processes of development,—either where the integument or its appendages undergo great extension or modification, or where there is a surplus of vital energy, as in male animals generally, and more especially at the breeding-season.

Colours are also more or less influenced by a variety of causes, such as the nature of the food, the photographic action of light, and also by some unknown local action probably dependent on chemical peculiarities in the soil or vegetation.

These various causes have acted and reacted in a variety of ways, and have been modified by conditions dependent on age or on sex, on competition with new forms, or on geographical or climatic changes. In so complex a subject, for which experiment and systematic inquiry has done so little, we cannot expect to explain every individual case, or solve every difficulty; but it is believed that all the great features of animal coloration and many of the details become explicable on the principles we have endeavoured to lay down.

It will perhaps be considered presumptuous to put forth this sketch of the subject of colour in animals, as a substitute for one of Mr. Darwin's most highly elaborated theories—that of voluntary or perceptive sexual selec-

tion; yet I venture to think that it is more in accordance with the whole of the facts, and with the theory of natural selection itself; and I would ask such of my readers as may be sufficiently interested in the subject, to read again chapters xi. to xvi. of the *Descent of Man*, and consider the whole theory from the point of view here laid down. The explanation of almost all the ornaments and colours of birds and insects as having been produced by the perceptions and choice of the females has, I believe, staggered many evolutionists, but has been provisionally accepted because it was the only theory that even attempted to explain the facts. It may perhaps be a relief to some of them, as it has been to myself, to find that the phenomena can be shown to depend on the general laws of development, and on the action of "natural selection," which theory will, I venture to think, be relieved from an abnormal excrecence, and gain additional vitality by the adoption of my view of the subject.

Although we have arrived at the conclusion that tropical light and heat can in no sense be considered the cause of colour, there remains to be explained the undoubted fact that all the more intense and gorgeous tints are manifested by the animal life of the tropics, while in some groups, such as butterflies and birds, there is a marked preponderance of highly-coloured species. This is probably due to a variety of causes, some of which we can indicate, while others remain to be discovered. The luxuriant vegetation of the tropics throughout the entire year, affords so much concealment, that colour may there be safely developed to a much greater extent than in climates where the trees are bare in winter, during which season the struggle for existence is

most severe, and even the slightest disadvantage may prove fatal. Equally important, probably, has been the permanence of favourable conditions in the tropics, allowing certain groups to continue dominant for long periods, and thus to carry out in one unbroken line whatever developments of plumage or colour may once have acquired an ascendancy. Changes of climatal conditions, and pre-eminently the glacial epoch, probably led to the extinction of a host of highly-developed and finely-coloured insects and birds in temperate zones, just as we know that it led to the extinction of the larger and more powerful mammalia which formerly characterised the temperate zone in both hemispheres. This view is supported by the fact, that it is amongst those groups only which are now exclusively tropical, that all the more extraordinary developments of ornament and colour are found. The local causes of colour will also have acted best in regions where the climatal conditions remained constant, and where migration was unnecessary; while whatever direct effect may be produced by light or heat, will necessarily have acted more powerfully within the tropics. And lastly, all these causes have been in action over an actually greater area in tropical than in temperate zones, while estimated potentially, in proportion to its life-sustaining power, the lands which enjoy a practically tropical climate (extending as they do considerably beyond the geographical tropics), are very much larger than the temperate regions of the earth. Combining the effects of all these various causes we are quite able to understand the superiority of the tropical parts of the globe, not only in the abundance and variety of their forms of life, but also as regards the ornamental appendages and vivid coloration which these forms present.

A. R. WALLACE.

To be continued.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A LONELY Smile, which smiled in sadness,
 Once hailed upon the passing breeze
 A new-born Sigh, which sighed in gladness
 To give a restless mortal ease.

The Smile and Sigh soon formed a union—
 A union everlasting, blest—
 Whereby, in brotherly communion,
 Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
 They lived in peaceful light and shade ;
 No petty jealousies conceiving,
 Of nought, not even Death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
 Fate caused them for a time to part,
 Each of the other kept a token,
 To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the Sigh to Heaven was carried
 On angels' golden wings one day,
 While, sighing, the Smile on earth still tarried,
 And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary,
 But *since* then (so the legend saith),
 Death's sigh gives Life unto the weary
 Life's smile itself illumines Death.

GERMAN SOCIETY FORTY YEARS SINCE.

IN 1841-3 Mrs. Austin was in Germany, and met most of the celebrated men and women of that epoch. Some of the stories jotted down by her during a prolonged residence in Dresden and Berlin seem too good to be lost, while others show considerable insight into German life. The brothers Grimm appear to have been the most sympathetic people she met [in Berlin]. About Jacob Grimm she writes thus:—

“His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth air which is too common among them. His is a noble, refined head, full of intelligence, thought, and benevolence, and his whole exterior is full of grandeur—at the same time perfectly simple. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, fatter, and more highly-coloured; less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of goodnature, *bonhomie* and sense. His wife is also very pleasing. I met him one night at tea, and we began talking of fairy tales; I said, ‘Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of *Mährchen* (fairy tales).’ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen somebody spoke to my little son about his father’s *Mährchen*. He came running to me and said with an offended air, ‘Vater, man sagt du hast die *Mährchen* geschrieben—nicht wahr, du hast nicht solches Dummezeug gemacht?’ (‘Father, people say that you have written the fairy tales—surely you never invented such rubbish?’) He thought it below my dignity,’ said Grimm. Somehow the child had never seen or attended to the fact of his father’s authorship.”

Another story of Grimm’s:—

“When I was a young man I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old

Electeur. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neck-cloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking stiffly along, a groom came by riding a horse which he appeared to be breaking in. ‘What mare is that you are riding?’ called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. ‘She belongs to Prince George,’ answered the groom. ‘Ah—h!’ said the major, raising his hand reverentially to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. I told this story,” continued Grimm, “to Prince B. thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, ‘Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found!’”

“Jacob Grimm told me a *Volks-mährchen* too:—

“St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, “You are very badly lodged there; why don’t you build yourself a house?” “Before I take the trouble,” said Anselm, “I should like to know how long I have to live.” “About thirty years,” said *der liebe Gott*. “Oh, for so short a time,” replied he, “it’s not worth while,” and turned himself round among the thistles.”

“Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, &c., &c. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense—all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, ‘Qu’est que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de

ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?' I laughed out; one must admit that the expression is most happy. She talked of the ministers with great contempt, and said, 'There is not a *man* in Germany; have you seen one for whom you could feel any enthusiasm? They are all like frogs in a big pond;—well, well, let them splash their best. What have we to do with their croaking?' Some things she said about the folly of attacking full-grown, habitual vice, by legislation, prison discipline, &c., were very true, and showed a great capacity for just thought. But what *did* she mean, or what did Schleiermacher mean, for she quoted him, by saying, '*la péché est une grâce de Dieu*?' These are things people say to make one stare.—Among other divorce cases we talked of was the following:—Herr S——, a distinguished man, between fifty and sixty, with grown-up children and a wife who for five-and-twenty years had stood by his side a true and faithful partner through good and evil fortune—especially a great deal of the latter. A certain Madame A——, a woman about thirty, *bien conservée*, rather pretty, and extremely coquettish, made it her business to please Mr. S——, and succeeded so well that he soon announced to his wife his desire to be divorced from her, and to marry Madame A——, who on her side was to divorce her husband. Poor Madame S—— could hardly believe her senses. She was almost stupefied. She expostulated, resisted, pleaded their children—marriageable daughters—all in vain. Mr. S—— said he could not be happy without Madame A——. In short, as may be imagined, he wore out his wife's resistance, and the blameless, repudiated, and heart-broken wife took her children and retired into Old Prussia. Madame A—— then became Madame S——. But the most curious thing was that the *ci-devant* husband remained on terms of the greatest intimacy, and became the tame cat of the house. When Mr. S—— went a journey his wife accompanied him a certain way, and Mr. A—— went with

them to escort her back, as a matter of course.

"At a ball given at C——, Mr. and Madame S—— were invited. He came alone, and apologised to the lady of the house about his wife's absence. She hoped Madame S—— was not ill. 'Oh no; but Mr. A—— has just arrived, and you understand she could not leave him alone the first evening.'

"My maid Nannie told me a curious illustration of the position of servants here. The maid belonging to the master of the house, has, it seems, a practice of running out, and being gone for hours without leave. On Sunday last she had leave; Monday, ditto; Tuesday, ditto; and was out the whole of those evenings. Wednesday she took leave, and did not return till after ten. Her mistress asked her where she had been; she refused to answer, on which her mistress pressed her. 'Well,' she said, 'if I won't tell you, you can't hang me for it.' With which answer the lady went away content. Another day the master, who is lame, came down into the kitchen and said, 'I have left my spectacles; I wish you would run up for them.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I am washing dishes.' The droll thing is that they say they are only too glad to have this steady and obliging person, because she is honest—a thing almost unknown here.

"A great many ladies in Berlin have evenings on which they receive—especially the ministers' wives—not their friends, but all the world. If you don't go for two or three weeks, they tell you of it—the number of omissions is chalked up against you. Nor, except in two or three of the more exotic, can you look in for half-an-hour and come away. People ask you why you go, and where you are going to. In many houses you are expected to take leave. Then you have the satisfaction of being told where you were last night, and what you said; who sat next you, and especially that you did not admire Berlin, or something in it. Of course you deny, equivocate, palliate, lie. If you have the

smallest pretension to be *vornehm* (fine), you can only live Unter den Linden, or in the Wilhelms-strasse.

"Social life does not exist in Berlin, though people are always in company, and one is, as Ranke said, *gehetzt* (hunted). In the fashionable parties one always sees the same faces—faces possessed by *ennui*. The great matter is for the men to show their decorations and the women their gowns, and to be called *excellency*. Generally speaking, it strikes me that the Prussians have no confidence in their own individual power of commanding respect. Much as they hold to all the old ideas and distinctions about birth, even that does not enable them to assume an upright independent attitude, not even when combined with wealth. Count G——, a man of old Saxon nobility, with large estates and the notions and feelings of an English aristocrat, tells me that he is completely *shouldered* in Berlin society, because he neither has nor will have any official title, wears no orders, and, in short, stands upon his own personal distinctions. The idea of going about the world stark naked to one's mere name. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning—a German would be ashamed!

"The other day I went up three pair of stairs to call on a nice little professor's wife. Arrived at the top, I rang the bell, and out comes a great hulking maid, who looks down upon me from a height of three or four steps. 'Is Madame G—— at home?' Answer (stereotype) 'I don't know;' after a pause—'Do you mean the Frau Professorin?' 'Yes, Madame G——.' On this out rushes a second maid, looks half stupid, half indignant—'What, do you mean the Frau Geheimrätin?' The joke was now too good to drop. I said again, 'I mean Madame G——, as it seems you do not hear distinctly; take my card to Madame G——.' I was admitted with the usual words, 'most agreeable,' and found the very pleasant Frau Professorin Geheimrätin, for she is both, whose servants seem ashamed of her name. Yet it is a name very illustrious in learning.

"Till a man is *accroché* on the court by some title, order, office, or what not, he may be fairly said not to exist. The Germans are becoming clamorous for freer institutions, but how much might they emancipate themselves. A vast deal of this servility is perfectly voluntary, but it seems in the blood. They dislike the King of Hanover as much as we do; but when Madame de L—— whispered to me at a ball, 'Voilà votre Prince et Seigneur,' and I replied in no whisper, 'Prince oui, mais grâce à Dieu, Seigneur non.' She looked frightened, and so did all the ladies round her—and why? He could do them no more harm than me.

"In Dresden I met the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who told me the following anecdote on the authority of his mother-in-law the Empress of Russia:—'When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well-known, le Comte and la Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out, behind her fan, *aussi honnêtement que possible*, all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward; all of a sudden she drew back with such an expression of terror and horror that the Comtesse said, "Pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite." The queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who professed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck and stammered out some generalities. The queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. "From that time," said Marie Antoinette, "the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling, I cannot describe, of aversion and horror, and she seems

studiously to throw herself in my way!"

"The Grand Duke told very curious stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S—— who was, I believe, connected with the House of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The Princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse, of always seeing, not the body actually exposed but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died, she went to the bedside and said, 'I thought I came to look at a branch but I see the tree.' In less than three weeks the father was dead. The Grand Duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman whom the Grand Duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the Princess, as soon as she saw him she said, 'I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?' 'Oh,' said her sister, Princess M——, 'it is not bound up; what are you talking of?' 'I see that it is,' she said. On his way home his carriage was upset and his leg broken.

"I was saying that the Italians would not learn German. Madame de S—— said, 'I perfectly understand that; I had a French *bonne*, and when a child spoke French better than German. When the French were masters in Germany, M. de St. Aignan was resident at the court of Weimar. He and other French officers used to come every evening to my mother's house. I never spoke a word, I never appeared to understand a word. When the news of the battle of Leipsig arrived, M. de St. Aignan escaped through our garden. I was alone when he came to ask permission, and I answered him very volubly in French. "Mais, mademoiselle," said he, astonished, "vous parlez le Français comme l'Allemand. J'ai toujours cru que vous n'en comprenez pas

un mot." "C'est que je n'ai pas voulu," replied I.

"This in a young girl who talked well and liked to talk, shows great resolution, and is a curious proof of the strength of the hatred of French rule.

"I went to see *Figaro's Hochzeit*, not *Le Nozze di Figaro*. If you have a mind to understand why the Italians can never be reconciled to Austrian rulers go to see *Figaro's Hochzeit*. A Herr Dettmer, from Frankfurt, did Figaro, a good singer, I have no doubt, and not a bad, *i.e.*, an absurd, actor. But Figaro, the incarnation of southern vivacity, *espèglerie* and joyous grace! Imagine a square, thick-set man, with blond hair and a broad face, and that peculiar manner of standing and walking with the knees in, the heels stuck into the earth and the toes in the air, which one sees only in Germany. I thought of Piucco, a young Maltese, never, I believe, off his tiny island—whom I last saw in that part. I saw before me his *élancé* and supple figure, his small head clustered round with coal-black hair, his delicately turned jetty moustache, his truly Spanish costume, the sharp knee just covered by the breeches tied with gay ribbons, and the elastic step of the springing foot and high-bounding instep. What a contrast!—and what can Art do against Nature in such a case? Then the women; I had seen] Ronzi de Begnis in the Countess. What a Countess! What a type of southern voluptuous grace, of high and stately beauty and indolent charm! Imagine a long-faced, lackadaisical-looking German woman, lean and high-shouldered, and with that peculiar construction of body which German women now affect. An enormously long waist, laced in to an absurd degree, and owing its equally extravagant rotundity below to the tailor. 'Happy we,' says Countess Hahn-Hahn—'who, with so many ells of muslin or silk, can have a beautiful figure.'

"The Susanna was a pretty waiting-maid. How far that is from a Spanish Susanna, it is beyond me to say.

Cherubino was the best, but he was only an *espègle* boy playing at being in love—not the page whose head is turned at the sight of a woman. Then the language!

"After all, how immensely does this inaptitude of Germans to represent *Figaro* raise Mozart in our estimation; for he had not only to represent, but to conceive the whole—and what a conception. The sweet breath of the south vibrating in every note. Variety, grace, lightness, passion, *naïveté*, and, above all, a stately elegance which no one ever approached. His *Don Giovanni* and his *Almaviva* contain the most courtly, graceful, stately music that ever was conceived; and nothing like it was ever conceived. Only the real grandee, courtier, and fine gentleman could express himself so.

"Now, as a set-off, I must say what Germans can do, and what I am quite sure we English cannot in these days.

"I went to see Schiller's *Brant von Messina*. I expected little. The piece is essentially lyric rather than dramatic. The long speeches, thought I, will be dull, the choruses absurd; the sentiments are pagan. What have Spanish nobles to do with a Nemesis, with oracles, with a curse, like that on the house of Athens—with sustained speeches, the whole purport of which is *incusare Deos*?

"Well, I was wrong. In the opening scene, Mademoiselle Berg has to stand for a quarter-of-an-hour between two straight lines of senators and to make a speech—*rien que cela*! Can anything be more difficult? Yet such was the beauty of her declamation of Schiller's majestic verse, such the solemnity and propriety, grace and dignity of her action, that at every moment one's interest rose. Her acting through the whole of this arduous part gave me the highest idea of her sense and culture. Tenderness and passion were nicely proportioned to the austere character and sculptural beauty of the piece. I cannot at this moment recollect ever to have seen an actress, French or English, who could have done it as well. Made-

moiselle Rachel, with all her vast talents as a declaimer, would have been too hard for the heart-stricken mother.

"Emil Devrient's *Don Cesar* was quite as good. His acting in the last scene, where Beatrice entreats him to live, was *frightfully* good. The attempts at paternal tenderness, instantly relapsing into the fatal passion, ignorantly conceived, made one's heart stand still. And yet such was the extreme delicacy of his art, one felt none of the disgust which attends every allusion to such love. One saw before one only the youth vainly struggling with the hereditary curse of his house—the doomed victim and instrument of the vengeance of an implacable destiny.

"Anything more thoroughly heathenish than the play I cannot conceive, and I much question if an English audience would sit it out—on that score—not to mention others. We should find it our duty to be shocked. The audience last night was thin; those who went were probably attracted by Schiller's name, and knew that such "horrid opinions" once existed in Greece, and that a poet imitating Greek tragedy might represent Greek modes of thinking. In short, we did not feel ourselves the least compromised by the Queen of Sicily's attack upon the gods—nor the least more disposed to quarrel with our fate.

"The Chorus is, as in duty bound, *versöhnend* (conciliatory). The amount of the comfort, it is true, often is, 'It can't be helped;' but even this is so nobly and beautifully expressed that one is satisfied. The Chorus has every imaginable claim to be a bore. They deal in good advice, moral reflections, and consolation of the new and satisfactory kind above mentioned. Yet so great is the majestic, harmonious, composed beauty of Schiller's verse, so much greater the eternal beauty of truth and virtue, that the old men's words fall on one's heart like drops of balm, and one feels calmed and invigorated for the struggle with life. The Chorus spoken, and in parts by all the voices at once, can never have a good effect—but somehow or other *cela allait*. Such

are the triumphs of the true poet and artist."

The following anecdote dates from before the Russian emancipation:—

"The Archbishop of Erlau told me that at the time the Russian troops were stationed in Hungary, he and another gentleman were walking in the streets of — and suddenly heard a woman cry out. In a moment she ran into the street exclaiming that a Russian soldier had robbed or was about to rob her. Such complaints were very frequent and sometimes unfounded. The soldiers could not make themselves understood, and took up things without meaning to rob. Be that as it may, two Russian officers were passing and heard the woman's story. They instantly collared the man, threw him down on the pavement, and, without making the smallest inquiry into the facts, they then and there spurred him to death. This, said the Archbishop, I saw, with infinite horror and disgust."

Here we have a story which, though not absolutely new, is too good to be omitted:—

"Dr. F—— told me the following story of Voltaire, which I never met with before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. 'C'est égal,' said he, with an air of impatience, 'Habakkuk était capable de tout!'

"Two days before we left Dresden, as I was dressing to go out, Nannie, my maid, came into my room and said two ladies wanted to see me. She said she had never seen them—they said I did not know them. I sent to say that I was sorry but I could not receive them, as Madame de S—— was already waiting for me. Nannie came back with the answer that they would wait in the anteroom—they only wanted to speak to me for a moment. Annoyed at being forced to commit a rudeness, I hurried on my gown and went out. In the

anteroom were a middle-aged lady and a young one. I broke out into apologies, &c., upon which the elder lady said, in German, 'Pardon me for being so pressing. I only wished to give my daughter strength for the battle of life.' I was literally confounded at the oddness of this address, and remained dumb. It seemed her daughter wished to translate from the English. After a short explanation she turned to her daughter, and pointing to me, said, 'Now, my dear, you have seen the mistress, so we will not keep her any longer.' And so they went. I threw myself into a chair, and, alone as I was, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This is as good a piece of Germanism as is to be found in any novel. Even my Dresden friends thought it quite amazing.

"Dr. Waagen and I were talking of the danger of disputing the authenticity of pictures. I said I had rather tell a man he's a rascal than that his pictures are copies. 'Yes,' said Waagen, 'I always compare a man, the genuineness of whose pictures is attacked, to a lioness defending her young.'

"We afterwards came upon intercourse with princes. Waagen said, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was a great friend and patron of his when a young man, once said to him—'My dear friend, your position will probably bring you into frequent contact with royalty. Take one piece of advice from me; always regard them as wild beasts in cages, and the courtiers as keepers. You see how noble and gentle and beautiful they look. But if you begin to put your hand through the bars and play with them, then you'll feel their claws and fangs. Always ask the keepers first what sort of humour they are in.'

"Countess H——, wife of the Mecklenburg Minister, a Rubens beauty, and a very good-natured woman, told me she was invited to a grand dinner party at V—— to meet an English great lady. The hour was five. After everybody waiting till six, the hosts determined to sit down. Some time after dinner was begun, Lady —— came in.

The hostess began to regret, hoped nothing had happened, &c.

"'Non, madame, c'est que je n'avais pas faim,' was the refined and graceful reply.

"At a dinner party we were talking of Niebuhr, Varnhagen von Ense's article, &c. They spoke of his arrogance and caprice, which they said he had in common with all Holsteiners. He was much disliked by the Germans at Rome, partly for these qualities, partly for his parsimony and want of hospitality.

"Herr von Raumer said—'I went to his house one evening, and we *nearly* succeeded in boiling some hot water for tea, but not quite.' Niebuhr told him that it was a serious thing to associate with Amati the Roman archæologist, because he frequented a certain wine-house called the Sabina, where the wine was dear. Amati was keeper of the Chigi library, and held a post in the Vatican. His learning and judgment were universally acknowledged. He was particularly well known for his transcription and collation of codices, and a man whom any one might be proud to know.

"When the late King was at Rome, Niebuhr did the honours so badly that the King was quite impatient. He showed him little fragments of things in which he could take no interest, and none of the great objects. One day Niebuhr spoke of Palestrina. 'What is that?' said the King. 'What, your Majesty does not know that?' exclaimed Niebuhr in a tone of astonishment. The King was extremely annoyed, and turning round to some one

said, 'Stuff and nonsense; it's bad enough never to have learnt anything, without having it proclaimed aloud.'

"Niebuhr's ideas about his own importance, and his excessive cowardice were such, said B——, that at the time of the Carbonari affairs, he actually wrote home to the Prussian Government that the whole of this conspiracy was directed against himself.

"In the steamer from Mainz to Bonn was—*inter alios*—an individual of the genus *Rath*. He sat opposite to us at dinner on the deck, and first attracted my attention by the following reply to his neighbour, a man who appeared to entertain the profoundest admiration for him. 'Oh, yes, there are lots of *theorists* in the world, only too many. *I represent den gesunden Menschenverstand* (sound common sense).' Delighted at this declaration, I raised my eyes and saw a face beaming with the most undoubting self-complacency. He went on to detail certain schemes of his for the good of his country—Oldenburg, as it seemed. My husband began to interrogate him about Oldenburg, and I said all I knew of it was from Justus Möser. The worthy Rath looked at me amazed, and said this was the first time he ever heard Justus Möser mentioned by a lady. I said so much the worse, there is an infinity of good sense in his writings. Yes, but he never expected to hear of his being read by a lady, and that I was evidently the second representative of sound common sense in the world, 'worthy to be *my* disciple,' added he with emphasis."

JANET ROSS.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE DOMINIONS OF ODYSSEUS, AND THE ISLAND GROUP OF THE ODYSSEY.

THERE are only two spots or districts, with the topography of which the Homeric poems deal in minute detail: the Plain of Troy, and the island of Ithaca. The indications supplied by the Poet in the case of the Plain are numerous and minute, as they are in the case of the island; and his account of the geography of its neighbourhood, so far as he has given one, is clear and accurate. But the points extraneous to Ithaca, yet connected with it, are named in a manner which has led to much dispute, with little, if any, admitted progress towards a settlement: and the local data have not been examined with so much of precision and impartiality as those of the Plain. The quarto of Sir William Gell,¹ dealing with an island not seventeen miles long, and of a maximum breadth under four miles, which sinks to a minimum of half a mile, though it is not without value, renders us less service than might have been expected. The author is too ready in his identifications, and does not sufficiently go to close quarters with the text of the Poet. To this text I shall adhere, without attempting a review of the controversy, such as may be found at great length in Buchholz.² But

those who wish to see the fragments of information from the text in orderly arrangement, and severed from the infinity of discussion with which they have been overlaid, will find them in the third appendix to Mr. Merry's valuable edition of the *Odyssey*.³

With respect to the local traditions, which have been largely taken into view by some writers, I would observe that there was probably nothing to detract from their value in the time of Pausanias, of Strabo, or of the other ancients who have touched the question. But, in the troubles of the Eastern empire, Ithaca underwent grievous depopulation; and it seems to have been only by privileges which the Venetian Government found it expedient to offer, that new settlers were induced to replenish the body of its inhabitants.⁴ This circumstance must tend greatly to abate the authority which any local tradition might have carried; particularly as to the identification of secondary points.

In considering the subject, I shall, as far as possible, divide the topography of Ithaca from the question of its geographical position, and its relation to the other dominions of Odysseus.

But it is necessary, at the outset, to dwell upon a distinction which has

¹ *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca*, London 1807.

² *Homeric Realien*, Band i. Abth. i. pp. 120—146.

³ Vol. i. p. 551.

⁴ Bowen's *Ithaca*, p. 9.

not been sufficiently noticed, between the materials supplied by the two poems respectively. It is this: that they deal with different subjects. The *Iliad* treats only of the dominions of Odysseus; as its purpose is to give an account of the naval contingent which he led to Troy. The *Odyssey* does not deal with the dominions of Odysseus, as such, at all. It describes the body of Suitors, who were gathered together in the capital of Ithaca to woo Penelopè, and who are there, not all as subjects, but all as neighbours. And it describes the places from which they came. These were entirely insular. But the dominions given in the *Iliad* included some strip or portion of the continent (*Il.* ii. 635) over against the islands: and there, as we learn from the *Odyssey*, a portion of the live-stock belonging to the great chief were still kept after the War of Troy (xiv. 100). Let us now consider the passage from the Catalogue (*Il.* ii. 631—5):—

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦγε Κεφαλλήνας μεγαθύ-
μους,
οἳ ῥ' Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰσοσίφυλ-
λον,
καὶ Κροκυλὲν ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αἰγίλιπα τρη-
χεῖαν,
οἳ τε Ζάκυνθον ἔχον, ἧδ' οἳ Σάμον ἀμφενέ-
μουντο,
οἳ τ' ἤπειρον ἔχον, ἧδ' ἀντιπέραν ἐνέμοντο.
Τῶν μὲν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦρχε, Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλ-
αντος.
Τῷ δ' ἅμα νῆες ἔποντο δώδεκα μιλτοπάρηοι.¹

1. We have here the gentile name Kephallenes, covering the whole dominions of Odysseus.

2. Coming to place-names, we have 'those who held Ithaca and Neritos, and dwelt in Krokuleia and Aigilips.'

3. As to Neritos, we know from the

¹ "The gallant Cephallenes Odysseus led. Them Neritos, with high leaf-waving head, Them Krokuleia, and rough Aigilips Had reared in Ithaca. Twelve red-prowed ships

The isle, with Samos and Zakunthos, manned, And with the Plains of the opposed strand. He, matching Zeus in counsel, ruled the band."

express testimony of *Od.* ix. 21 (ἐν δ' ὅπως αὐτῇ), that it is in Ithaca: so that καὶ has here the force of "namely," or "including." This mode of expression is used elsewhere in the Catalogue: comp. 532, 3; 536, 7. There is therefore no improbability in supposing the names which follow Neritos, viz., that is to say, Krokuleia and Aigilips, to be in Ithaca also. But Heracleon, cited by Steph. Byzantius, says there were in his time four departments or districts of Ithaca; Krokuleia was one, and Aigireus, which bears an important resemblance to Aigilips, was another. Strabo, without argument, connects these names with Leucas. If Homer had intended this connection, he would without doubt, at the least, have marked off the line by the expression οἱ τε, as he has done for Samos and Zante. If Odysseus had any concern with Leucas, it must have been for his continental settlement: for that district was then part of the mainland, and it may very well have been the Epeiros named in v. 635. But then Krokuleia and Aigilips would not have been named before Zakunthos and Samos, but after them, and would have been mentioned in connection with it. On the whole it seems plain that they were in Ithaca. This is the decided conclusion of Leake.²

4. We next come to Samos; and we know expressly from the *Odyssey* (see *inf.*) that it was an island, that it lay very close to Ithaca (ix. 23), and that the two (*Od.* iv. 845) were separated by a mere strait. And the local name of Samos is still given to the remains of buildings, near the head of the bay so-called, in the island of Cefalonía.

5. As to Zakunthos, it is by all identified with Zante. It, too, is declared in the *Odyssey* to be an island, and to lie very close to the other islands. The shortest distance to it from Cefalonía is, however, eight miles.

6. We have lastly the Epeiros, a portion of the mainland ruled by Odysseus, and described as the ἀντιπέραν to the islands, i.e., as facing them. This

² *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 49.

seems to apply in an especial manner to the projection of Leucas; for it most pointedly faces the islands, and it is the nearest part of the mainland. The question is not immaterial, but may be postponed.

Thus we have the dominions of Odysseus clearly enough defined, as consisting of the three islands, with a morsel of the continent.

The only subject for surprise is that these territories, taken together, should have supplied no more than eleven ships, while Salamis alone gave twelve. But the whole narrative of the *Odyssey* appears to show that the kingdom of Odysseus was recent, and no more than partially organized. His genealogical line is short, beginning only with his grandfather Arkeisias. The Suitors do not deny the hereditary title of Telemachos; but, in the discussion with him, the question seems to be on both sides only this, who shall be king in Ithaca (*Od.* i. 387, 395, 401). It is probable, therefore, that the rule of Odysseus was but imperfectly established, and that he could not turn the whole resources of the islands to account. Even in Ithaca, on his return, a considerable part of the population took part against him (*Od.* xxiv. 463, 4).

We now change the scene: and we are introduced not to a political, but to a geographical aggregation. Odysseus gives an account of himself to Alkinoos, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, and whose favour he had won. But he speaks of the country he inhabits, not of what he rules (*Od.* ix. 21).¹

Ναιετάω δ' Ἰθάκην εὐδείελον· ἐν δ' ὄρος αὐτῇ,
Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἀριπρεπές· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆσοι
Πολλὰι ναιετάουσι, μάλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλησιν,

¹ Thus rendered by the lamented Worsley:—
“And sunward Ithaca, my country dear,
I boast. Still Neritos stands waving there
His green trees visible for many a mile,
Centre of soils divine, which, clustering near,
Stars of the blue sea, round about him smile,
Dulichium, Samè steep, Zacynthus' wood-
crowned isle.

Thus lies the land high-tabled in the main
Westward: the others take the morning
sun.”

Δουλίχιόν τε, Σάμη τε καὶ Ἰλέησσα Ζάκυν-
θος·
Αὐτὴ δὲ χθαμαλὴ παννυπερτάτῃ εἰν ἀλλὶ
κείται
Πρὸς ζήφον· αἱ δὲ τ' ἄνευθε πρὸς Ἠῶ τ'
Ἡελίων τε.

This is one of a number of passages² which fix, beyond all doubt, that in the mind of Homer not Ithaca only, but all the other three places or regions named were islands.

And this may be the place to observe that, in my opinion, a false method has been far too much observed in dealing with Homeric geography. It has been a practice to take the map as we know it, and the text of the poems; and then, assuming that these are the proper and only materials of comparison and judgment, to found inquiry upon this narrow and inadequate basis. But Homer had no map. He had his eye,³ and he had the reports of others; and out of these he had to construct a map in his own brain. And a valuable one it might be for a small district, which the eye could embrace, and which his eye probably had embraced, such as the Plain of Troy. Again, great and familiar lines of passage over larger spaces might so adjust themselves as to be conceived in a manner approximately right. Under the first of these heads he has given, as I myself can in some degree testify from having visited the place, a good and just account of the general conformation of Ithaca. Under the second, he seems to have had a reasonably true conception of the coast of Greece, from the Gulf of Lepanto round to Negropont, as to its general outline, and of its position relatively to the Archipelago and the west coast of Asia Minor. But, except as to cases governed by such rules, he had no means of approach to accuracy as to measurements and directions; and it is an entire mistake to take the map for an authoritative standard in interpreting the text, and to suppose our only choice

² *Od.*, i. 246; ix. 24; xvi. 123.

³ See an instance of this, in respect to Samothrace and Imbros, in *Eothen*, ch. iv. ad finem.

is between this place and that, as laid down in it. What we have to do is carefully to construe the text as it is, and then to construct a geography according to it: and however wide this may be of the map, it is the true, and the only true, Homeric geography.

We are here then in a serious difficulty. Three of our four islands, subject to questions of detail, we have got; Ithaca, Samos or Samè, and Zante. But now we are introduced, by words as plain as words can be, to Doulichion as a fourth island; while there is no corresponding fourth island *in rerum natura*.

For, observe, it must lie quite close to the remainder of the group (v. 23). Nor is this all. Because we might look out for some small and insignificant island situate close at hand, and fasten on it this name. There are two such islands at least which might just serve the turn, lying within five miles of the coast of Ithaca. But from this supposition we are debarred by copious and conclusive evidence in the text to the relative importance of Doulichion. First, there is the precedence uniformly given to this island over the considerable names of Samè and of Zante. Secondly, it is against the method of Homer to introduce a place quite insignificant among others that are significant, without noting the difference, and without cause for failing to note it. Thirdly he has, for each of these islands, its distinctive epithet. Zante is well-wooded (*ὄληεις* *Od.* ix. 24, *et alibi*), Samè, or Samos, is rugged, craggy (*παταλώεις* *Od.* iv. 845), and Doulichion is *πολύπυρος*, rich in corn (*Od.* xvi. 396), and *ποιήεις*, rich in herbage (*Ibid.*) These words are absolutely inapplicable to the small and barren islets of which I have spoken, and likewise to the mere rocks¹ at the mouth of the Alpheios, which are called Echinades, from their resemblance to the rough bristling appearance of the urchin. But there is yet more conclusive evidence of the relative

importance of Doulichion; and this in both the poems.

In the *Iliad*, Meges leads a contingent of no less than forty ships, drawn from Doulichion and the Echinades, or Echinai, as they were then called. Those islands being so small and rocky, it is felt that the bulk of this force must have been from Doulichion (*Il.* ii. 631—5). In the *Odyssey*, Homer, following the method of the Greek Catalogue, conveys to us his estimate of places and districts, as to comparative resources, through his account of the numbers proceeding from them respectively: of ships in the one case, of suitors in the other. Ithaca yields 12 suitors; Zante 20; Samè 24; and Doulichion no less than 52, with a supply of six *θηροσῆρες* or table-servants (*Od.* xvi. 248). The inference according to Homeric rules would be that Doulichion was, speaking roughly, about equivalent to all the rest in importance: and this, or more than this, would also be suggested by the passage in the *Iliad*.

We cannot then find the Doulichion of Homer in any of the insignificant islands in the vicinity which remain free for appropriation to Homeric names: and no other island is available for the purpose. Plainly therefore the poet is not in accordance at this point with the actual geography. That is, he is in error. But his error may have been no more than partial. Was it so? Is there any supposition, inaccurate indeed, yet such that he may easily have been led into it by the facts of the actual geography imperfectly comprehended?

The answer is not far to seek. We have only to suppose that both the names Doulichion and Samè had for him their counterpart in the modern Cefalonia. He believed it not to be one island, but two.

This suggested solution of the difficulty should be tried by three tests. First and foremost, by the text of the poems.

Secondly, by the testimony of the ancients to the local traditions.

¹ Leake, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 51.

Thirdly, by the facts of geography.

I. As to the text of the poems. If we divide Cefalonia as is now proposed, Homer's description of the group of islands as all lying close together, at once becomes just. The maximum distance is that of Zante, which is eight miles from the nearest point of Cefalonia. The strait between this island and Ithaca is from two to four miles broad. If Homer conceived of it as divided into two, the notion must have been founded either on the bay of Samos, which pierces it from the east, or, and perhaps more especially, on the remarkable harbour of Argostoli, which goes far towards cutting off a large slice of the island on the west. It is of a mile or more in breadth.

Again, we must further consider the epithets by which Homer distinguishes his islands. Zante is wooded (*ὑλήεις*); Samos is towering and beetling (*παυπαλόεις*); Doulichion is rich in corn (*πολύπυρος*); it even exported grain, and a Thesprotian ship is represented as coming to fetch it (*Od.* xiv. 335). Fabulously represented, it is true, in a fictitious tale of Odysseus; but this shows all the more conclusively that the traffic was familiarly known, as the object of course was to frame a narrative which, from its conformity to notorious facts, would be unlikely to create suspicion. Of these three—the wooded island, the craggy island, and the corn-island—it is plain that, relatively to size, the last would be by far the largest in resources. We are therefore to suppose, in dividing Cefalonia, that Homer assigned to the name Doulichion either the largest, or the most fertile and populous part of the island. What we know from the text is, that the Poet placed Samos on the side of the island nearest Ithaca, while he called it beetling and craggy. Now Cefalonia contains one great mountain of 5,000 feet high, called Mount Elato, and by the Italians Mount Nero. It is a very conspicuous object: indeed I have myself seen it from Mount Salvador at the north-

eastern extremity of Corfu. It is quite certain that Mount Elato was the foundation of the Homeric epithet *παυπαλόεις*, for there is no other eminence in the island which approaches it, though a ridge of perhaps one-third the height runs along the whole on the western side, up to the northern extremity. It rises over the remains of the town of Samos, and lies in the southern and eastern corner of the island. Thus the descriptive epithet of Homer is borne out: and we have the whole western portion of the island free for a rich and fertile Doulichion, such as he conceived it. Near it, to the westward of the prolonged ridge running from Elato, down to this day we find all the principal towns and the principal culture of the island: Argostoli, Lixuri, and Livadho.¹ The culture has changed, it is true, from corn to currants. This change may have been connected with the disappearance of wood and diminution of moisture; but the presence of the population on the western side leaves the comparison very much where it was. The ridge running close along the eastern coast, from the northern point to the bay of Samè, sufficiently explains to us why that name alone is associated in the *Odyssey* with the strait, which had a ferry over it (*Od.* iv. 845, xx. 127). From this very spot the route, which I have myself traversed, still crosses to the western side of the island.

But here we have to encounter an adverse argument from Strabo, who, differing from the general sense of antiquity, refuses to associate Doulichion with Cefalonia, and sets the name upon one of the barren rocks called Echinades. In this paradox he does not seem to be followed with confidence by the moderns. Leake, for example,² apparently forgetting the positive proof from the *Odyssey* that Doulichion was an island, verbally assents to Strabo, yet supposes it may have been wholly or principally on the Acarnanian shore, opposite the

¹ Leake, vol. iii. pp. 60, 1. ² Vol. iii. p. 51.

Echinades. But however untenable this opinion of Strabo, and however clear that he was very ill-informed about Cefalonia (to which he gives a circuit of 300 stades, instead of near 800¹), his arguments against a particular supposition ought none the less to be considered. Let us see what they are.

He says that Doulichion cannot, according to Homer, be found in Cefalonia, because the subjects of *Odysseus* were Kephallenes, whereas Doulichion, with the other Echinades, was under Meges, and was inhabited by Epeians from Elis. This he thinks proved by the line respecting 'Otos the Kullenian,' who is called 'the companion of Meges, and a leader of the Epeians' (*Il.* xv. 518).²

Now Homer nowhere says anything of Epeians as inhabiting Doulichion, or any other place but Elis. He says Meges had emigrated to Doulichion on account of a personal quarrel with his father Phuleus, an Epeian (*Il.* xxiii. 637); and calls Otos his comrade, and a leader of the Epeians. But as Meges was an Epeian, Otos might very well be called his friend or military comrade, without having left his country. Strabo does not weigh the fact that Otos is declared to be a Kullenian; and there is no Kullenè in Doulichion. The name Kullenè was afterwards given only to the chief summit in the mountain chain which divides Achaia and Elis on one side from Arcadia on the other. But as Homer calls Otos a Kullenian and also an Epeian, and places Arcadia generally (*Il.* ii. 603) under Mount Kullenè, we must in reason suppose him to have meant the chain and not merely the particular hill, even as Pelion meant both a hill and a chain. The name *Kullenios*, therefore, fastens Otos to Elis.

And in truth, unless I am much mistaken, the text of Homer totally severs Doulichion from the Echinai, instead of uniting them; it runs as follows (*Il.* ii. 625):—

Οἳ δ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου, Ἐχινάων θ' ἱερῶν
Νήσων, αἱ ναῖουσιν πύρην ἁλός, Ἥλιδος ἄντρα.

The troops of Meges are "the men from Doulichion, and from the Echinian Islands, on the other side of the water, over against Elis." On the other side as from whence? Not as from Elis, for their position relatively to Elis is described in the words which follow; but manifestly on the other side of the water as from Doulichion, which lies about twenty-five miles off. And here it should be borne in mind that Homer a few lines further on uses the kindred phrase 'antiperaia' for the continent in relation to the group of islands in which I place Doulichion. So that the text of the *Iliad* almost compels us to regard Doulichion as facing the Echinai from a distance; and very well agrees with the supposition that it is to be found in Cefalonia.

Nor is there any force in Strabo's observation that the Doulichians are not called Kephallenes. There is indeed an obvious reason for it; inasmuch as Meges led, not Doulichians only, but also the people of the Echinian isles, whom no one supposes to have been Kephallenes. The contingent, therefore, could not be brought within a common tribal name; and Homer gives it no tribal name whatever: though, just before, he calls the people of Elis by the name of Epeians, and, just after, the subjects of *Odysseus* by the name of Kephallenes.

II. The supposition here advanced is, in truth, as far as appears, the opinion of all the ancients except Strabo. He acquaints us that Helanikos considered the two names to be co-extensive: a declaration which, after what we have seen from the poems respecting Samos, seems to require some limitation. But he adds that Andron supposed Doulichion to be part of Cefalonia, and that Pherekudes considered it to be represented by Palè, the western district, lying between the harbour (of Argostoli) and the sea. This was also the judgment of Pausanias, who states as a fact that in the olden times the Paleans were called Doulichians.³

¹ Leake, vol. iii. p. 60.

² Strabo, p. 456.

³ Paus. *El.* xv. 3, p. 490.

Doulighion may however have included the whole, or nearly the whole, island except the south-eastern quarter.

III. This weight of testimony, agreeable to the voice of both the poems, may now be summarily compared with the actual geography. I think we shall find that Homer personally knew Ithaca; but there is no sign of his having been acquainted with Cefalonia, farther than as a view from the neighbouring island would show him the strait, the Bay of Samos, and the towering mass of the Black Mountain. As he believed Doulighion and Samos to be in different political combinations, he may naturally have regarded that bay itself as the mouth of a channel, severing them into two islands. He may have heard of the very remarkable if not unique harbour of Argostoli. He may have heard that, as Strabo himself reports, near the Palean district the sea often overflowed the neck which united it to the rest of the island,¹ thus actually dividing it into two. The long and rather narrow tract on the west, marked off partly by the hills and partly by the harbour, agrees in form with the etymology of the name Doulighion, from *dolichos*, *long*. Thus we seem to have, in the actual geography, all the separate elements that might account for the error into which Homer fell. We cannot expect him, as I have said, to be in positive agreement with the facts; but we may expect him to use, and he always does use, partial knowledge and the reports of informants in a manner not irrational, though not infallible; and these reports of informants, again, which we gather from the indications of his text, we gather under the limitation of being bound to suppose them related to, though not accurate transcripts of, the actual surfaces.

We have now therefore got a view of the dominions of Odysseus: insular,

¹ Ταπεινὸν ἰσθμὸν ποιεῖ, ὥστ' ὑπερκλύεσθαι πολλάκις ἐκ θαλάττης εἰς θάλατταν.—Strabo, *ibid.*

but with a continental appendage of uncertain site. And we have also the group of islands, without any continental appendage, which sent forth the persecutors of Penelopè, the pattern

"Of perfect wifehood and pure womanhood."²

But I have still to deal with the lines (*Od.* ix. 25, 26) cited above; which describe the position of Ithaca relatively to the other islands in a manner that has terribly bewildered commentators.

The difficulties are these:—

1. What is the sense of *chthamalè*? Commonly corresponding with the Latin *humilis*, and meaning *low*, how can it be applied to Ithaca, which is rough, sharp, and high in its outline?

2. What is the sense of *panupertatè*? Does it refer to vertical altitude? or does it mean the farthest in a particular direction along the sea-surface? as in *Od.* iii. 170, 172, we have the expressions below (*καθ' ὑπερθε*) Chios, and above (*ὑπέρθε*) Chios, for two sea-routes.

3. What is the meaning of *πρὸς ζῶφον* (*zophon*), with the correlated phrase *πρὸς Ἡὼ τ' Ἡελίον τε*?

I cannot think the opinion worth discussion which holds that *αὐτῇ* means anything but Ithaca; and it also seems to me a waste of time to argue on Strabo's³ interpretation of *chthamalè* as meaning close to the mainland. So I limit myself to the three questions above-named:—

1. With respect to the adjective *chthamalè*, the word appears to me hopeless if we are bound to construe it *low*. But I do not admit the obligation. As *humilis* means, like *humus*, the ground, so *chthamalos* without doubt is related to whatever is *chamai*. I venture, however, to ask why *chthamalos* should not mean sloping groundwards, or aslant? I think we have a good example of this use where the coast over Charybdis is compared with the rock of Scylla (in very fair conformity, as I have seen, to the local features of the straits of Messina),

² Tennyson.

³ P. 454.

and described as ground on which the wild fig-tree could grow, in contrast with the side of Scylla, actually precipitous. It is accordingly called *χθαμαλώτερον*, more aslant (*Od.* xii. 101-3). Why not give the same sense here, and say that Ithaca 'lies in the sea, slanting downwards,' namely, from Mount Neritos, which has just before been described as its conspicuous mark and chief elevation?

2. Next, as regards *παννπεράτη*, it is impossible, I think, to assign to it the sense of vertical altitude. Neither the eye of the poet nor the reports of witnesses could well give him an account which would lead him to say the Ithacan hills of two thousand feet were the highest in the group of islands, when at so short a distance they are towered over by the Black Mountain, with its elevation of five thousand feet, in the neighbour island. It is so conspicuous an object, so isolated by greatly superior height, as to make the idea quite inadmissible. We must, then, take the phrase 'highest of all' to mean farthest in a given direction, like the 'higher than Chios,' 'lower than Chios,' which I have already cited: and the question thus remains, in what direction was Ithaca the highest or farthest?

3. It is freely held that *zophos* in Homer, as connected with a point of the compass, simply means the west. This is an opinion which I think requires both relaxation and limitation. In *Od.* xii. 81, we have *zophos* apparently indicating the same quarter as Erebos; the cave of Scylla was

Πρὸς ῥόφον, εἰς Ἐρεβος τετραμμένον

and the Erebos of Homer was certainly in the east. The word appears to have been imported, like so much else, especially of what concerns the Under-world, from Egypt; and to be the base of the Homeric word *Eremboi* (*Od.* iv. 84) and of our word Arabia. In truth, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to show,¹ neither east nor west was in the mind of Homer wholly dissociated from the idea of darkness—

¹ *Homeric Synchronism*, p. 227.

that darkness which precedes the sunrise, as well as follows the sunset. This we may perceive from the relationship on the one hand between *zophos* and Zephuros, on the other between *euroeis* and Euros. In the present case, however, the express opposition to *Eos* distinctly proves that *zophos* indicates a region in the western segment of the horizon. But what is material to remark is this: first, Homer's indications are not usually of particular points of the compass, but of wide arcs on the horizon; secondly, the *zophos* of Homer means an arc reaching from due west northwards, just as his *Eōs* means an arc reaching from due east southwards. Indeed Zephuros is much more a north-west than a west wind, for it blows from Thrace (*Il.* ix. 5) upon the Ægean; and Euros, its opposite, with Notos, the opposite of Boreas, includes a strong element of southing. And some ground for these ideas would be naturally found in observing the points of the heavens at which the sun set and rose respectively. I do not say broadly that *zophos* means north-westwards, or *Eōs* south-eastwards; but these renderings would perhaps be quite as near the mark as those of due west and due east. Any rendering, to be Homeric, must be in this case elastic.

Considerations of this kind have of late been much overlooked. But Nitzsch, publishing in 1826, renders (*in loc.*) *πρὸς ῥόφον* by *gegen nordwesten*. Schreiber¹ admits that *πρὸς ἥλιον* meant southwards: and Strabo² goes so far as to translate *ῥόφος* by *Arctos*, the North, and *πρὸς ἥω τ' ἥελίον τε* by the quarter from which the wind *Notos* comes, and quotes Ephoros³ as giving the opinion of "the ancients" to the same effect.

Now the main axis of Ithaca bears about N.N.W. and S.S.E., and that of Cefalonia, running along its mountain-line is nearly the same; but in actual

¹ *Ithaca, oder Versuch*, &c., Leipzig, 1829, p. 17.

² Strabo, Book x., p. 454.

³ Strabo, Book i., p. 34.

geography five-sixths of Cefalonia lie south of the southernmost point of Ithaca, while the northernmost point of Ithaca lies farther north than any part of Cefalonia. If we suppose the poet to have mis-measured the bearings of these axes by the not extravagant amount of (say) thirty degrees, he would suppose them to point a little to the southward of N.W. and the northward of S.E. And with his ideas of *zophos* and *Eōs*, he might then be entirely consistent with himself in saying "that Ithaca, slanting groundwards from the heights of Neritos, lay on the sea-surface farthest to the north and west: while the other islands were variously situated to the southward and eastward."

This, then, is the amount of error under which I suppose the poet to have laboured. It is not an arbitrary imputation. On this basis the text is coherent and accurate. It seems more reasonable to ascribe to him a small misapprehension, than to adopt the other alternative, which is his total ignorance of the geographical position of these islands. Such ignorance would have been strange even if he had seen nothing of them from personal experience, stranger still if, as I think will appear, he had certainly been a visitor at least of Ithaca. And there is another local condition which this hypothesis (I admit it to be no more) will entirely satisfy.

A ship, on its voyage from the Thesprotian land to Doulichion, arrives on its way thither at Ithaca, and moreover at an agricultural part of Ithaca: *Ἰθάκης εὐδειέλου ἔργ' ἀφίκοντο* (xiv. 344).

This agricultural district must have been in the northern part of the island; and it could only be the plain described by Colonel Leake as a triangle between the three harbours of Polis, Trikès, and Aphalès.¹ In this passage the Thesprotians reach Ithaca at the close of the day (*ἑσπέρῳι*): so that the poet had a just idea of the distance from the Thesprotian land. If, however, we take the actual geo-

graphy, the Thesprotians could not touch at Ithaca at all on the way to Cefalonia. But with the changes of the axes, which is here imputed to Homer's conception, the northern extremity of Ithaca would have lain on their route.

We may now, therefore, suppose ourselves to have got both the component parts of the group with which the *Odyssey* is concerned, and the positions of the islands relatively to one another and to actual geography. It remains to consider the inland topography of Ithaca, an island in which civilised mankind has an undying interest.

There appears to be no ground for reasonable doubt, first that the descriptions of the poet are founded upon the real Ithaca; secondly, that he founded these descriptions, in the most important points, upon his personal experience. The first of these propositions is made good by his conformity to the truth upon the general outline and hilly character of the island, its two principal eminences, its very remarkable land-locked harbour, and lastly, the strait which divides it from Cefalonia. I should rest the second upon a certain particularity in the topical notices, which he could not well have acquired at secondhand.

Apart from these minor features, the poet has given us at least two groups of independent phenomena, by which he may be tested.

In the first group, we have a harbour so completely land-locked that vessels may ride without moorings (xiii. 97—101). Now the great harbour of Molo has three openings on the south. On the middle and principal one lies the town of Vathi; and it is as completely shut in (I speak in the capacity of an eye-witness) as a small lake, say the lake of Nemi. It has also the rocky projections at the entrance which are mentioned by the poet. Of the other two, Dexia is chosen by Sir William Gell² to represent the port of Phorcüs,

¹ Leake, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 38.

² Gell's *Ithaca*, chap. v.

and he believes that he has found the cave there: while he very fairly states that Strabo declared there was no cave in his time. Leake prefers the inlet of Schino, to the eastward of Vathi, as exactly corresponding to the poet's data.¹ But this harbour of Phorcüs is localised by its proximity to Mount Neritos (xiii. 345), which Athenè points out to the bewildered *Odysseus* in order to assure him that he is in his own country. It answers that purpose; and must therefore have been a marked feature of the island. Now an inspection of the map of Ithaca shows at once that three inlets, particularly Dexia and Vathi, are directly under Mount Marovugli, also called Mount Stefano, one of the two greatly elevated points of the island, and probably corresponding with the Neritos of the poet. Thus we have the harbour and the mountain over it in accordance with the topography of the Poem.

More important, because more searching as a topographical test, is the more complex grouping connected with the capital. In regard to it, the poem supplies us with the following particulars:—

1. Though, as we have seen, the island is not without local names, the capital has usually no name, except that of *Polis*, "the town."

2. It is situated upon a harbour (*Od.* ii. 391).

3. The maritime access to it from the Peloponnesos was by the strait which divides Ithaca from Cefalonia.

4. It was under Mount Neïon (*Od.* iii. 81).

5. There was a harbour called Reithron, at a considerable distance from the town, in the rural district (*ἐπ' ἄγρου*, i. 186), which was also under Mount Neïon.

6. Live-stock arrive at the capital by the ferry from the neighbouring island without any sign of their traversing any distance after landing, and thus to all appearance they merely

mounted through the town to the palace from the harbour.

7. In going from the city to the residence of Laertes, *Odysseus* and his party descend (*κατέβαν*, xxiv. 205).

Now if we find that all these indications converge, and fall upon some one point of the island for its capital, we can hardly be wrong in placing it there; and so complex a concurrence will surely make good the proposition that the poet had himself visited the spot. Let us proceed to try them.

We have in the name Troïè an instance where the same word designates the chief town and the territory. In the case of Ithaca, nearly all the epithets, which are numerous and appropriate, refer to the territory. It is sea-girt, goat-feeding, ox-feeding, picturesque, conspicuous, craggy, rough: not to quote other phrases. In *Od.* iii. 31, Ithaca is *ὑπὸνέως*—under Mount Neïon. Here the expression is equivocal; but it probably relates to the city, since the poet treats Neritos as the conspicuous mountain, so that the island could not properly be *huponeios*. But also in *Od.* xxii. 52, Ithaca is *εὐκτιμένη*, well-built. In this the single instance where the epithet attaches it grammatically to the city, the word is joined with *demos* (as in *Od.* i. 183).

ὄφρ' Ἰθάκης κατὰ δῆμον εὐκτιμένης βασιλείου.

the rich *demos*, as it is called in xiv. 29, meaning apparently the town with the adjoining district. But as a general rule, I believe the simple word *Polis* is used to signify the chief town.

When, therefore, we find the name of *Polis* still attached locally to a harbour in Ithaca, one of the only two harbours on the western side of the island, our two first marks agree well with the facts as they are.

The proof of the third mark is, that the suitors placed their ambush midway in the Samian strait, to intercept Telemachos when on his way back from Pulos in the south-east. If the capital had been on the eastern side of

¹ *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 32.

the island, it would have been absurd that they should wait for him on the western side. We seem thus driven to place it on the western side; and there is no port for it on that side, except the ports of Polis and Aeto.

Aeto lies at the narrow neck of Ithaca. But there is no islet at all in the Samian strait near, or to the south of Aeto; and consequently that site is wholly incompatible with the ambush of the suitors. Other discrepancies, as we shall see, confirm this exclusion of Aeto from the question.

Fourthly, we have found that the town of Ithaca was under Neïon. This is true of the spot which I call *Polis*; but not of Aeto, which is under the rival hill called Merovugli or Stefano.

Fifthly, the harbour named Reithron was (1) far from the city, (2) by the *agros* or rural district, (3) also under Neïon. If the capital were at Aeto, there is no harbour which answers these conditions. The great Port Molo might be said to be under Neïon; but it is shut in by the hills, not upon an open district; nor is it far from the city, but close to it, as the isthmus is only half a mile across. On the other hand, these conditions are all satisfied in the case of Polis. At Phrikès,¹ in the north-east corner of the island, is a harbour, which is under Neïon, is far (about three miles) from the city, and is upon an open cultivated district, namely, the triangular plain of Leake, who observes that there are but two fertile valleys in the island:² at Vathi in the south, and under Oxi in the north. This latter is the triangular space.

Sixthly, when Philoitios, the cow-herd, appears before the palace in *Od.* xx. 185, with a cow and goats, we are told that the ferrymen had brought him over the strait, and there is no

sign of his having traversed any distance after landing. Again we are driven to placing the capital on the east side; but it might, so far as this head is concerned, be either at Polis or at Aeto.

Seventhly, the capital, doubtless for security, was on an eminence; for the party descend, when they set out from it to visit the Orchard of Laertes. But that spot is not distant; for they arrive at it rapidly (*τάχα*, xxiv. 205). It was rich (*καλός*) and carefully inclosed (*πεφυγμένος*), and looked after. This would naturally imply that the spot was in the undulating valley near the city, probably on somewhat higher ground (*Od.* xi. 187). But this again is fatal to the site of Aeto; for it is removed by some six or eight miles from the fertile vale.

It appears then that these seven marks, like so many witnesses, render an united testimony to the effect that the capital was on some knoll or hillock looking down upon the northern valley of Ithaca, on the slopes of the mountain now called Anoi, and having Port Polis for its harbour.

The errors which we need impute to Homer then are not, after all, many, nor serious.

1. He is perhaps hardly warranted in treating Neritos as the one great and conspicuous eminence of the island; for it has an elevation of 2,135 feet, only slightly in excess of Neïon, which has 2,066.

2. He is wrong, as we have seen, to some extent in describing the position of the islands relatively to the points of the compass as he understood them.

3. He is wrong in the unimportant description of Asteris as the island in the strait towards Samè: for the only island in that strait is Dhascalio, a small rock wholly unsuited to an ambush.

4. His idea of the limits of Doulichion is rather vague and indeterminate, than erroneous. We cannot say confidently whether it included the eastern coast of Cefalonia north of

¹ Leake's map places Reithron in the harbour of Afales near Phrikès. But this would take Mentor much farther off his course; and would be much less in accordance with the expression "under Neïon."

² Leake, vol. iii. p. 33.

Samos. Whether it did or not, he naturally speaks of the strait itself in connection with the latter name, because the bay of Samos gives the most convenient and usual access to the island.

It is quite unnecessary to seek positive identifications for the swine-steading (so to call it) of Eumaios, or the orchard of Laertes. It might suffice to say that no question of difficulty arises in connection with them. But it is well to make one remark on the first-named of the two. Nowhere in the poem does it at all appear that Eumaios dwells at a distance from the *Polis*. But the passage which describes the walk of Odysseus to his dwelling from the port where he had been landed is so expressed as to give the impression that he had to traverse rugged ground, over a succession of high points. Athenè instructed him about the route: and "he mounted the rough path along a wooded tract, over eminences" (*Od.* xiii. 1—3). It will be observed how fully this agrees with our general results, which place *Polis* in the north of the island, as we now find the abode of Eumaios was at a distance from the south.

Again, all this is in harmony with the directions of Athenè to Telemachos for his return. He is ordered to sail by night, and to keep away from the islands (xv. 33, 4); that is, instead of following the east coast of Zante, southern Cefalonia and Ithaca, as he would naturally have done, to hug the mainland, and then strike across to the north end of Ithaca; on nearing it, not to go himself to the city, but to send his vessel there, and himself to repair to the dwelling of Eumaios. Thus we have further proof that the capital was on the west: while he lands at the first point he touches (xv. 36):—

Ἦπῃν πρότην ἀκτὴν Ἰθάκης ἀφίκηται,

and has no great distance to travel in order to reach Eumaios. When he

lands (xv. 103) he tells his crew he will go by the cultivated district and the abode of the herdsmen, and afterwards "come down" to the city.

The two mountains were covered with forest. Elato still retains a name taken from the firs, although they have disappeared. It was (*εἰνσιφύλλον*) leaf-waving (ix. 22), and clothed with wood (xiii. 351); and in like manner Neïon was (*ἡυλέην*) woody or sylvan (i. 186, iii. 81), and in the woods the swine found the acorns and mast on which they fed (xiii. 409). Naturally, then, their breeding-place would be upon the hill, from which a sharp (xvii. 204), but seemingly therefore not long, descent led to the town.

The olive-tree (*Od.* xiii. 102) we shall hardly expect after 3,000 years to find: though I have seen, near Argostoli, the shell of an olive-tree, thirty-six feet in circumference, which may have been of any imaginable age. Of the grotto near the harbour of Phorcüs, I have never known a satisfactory identification; and this is really the principal *hiatus* in the comparison between the poems and the facts. For as to the fountains, it must be borne in mind that the disappearance of the woods, in which the swine of Eumaios fed, must have greatly impoverished the springs and streams of the island. At Athens, exhausted from the same cause, the classic Ilissos may be seen in winter-time, as I can myself testify, with scarcely water enough to furnish a ditch two feet wide.

I offer this paper as my contribution towards solving a vexed question of Homeric geography. In offering it, I express the hope, that some worshipper of the Poet may yet be induced to undertake on the spot, with the whole evidence of the text fresh in his mind, a closer and more comprehensive examination, than has yet been made, of the topography of Ithaca in all its material points.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NELLO'S JOURNEY.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE drove from the door of his father's house with a sigh of relief, yet of anxiety. He had not done what he meant to do, and affairs were more critical than when he went to Penninghame a few weeks before; but it was something at least to be out of the troubled atmosphere, and he had arranged in his own mind what he should do, which was in its way a gain, as soon as the breath was out of the old man's body—but when would that be? It was not to be desired, Randolph said to himself piously, that his father should linger long; his life was neither of use nor comfort to any one, and no pleasure, no advantage to himself. To lie there speechless, motionless, as much shut out of all human intercourse as if he were already in his coffin—what could any one desire but that, as soon as might be, it should come to an end?

He did not pay very much attention to his small companion. For the moment, Nello, having been thus secured and brought within his power, had no further importance, and Randolph sat with knitted brows pondering all he was to do, without any particular reference to the child. Nello had left the Castle easily enough; he had parted from Mary and from Lillas without any lingering of emotion, getting over it as quickly as possible. When it came to that he was eager to be off, to set out into the world. The little fellow's veins were full of excitement; he expected to see he did not know what wonderful things, what objects of entrancing interest, as soon as he got outside the little region

where everything was known to him. "Good-bye, Mary—good-bye, Lily," he said, waving his hand. He had his own little portmanteau with his name on it, a new little silver watch in his pocket—what could child want more? Lily, though she was his sister, was not a sensation like that watch. He took it out, and turned it round and round, and opened the case, and wound it up (he had wound it up twice this morning already, so that one turn of the key was all that was practicable). Nothing at the Castle, nothing in the society of Lily, was equal to this. He compared his watch with the clock in the druggist's in the village and found it fast; he compared it with the clock at the station and found that slow. He did not take any notice of his uncle, nor his uncle of him; each of them was indifferent, though partly hostile, to the other. Randolph was at his ease because he had this child, this troublesome atom, who might do harm though he could do no good, in his power; but Nello was at his ease, through pure indifference. He was not at the moment frightened of his uncle, and no other sentiment in regard to him had been developed in his mind. As calm as if Randolph had been a cabbage, Nello sat by his side and looked at his watch. The watch excited him, but his uncle —. Thus they went on, an unsympathetic pair. Nello stood about on the platform and looked at everything, while Randolph took the tickets. He was slightly hurt to hear that a half-ticket was still enough for himself, and moved away at once to the other side of the station, where the locomotive enthralled him. He stood and gazed at it with transport. What he would have given to have travelled there with the man who drove it, and

leave Uncle Randolph behind! But still Nello took his place in the train with much indifference to Uncle Randolph. He was wholly occupied with what was going on before and about him: the rush across country, trees and fields flying by, and the stations where there was always something new, the groups of people standing about, the rush of some for the train, the late arrival just as the doors were shut of those who were too late. These last made Nello laugh, their blank looks were so funny—and yet he was sorry for them; for what a thing it must be, he thought, to see other people go rushing out over the world to see everything, while you yourself were left dull at home! He remembered once himself being left with Martuccia in the still, deserted house when all the others had gone to the *fiesta*; how he thought the day would never end—and Martuccia thought so too. This made him sorry, very sorry, for the people who had lost their train. It did not occur to Nello that it might be no *fiesta* he was going to, or they were going to. What could any one want more than the journey itself? If you wearied of seeing the trains rush past, and counting the houses, now on one side, now on another, there was the endless pleasure of dashing up to one station after another, when Nello could look down with fine superiority on the people who were not going, on the children above all, who looked up envious, and envied him, he felt sure.

By and by, however, though he would not confess it to himself, the delights of the journey began to pall: his little eyes grew fatigued with looking, and his little mind with the continuous spectacle of those long, flying breadths of country; and even the stations lost their charm. He would have liked to have somebody to talk to, and cast one or two wistful glances to see whether Uncle Randolph was practicable, but found no encouragement in that countenance, pre-occupied, and somewhat lowering by

nature, which appeared now and then in the wavering of the train, over the newspaper his uncle was reading. What a long time it took to read that paper! How it crackled when it was opened out! How tired Nello grew of seeing it opposite to him! And he began to grow cramped with sitting; his limbs wanted stretching, his mind wanted change; and he began to be hungry. Randolph, who scorned the poor refreshments of the railway, and thought it better to wait for his meal till he reached home, did not think of the difference between himself and the child. They travelled on and on through the dulness of the afternoon. Nello, who had been so cheerful, felt disposed to sleep, but was too proud to yield to it; and then he began to think of his sister and the home he had left. It is natural, it is selfish, to remember home when we miss its comforts; but if that is not of the higher nature of love, it is yet the religion of the weak, and not despised by the great Succourer who bids men call upon Him in time of trouble. Nello's heart, when he began to feel tired and famished, recurred with a pathetic trust in the tenderness and in the certainty of the well-being that abode there, to his home.

When they stopped at a lively, bustling junction to change their direction, things mended a little. Nello ventured to buy himself a cake, his uncle not interfering, as they waited. "You will spoil your stomach with that sweet stuff," Randolph said, but he allowed the child to munch. And they had half-an-hour to wait, which of itself was something. Nello walked about, imitating Randolph's longer stride, though he did not accompany his uncle; and though he felt forlorn and very small among the crowd, marched about and looked at everything as the gentlemen did, recovering his spirits a little. And suddenly, with a great glow of pleasure all over him, Nello spied among the strangers who were hurrying to and fro a face he had seen before; it is true it was

only the face of the countryman who had accosted him in the chase, and with whom he had but a small acquaintance, but even this was something in the waste of the unknown that surrounded him. The boy rushed up to him with a gleam of joy upon his small countenance. "I say, have you come from—home?"

"Yes, my little gentleman," said Wild Bampfylde. "I'm taking a journey like you, but I like best to tramp on my two legs. I'm going no further in your carriages that give you the cramp. I reckon you're tired too."

"A little," said Nello; "but that's no matter. What have you in your basket? is it another rabbit? I gave mine to Lily. They would not let me bring it though I wanted to bring it. School you know," said the boy, seriously, "is not like home. You have to be just like as if you were grown up there. Little—you cannot help being little; but you have to be like as if you were grown up there."

"Ay, ay, that's the way to take it," said the countryman, looking down with a twinkle in his eye, half smiling, half sad, at the small creature beside him. "The thing is to be a man, and to mind that you must stand up like a man, whatever happens. If one hits you, you must hit him again, and be sure not to cry."

"Hit me," said Nello—"cry? Ah, you do not know the kind of school I am going to—for you are not a gentleman," he added, looking with selfish condescension at his adviser. "I like you just the same," said Nello, "but you are not a gentleman, are you? and how can you know?"

"The Lord forbid!" said Bampfylde, "one's enough in a family. It would be ill for us, and maybe for you too, if I were a gentleman. Look you here, my little man. Look at the bonnie bird in this basket—it's better than your rabbit. A rabbit, though it's one o' God's harmless creatures, has little sense, and cannot learn; but this bonnie thing is of use to God and man, as

well as being bonnie to look at. Look at him! what a bonnie head he has, and an eye as meaning as your own."

"A pigeon!" said Nello, with a cry of delight. "Oh, I wish I might have him! Do you think I might have him? I could put him under the seat, and nobody would see the basket; and then when we got there——"

"Ay, that's the question—when you got there."

"I would say—it was my—fishing basket," said Nello. "*He* said they went fishing; and nobody would know. I would say Mary had—put things in it: nobody would ever find out, and I would keep it in my room, and buy seed for it and give it water, and it would live quite comfortable. And it would soon come to know me, wouldn't it? and hop about and sit on my shoulder. Oh, let me have it; won't you let me have it? Look here, I have a great deal of money," cried Nello, turning out his pocket; "five shillings to spend, and a sovereign Mary gave me. I will give you money for it, as much money as ever you please——"

"Whisht, my little lad; put back your money and keep it safe, for you'll have need of it. I brought the bird to give you. If they're kind folks they'll let you keep him. You must keep him safe, and take care he has his meat every day; and if they're unkind to you or treat you bad, put you his basket in the window and open the lid, and puff! he'll flee away and let your friends know."

"But I should not like him to flee away. I would like him to stay with me always, and sit on my shoulder, and eat out of my hand."

"My little gentleman," said Bampfylde, "I'm afraid your uncle will hear us. Try to understand. If you're ill-used, if they're unkind, let the bird fly, and he'll come and tell us. Mind now, what I'm saying. He'll come and tell us. Did you never read in your story-books——"

"Then it is an enchanted bird," said Nello, looking down, very gravely, into the basket. Lily had read to him of

such things. He was not very much surprised; but a bird that some day would turn into a young prince did not attract him so much as one that would hop on his shoulder without ulterior object. He looked down at it very seriously, with more respect perhaps, but not so warm an interest. His little face had lost its animation. How Lily would have glowed and brightened at the idea! But Nello was no idealist. He preferred a real pigeon to all the enchanted princes in the world.

"Nay," said Bampfylde, with a gleam of a smile across his dark face, "it's no fairy, but it's a carrier. Did you never hear of that? And when you let it fly it will fly to me, and let me know that you are wanting something—that they're not kind to you, or that you're wanting to be away."

"Oh, they'll be kind," said Nello, carelessly; "I would rather he would stay with me, and never never fly away."

"I'll put him in the carriage for you," said Bampfylde, hurriedly, "for here's somebody coming. And don't you let any one know that you were speaking to me, or ever saw me before. And God bless you, my little gentleman!" said the vagrant, suddenly disappearing among the crowd.

While Nello stood staring after him, Randolph came up, and tapped him sharply on the shoulder.

"What are you staring at? Have you seen any one you know?"

It was Nello's first lesson in deceiving.

"I—I was looking at a man—with wild beasts," he said.

"With wild beasts—in the station—here?"

"Yes, white rabbits and pigeons—and things; at least," said Nello to himself, "he once had a white rabbit, if he hasn't got one now."

"Rabbits!" said Randolph. "Come along, here is our train. It is late; and before I have got you settled, and got back here again, and am able to think of myself, it will be midnight, I

believe. You children don't know what a trouble you are. I shall have lost my day looking after you. I should have been at home now but for you; and little gratitude I am likely to get, when all is done."

This moved Nello's spirit, for of all things in the world, there is nothing that so excites opposition among great and little, as a claim upon our gratitude. Anything and everything else the mind may concede, but even a child kicks against this demand. Nello's feelings towards his uncle were not unkind; but, little as he was, instinct woke an him in immediate resistance.

"It was not me that did it," he said; "it was you. I should have stayed at home, and when the old gentleman is better, he would have come out and played with me. And Mary would have let me stay. I like home," said Nello, "and perhaps I shall not like school; "but if I don't like it," he added, brightening and forgetting the secret he had been so sworn to keep, "I know how to get away."

"How shall you get away?" said Randolph. But he was so sure of this matter, which was in his own hands, that he did not wait for any answer. "They will take care of that at school," he said; "and it will be the worse for you, my boy, if you make yourself disagreeable. Come along, or we shall miss the train."

Nello saw that the basket had been placed under his seat as he got in; and as the train swept away from the station, he caught a glimpse of the lonely figure of his new friend, standing among the little crowd that watched the departure. Bampfylde made a warning gesture to the child who, forgetful of precaution, nodded and waved his hand in reply.

"Who is that?" cried Randolph, suspiciously, getting up to cast a searching look behind.

"Oh, it is the man with the wild beasts," Nello said.

And then came another silent sweep through the green smooth country, I

which was not like the hilly north. It was all Nello could do to keep himself from pulling his basket from beneath the seat, and examining his new treasure. He could hear it rustling and fluttering its wings against the wickerwork. Oh, to be able to take it out, to give it some crumbs of biscuit which were still in his pocket, to begin to train it to know him! Nello only restrained himself painfully, by the thought that if he betrayed his own secret thus, his pigeon might be taken from him. How eager he was now to be there! "Are there many more stations?" he asked, anxiously; then counted them on his fingers—one, two, three. And how delighted he was when they came at last to the little place, standing alone in a plain, with no other house visible that Nello could see (but he did not look; he was so anxious about his pigeon) which was their journey's end. A kind of farmer's shandry, half cart, half gig, with a rough horse, and a rougher driver, was in waiting. Nello got his basket out with his own hands, and put his little greatcoat over it, so that no one could see. His heart beat loudly with fright, lest his uncle should hear the sounds beneath this cover—the rustle and flutter. But Randolph's mind was otherwise engaged. As for the boy, he thought of nothing but this treasure, which he was so happy to feel in his arms. He could carry it so, quite comfortably, with the little greatcoat over it; he neither remarked the rudeness of the jolting vehicle, nor the bare country, with here and there a flat line of road running between turnip and potato-fields. When they came to the house—a new, square house, in the middle of the fields—Nello thought nothing about it one way or another. He thought, "I wonder which will be my window; I wonder where I can keep the bird." That was all. His little soul, all eagerness after his new delight, had room for nothing more.

Randolph and his charge were taken into a plain room, very simply furnished, and not over-dainty in point

of cleanness, where the principal of the school, a man in rusty black, came to receive them. There was nothing repulsive in his looks, nothing more in any way than the same plain unvarnished rusticity and homeliness which showed in his house. The school was intended for farmers' sons, and the education was partly industrial—honest, simple training, without either deceit or villany involved, though not at all suitable for Nello. It was with reluctance even that so young a boy had been accepted at all; and the schoolmaster looked at him with doubtfulness, as the slim little curled darling, so different from his other pupils, came in, hugging his basket.

"He's young, and he's small," said Mr. Swan.

"Very young, and small for his age," Randolph echoed. "All the more reason why he should lead an out-of-door life, and learn that he is a boy, and will one day be a man.

Then Nello was put into the hands of the principal's wife, while Randolph gave further directions.

"His case is quite peculiar," the uncle said. "He is an orphan, or as good as an orphan, and I took him from the hands of ladies who were making a fool of the boy. What he wants is hardening. You must not be led away by his delicate looks; he is a strong boy, and he wants hardening. Send him out to the fields, let him learn to work like the rest, and don't listen to any complaints. Above all, don't let him send complaints home."

"I never interfere with what they write home," said honest Mr. Swan.

"But you must in this case. If he sends home a complaining letter, his aunt will rush here next morning and take him away. I am his uncle, and I won't permit that—and a family quarrel is what will follow, unless you will exercise your discretion. Keep him from writing, or keep him from grumbling. You will be the saving of the boy."

"It is a great responsibility to

undertake. I should not have undertaken it, had I known——”

“I am sure you have too serious a sense of the good that can be done, to shrink from responsibility,” said Randolph; “but, indeed, are we not all responsible for everything we touch? If you find him too much for you, write to me. Don’t write to what he calls home. And do not let him be taken away without my authority. I have to protect him from injudicious kindness. A parcel of women—you know what harm they can do to a boy, petting and spoiling him. He will never be a man at all, if you don’t take him in hand.”

With these arguments, Randolph overcame the resistance of the school-master, and with redoubled instructions that it was himself that was to be communicated with, in case of anything happening to Nello, went away. He was in haste to get back for his train; and “No, no,” he said, “you need not call the boy—the fewer partings the better. I don’t want to upset him. Tell him I was obliged to hurry away.”

And it would be impossible to describe with what relief Randolph threw himself into the clumsy shandry, to go away. He had got the boy disposed of—for the moment at least—where no harm could happen to him, but also where he could do no harm. If his grandfather regained his consciousness, and remembering that freak of his dotage, called again for the boy, it would be out of Mary’s power to spoil everything by humouring the old man, and reviving all those images which it would be much better to make an end of. And when the squire’s life was over, how much easier to take all those measures, which it was so advisable to take, without the little interloper about, whom foolish people would no doubt insist on calling the heir. The heir! let him stay here, and get a little strength and manhood, to struggle for his rights, if he had any rights. More must be known of him than any one knew as yet, Randolph said to

himself before he, for one, would acknowledge him as the heir.

Nello was taken into Mrs. Swan’s parlour, and there had some bread and butter offered to him, which he accepted with great satisfaction. The bread was dry and the butter salt, but he was hungry, which made it very agreeable.

“You’ll have your tea with the rest at six,” said Mrs. Swan; “and now come, I’ll show you where you are to sleep. What is that you’re carrying?”

“A basket,” said Nello, in the mildest tone; and she asked no further questions, but led him up stairs, not however to the little bedroom of which the child had been dreaming where he could keep his new pet in safety, but to a long dormitory, containing about a dozen beds.

“This is yours, my little man, and you must be tidy and keep your things in order. There are no nurses here, and the boys are a bit rough; but you will soon get used to them. Put down your things here; this chair is yours, and that washing-stand, and——”

“Must I sleep there?” cried Nello. It was not so much the little bed—the close neighbourhood of the other boys—that appalled him; but where was there a window for his bird? “Mayn’t I have that bed?” he said, pointing to one which stood near the window at the end of the room.

“I daresay,” said Mrs. Swan; “why that is for the head boy, and you are the least, and the last. It is only by a chance that there is room for you at all here.”

“But I don’t want to be here,” said Nello. “Oh, mayn’t I be by the window? The head boy hasn’t got a——. What would it matter to him? but I want to be there. I want to be at the window.”

“My little master, you’ll be where I choose to place you,” said Mrs. Swan, becoming irritated. “We allow no self-will, and no rebellion here.”

“But what shall I do with my

—.” Nello did not venture to name the name of the bird. He crept up to the head of the little bed which was to be allotted to him, and surveyed the blank wall, tearfully. There was but a very little space between him and the next bed, and he was in the middle of the room, the darkest part of it. Nello began to cry. He called upon Mary, and upon Martuccia, in his heart. Neither of them would suffer him to be treated so. “Oh, mayn’t I go to another room where there is a window?” he cried, through his tears.

“My word, that one is a stubborn one; you will have your hands full with him,” said Mrs. Swan, leaving Nello to have his cry out, which experience had taught her was the best way. She found her husband very serious, and full of care, thinking over the charge he had received.

“It’s a gentleman’s son, not one of the commoner sort,” he said; “but why they should have brought him to me—such a little fellow—is more than I can see.”

Nello sat by his little bed and cried. His heart was full, and his little frame worn out. In the state of depression which had followed upon the delight of the morning, novelty had departed, and strangeness had come in its place—a very different matter; everything was strange wherever he turned; and no place to put his pigeon! By and by the vacant spaces would fill, and boys—boys whom he did not know—big boys, rough boys, and that head boy, who had the window, would pour in; and he had no place to put his bird.

Nello’s tears fell like summer rain upon the precious basket, till the storm had worn itself out. Then, first symptom of amelioration, his ear was caught by the rustle of the bird in the cage. He took it up, and placed it in his lap, then opened the cover a little way, and, entrancing moment! saw it—the glossy head, the keen little eye gleaming at him, the soft ruffled feathers. It made a small dab at him as he peered in—and oh,

how delighted, how miserable, how frightened was Nello! He drew back from the tiny assault, then approached his head closer, and took from his pocket a bit of his bread and butter, which he had saved on purpose. Then he sat down on the floor, a small creature, scarcely visible, hidden between the beds, betraying himself only by the reverberation of the sob which still shook his little bosom from time to time, entranced over his bird. The pigeon gurgled its soft coo, as it picked up the crumbs. The little boy, after his trouble, forgot everything but this novel delight; a thing all his own, feeding from his hand already, looking up at him sidelong, with that glimmer of an eye, with a flutter towards him if it could but have got loose. No doubt when he set it free it would come upon his shoulder directly. Nello lost himself and all his grief in pleasure. He forgot even that he had not a window in which to hang his bird.

By and by, however, there came a rush and tramp of feet, and eleven big boys, earthy and hot from the field where they had been working, came pouring in. They filled the room like a flood, like a whirlwind, catching Nello upon their surface as the stream would catch a straw. One of the big, hobnailed fellows, stumbled over him as he sat on the floor.

“Hallo, what’s here?” he cried; “what little kid are you?” seizing the child by the shoulders. He did not mean any harm, but grasped the little boy’s shoulder with the grasp of a playful ploughman. Then there was a rush of the whole band to see what it was. The new boy! but such a boy—a baby—a gentleman baby—a creature of a different order.

“Let’s see him,” they cried, tumbling over each other, while Nello dragged to his feet, stood shrinking, confronting them, making trial of all the manhood he possessed. He would not cry; he drew back against his bed, and doubled his little fist, his heart heaving, his lip quivering.

"I have done no harm," said Nello, with a sob in his voice; and the head boy called out, good-humouredly enough, though the thunder of his boyish bass sounded to Nello like the voice of doom, to "let him be."

"What's he got there?" he asked.

The basket was snatched from the child's hand, notwithstanding his resistance. Nello gave a great cry when it was taken from him.

"Oh, my bird, my pigeon, my bird! —you are not to hurt my bird."

"Give it here," said the head boy.

But the first who had seized the treasure held it fast.

"I've got it, and I'll keep it," he cried.

"Give it here," shouted the other.

The conflict and the cloud of big forms, and the rough voices and snatchings, filled Nello with speechless dismay. He leaned back against his bed, and watched with feelings indescribable the basket which contained his treasure pulled and dragged about from one to another. First the handle gave way, then the lid was torn off, as one after another snatched at it. Oh, why was Nello so small and weak, and the others so big and strong!

"Give it here," shouted the head boy; but, in the midst of the scuffle, something happened which frightened them all—the bird got loose, carefully as it had been secured, flew up over their heads, fluttered for a moment, driven wild by the cloud of arms stretched out to catch it, and then, with a sweep of its wings, darted out through the open window, and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHILD FORLORN.

NELLO sobbed himself to sleep that night, scarcely conscious of the hubbub that was going on around him. He had watched with a pang unspeakable the escape of his bird, then had rushed blindly among the culprits, fighting and struggling in a passion of tears and childish rage, raining down harm-

less blows all round him, struggling to get out after it, to try to bring it back. Then Nello had been caught, too desperate to know who held him, in the hands of the head boy, who paid no more attention to his kicks and struggles than to his cries, and held him until, half dead with passion and misery, the poor little fellow sank exhausted, almost fainting, in the rough hands of his captors. Then the boy, who were not cruel laid him on his bed and summoned Mrs. Swan. They all crowded round her to tell their story. Nobody had meant any harm. They had taken his basket to look at it, and the pigeon had got loose. "And it was a carrier!" the head boy said, regretfully. They were as sorry as Nello could be, though by this time, under the combined influences of loneliness, desolation, homesickness, weariness, and loss, poor little Nello was almost beyond feeling the full extent of his troubles. "He's a mammy's boy," said Mrs. Swan, who was rough but not unkind. "He has never been at school before. A spoiled child, by all I can see." But why had a spoiled child been sent here? This was what the good woman could not understand. Nello slept and forgot his woes; and when he was woke in the morning by the tumult, all the eleven jumping out of bed at once, performing their noisy but scanty ablutions, tossing boots about, and scrambling for clothes, the child lay trembling yet anxious and half amused in spite of himself. The rough fun that was going on tempted Nello to laugh, though he was miserable. He shrank from them all, so big, so loud, so coarsely clothed, and in such a hurry; but he was tickled by their horse-play with each other—the hits and misses with which their missiles went and came. When the head boy was caught by a pillow straight in the face as he approached to execute justice upon one of the laggards, Nello could not restrain a little broken chuckle, which attracted the attention of the combatants. This, however, drew upon him the arrest of

fate. "I say, little one, ain't you going to get up? bell's rung!" said his next neighbour. The head boy was aggrieved by the poor little laugh. "Get up, you lazy little beggar!" he cried. "I say, let's toss him!" cried another, with sudden perception of fun to be had easily. The boys meant no particular harm; but they made a simultaneous rush at the little trembling creature. Nello felt himself seized, he knew not for what purpose. Then the noise, and the rude, laughing faces—which looked to him in his fright like demons—all swam in giddy uncertainty round him, and the poor little fellow came down upon the floor, slipping out of their rough and careless hands, faint and sick and sore, his head turning, his little bones aching. But though in his giddiness and faintness he scarcely saw anything—even the faces turning into misty spectres—Nello's spirit survived for a moment the collapse of his little frame. He got to his feet in a frenzy, and struck out at them with his white little childish fists. "I will kill you!" cried Nello, through his teeth; and a great horse-laugh got up. But this was soon extinguished in dismay and horror when the little fellow fell back fainting. They all gathered round, horror-stricken. "Lift him on his bed," said the head boy, almost in a whisper. They did not know anything about faints; they thought the child was dead. Then there was a pause. In their horror it occurred to more than one inexperienced imagination to hide the little body and run away. "What can they do to us?" said another, awe-stricken. "We didn't mean it." For a moment the boys had all that thrill of horrible sensation which ought to (but, it would seem, does not always) accompany homicide. At the end, however, humanity prevailed over villanous panic, and Mrs. Swan was called to the rescue. The boys were too glad to troop away, already subject to punishment on account of being late, and, huddling together, went down to the schoolroom in a band,

where vengeance awaited them—though not for Nello's murder, as some of them thought.

Nello came to himself at last, after giving Mrs. Swan a great deal of trouble; and there was nothing for it but to leave him in bed all day; for the child was bruised with the fall, aching in every limb, and too resentful and wretched to make any effort. He lay and cried and brooded, what between childish plans of vengeance and equally childish projects of escape. Oh, the pangs of impotence with which the small boy wronged contemplated the idea of those big fellows who had been so cruel to him! How should weakness be aware that strength does not intend to be cruel? Nello could not be tolerant or understanding at his age, even if there had not been his aching bones to prove the wickedness of his assailants. He hated them all. How could he help hating them? He lay and planned what he would do to them. But Nello's dreams were not malicious. At the last moment, when they had suffered torments of dread in prospect of the punishment which he permitted them (in his fancy) to see approaching, Nello's vengeance suddenly turned into magnanimous contempt. He would not condescend to reprisals; he would crush them with forgiveness as soon as they saw his power. Such were the plans which the child lay and concocted, and which amused him, though he was not aware of it. But when the boys came in Nello shrank to the farther side of his bed; he would not look at them; he would not listen to their rough inquiries. When they went away again, however, and he was left alone, a sudden fit of longing came over him. Oh, to see somebody he knew! somebody that was kind! Schemes of vengeance pall, like every other amusement. He gazed round upon the bare walls, the range of beds, the strange, ugly, desolate place. He could not tell if it was worse when the savages were there, filling it with noise, stumblings of heavy feet, cries of rough voices, or

when the sounds all died away, and he was left lonely, not a soul to speak to him; no kind hand to touch his hot little head; nobody to give him a drink, though he wanted it so much. Nello had to clamber out of bed, to pour himself out a cup of water from the great brown jug, which he could scarcely lift—and fell upon his bed again, utterly heartsick and desolate. Nobody to give him a drink! How they used to pet him when he had a headache! How Martuccia would croon over him, and bathe his head, and kiss his hands, and bring him everything she could think of to please him! And Mary would come and stand by his side, and put her cool, white hand upon his head—that hand which he had once called “as soft as snow.” Nello remembered the smile that came on Mary’s face when he had called her hand “as soft as snow.” He did not himself see the poetry of the phrase, but he thought he could feel again that mingled coolness, and softness, and whiteness. And Lily! Lily would sit by him all day long, and read to him, or sing to him, or tell him stories, or play when he got a little better, and could play. A great lump came in Nello’s throat. “Oh, my Lily!” he cried, with a lamentable cry. He had no mother to appeal to, poor child—not even the imagination of a mother. Lily had been everything. Nothing had ever been so bad with him but could be borne when Lily was there. Naturally he had not so much felt the want of Lily when it was pleasure (as he thought) that he was going to. He could part with her without much emotion in the excitement of novelty and childish hope; but now—— Nello turned his face to the wall and sobbed. The lonely place—all the lonelier for bearing traces of that rude multitude—held him, a little atom, in its midst. Nobody heard his crying, or cared. He tore the bedclothes with little frantic hands, with that sense of the intolerable which comes so easily to a child. But what did it matter that it was intolerable? Little Nello, like

older people, had to bear it all the same.

It was best to leave the child quiet, the Swans thought. They were not unkind, but they were not used to take much trouble. The boys who came to them generally were robust boys, able to take care of themselves, and to whom it did no harm to be hustled about—who enjoyed the scrimmages and struggles. Mrs. Swan had her own children to look after. “I’ve left him to himself; he’s better to be quite quiet,” she said to her husband, and the husband approved; “far better for him to be quiet.” Attempts to amuse a child, in such circumstances, would have been foolish, they thought, and as for petting and sympathising with him, far better that he should get accustomed to it, and make up his mind to put up with it like the rest. They could not make any difference between one and another; and if he had a day’s rest, and was allowed to lie in bed, what could the child want more? There was no imagination in the house lively enough to *envisager* the circumstances from Nello’s point of view, or to understand what chills of terror, what flushes of passion came over the child, when the others poured in to bed again in the evening, driving him desperate with fear, and wild with anger. Who could imagine anything so vehement in the mind of such a little boy? But Nello was not molested that next evening; they were disposed rather to be obsequious to him, asking, in their rough way, how he was, and offering him half-eaten apples, and bits of sticky sweetmeats, by way of compensation. But Nello would not listen to these clumsy overtures. He turned his face to the wall persistently, and would have nothing to say to them. Even the tumult that was going on did not tempt him to turn round, though after the first moment of fright, the crowd in the room was rather comforting than otherwise to Nello. The sound of their voices kept him from that melancholy absorption in himself.

Next morning he had to get up, though he was still sick and sore. Nello was so obstinate in his refusal to do so, that the master himself had to be summoned. Mr. Swan would stand no nonsense.

"Get up, my boy," he said, "you'll get no good lying there. There has nothing happened to you more than happens to new boys everywhere. Come, you're not a baby to cry. Get up and be a man."

"I want to go home," said Nello.

"I daresay you do; but you're not going home. So your plan is to make the best of it," said the schoolmaster. "Now come, I let you off yesterday; but I'll send a man to take you out of bed if you don't get up now. Come along, boy. I see you want to be a baby as your uncle said."

"I am no baby," cried Nello, furiously; but the schoolmaster only laughed.

"I give you half-an-hour," he said; and in half-an-hour, indeed, Nello, giddy and weak, managed to struggle down to the schoolroom. His watch was no longer going. He had forgotten it in the misery of the past day; it lay there dead, as Nello felt—and his bird was flown. He stumbled down stairs, feeling as if he must fall at each step, and took his seat on the lowest bench. The lessons were not much, but Nello was not equal to them. The big figures about seemed to darken the very air to the boy, to darken it, and fill it up. He had no room to breathe. His hand shook, so that he could not write a copy, which seemed a simple matter enough. "Put him at the very bottom; he knows nothing," Mr. Swan said to his assistant; and how this galled the poor little gentleman, to whom, in his feebleness, this was the only way left of proving a little superiority, what words could say? Poor little Nello! he cried over the copy, mingling his tears with the ink, and blurring the blurred page still more. He could not get the figures right in the simplest of sums. He was self-convicted of being, not only the least, but the very last;

the dunce of the school. When the others went out to play, he sat wretched in a corner of the wretched school-room, where there was no air to breathe. He had not energy enough to do anything or think of anything, and it was only the sight of another boy, seated at a desk writing a letter, which put it into his head that he too might find a way of appeal against this cruelty. He could not write anything but the largest of large hands. But he tore a leaf out of the copybook, and scrawled a few lines across it. "I am verrey meeserble," he wrote; "oh, Lily, ask Mary to come and take me home."

"Will you put it into a cover for me?" he said to the boy who was writing, who proved to be the very head-boy who reigned over Nello's room. "Oh, please, put it into a cover. I'll forgive you if you will," cried Nello.

The head boy looked at him with a grin.

"You little toad, don't you forgive me without that? I never meant to hurt you," he said; but melting, he added, "give it here." Nello's epistle, written across the lined paper, in big letters, did not seem to require any ceremony as a private communication. The head boy read it and laughed. "They won't pay any attention," he said; "they never do. Little boys are always miserable. And won't you catch it from Swan if he sees it?"

"It is for my sister Lily; it is not for Mr. Swan," cried the child, upon which the head boy laughed again.

That letter never reached Penninghame. The schoolmaster read it according to his orders, and put it into the fire. He wrote himself to the address which Nello had given, to say that the little gentleman was rather homesick, but pretty well; and that perhaps it would be better, in the circumstances, not to write to him till he had got a little settled down, and used to his new home. He hoped his little pupil would soon be able to write a decent letter; but he feared his education had been very much neglected hitherto, Mr. Swan wrote. Thus

it came to pass that Nello lived on, day after day, eagerly expecting some event which never happened. He expected, first of all, Mary to arrive in a beautiful chariot, such as was wont to appear in Lily's stories, with beautiful prancing horses—(Where they were to come from, Nello never asked himself, though he was intimately acquainted with the two brown ponies and the cob, which were all the inhabitants of the squire's stables), and with an aspect splendid, but severe, to proceed to the punishment of his adversaries. Nello did not settle what deaths they were to die; but all was arranged except that insignificant circumstance. Mary would come; she would punish all who had done wrong; she would give presents to those who had been kind; and all the boys, who had laughed at little Nello, would see him drive away glorious behind those horses, with their arching necks, and high-stepping, dainty feet. Then after a few days, which produced nothing, Nello settled with a pang of visionary disappointment, that it was Mr. Pen who would come. He would not make a splendid dash up to the door like Mary in her chariot; but still he would deliver the little captive. Another day, and Nello coming down and down in his demands, thought it might at least be Martuccia, or perhaps Miss Brown, who would come for him. That would not be so satisfactory to his pride, for he felt that the boys would laugh and jeer at him, and say it was his nurse who had come; but still even Miss Brown would be good to see in this strange place. At the end of the week, however, all Nello's courage fled. He thought then faintly of a letter, and watched when the postman came with packets of letters for the other boys. He could not read writing very well; but he could make it out if they would only write to him. Why would not they write to him? Had they forgotten him altogether, clean forgotten him, though he had been but a week away?

Nello did what he was told to do at school; but he was very slow about it, being so little, and so unused to work—for which he was punished; and he could not learn his lessons for brooding over his troubles, and wondering when *they* would come, or what they could mean; and naturally he was punished for that too. The big boys hustled him about; they played him a hundred tricks; they laughed at his timid, baby-washings, his carefulness, the good order to which he had been trained. To toss everything about, to do everything loudly and noisily, and carelessly, was the religion of Mr. Swan's boys, as everything that was the reverse of this had been the religion in which Nello was trained. Poor little boy, his life was as full of care as if he had been fifty. He was sent here and there on a hundred errands; he had impositions which he could not write, and lessons which he could not learn; and not least, perhaps, meals which he could not eat; and out-of-door tasks quite unsuitable for him, and which he could not perform. He was for ever toiling after something he ought to have done. He grew dirty, neglected, unkempt, miserable. He could not clean his own boots, which was one thing required of him; but plastered himself all over with mysterious blacking, in a vain attempt to fulfil this task. He who had scarcely dressed himself till now, scarcely brushed his own hair. He kept up a struggle against all these labours, which were more cruel than those of Hercules, as long as he had the hope within him that somebody must come to deliver him; for, with a childish jump at what he wished, he had believed that some one might come "to-morrow," when he sent, or thought he sent, his letter away. The to-morrow pushed itself on and on, hope getting fainter, and misery stronger, yet still seemed to gleam upon him a possibility still. "Oh, pray God send Mary," he said, every night and morning. When a week was over, he added a more

urgent cry, "Oh, pray God send *some one*, only *some one*! Oh, pray God take me home!" the child cried. He repeated it one night aloud, in the exhaustion of his disappointment, with an irrepressible moaning and crying, "Oh, pray God take me home!" He was very tired, poor little boy; he was half wrapped in his little bit of curtain, to hide him as he said his prayers, and he had fallen half asleep while he said them, and was struggling with drowsiness, and duty, and a hope which, though now falling more and more into despondency, still gave pertinacity to his prayer. He was anxious, very anxious to press this petition on God's notice. Repetition, is not that the simplest primitive necessity of earnest supplication? Perhaps God might not take any notice the first time, but He might the next. "Oh, take me home. Oh, pray God take me home!" God too, like Mary and the rest, seemed to pay no attention; but God did not require written letters or directions in a legible hand: He could be approached more easily. So Nello repeated and repeated, half asleep, yet with his little heart full of trouble, and all his cares awake, this appeal to the only One who could help him, "Oh, pray God, pray God take me home!"

But in this trance of beseeching supplication, half asleep, half conscious, poor little Nello caught the eye of one of his room-fellows, who pointed out this spectacle to the rest. "Little beggar! pretending to say his prayers; and much he cares for his prayers, going to sleep in the middle of them," they said. Then one wag suggested, "Let's wake him up!" It was a very funny idea. They got his waterjug, a small enough article indeed, not capable of doing very much harm. Had poor little Nello been less sleepy in his half-dream of pathetic appeal, he must have heard the titterings and whisperings behind him; but he was too much rapt in that drowsy, painful abstraction, to take any notice, till all at once he started, bolt upright, crying and gasping, woke

up and drenched by the sudden dash of cold water over him. A shout of laughter burst from all the room, as Nello turned round frantic, and flew at the nearest of his assailants with impotent rage. What did the big fellow care for his little blows? he lay back and laughed and did not mind, while the small creature, in his drenched nightgown, his face crimson with rage, his little frame shivering, his curly locks falling about his cheeks, flew at his throat. The head-boy, however, awakening to a sense of the indiscretion, and perhaps touched by a pang of remorse at sight of the misery and fury in the child's face, got hold of Nello in his strong arms, and plucked the wet garment off him, and threw him into his bed. "Let the child alone, I tell you. I won't have him meddled with," he said to the others—and covered him up with the bedclothes. Poor little Nello! he wanted to strike at and struggle with his defender. He was wild with rage and misery. His small heart was full, and he could bear no more.

After this, however, the boys, half-ashamed of themselves, got quickly to bed; and darkness, and such silence as can exist in the heavy atmosphere, where twelve rustics sleep and snore, succeeded to the tumult and riot. Nello exhausted, sobbed himself to sleep under the bedclothes; but woke up in the middle of the night to remember all his wrongs and his misery. His cup was full; even God would not pay any attention to him, and it seemed to Nello that it would be better to die than to bear this any longer. Though the dark frightened him, it was less alarming than the rough boys, the hard lessons, the pangs of longing and waiting for a deliverance which never came. He had still the sovereign which Mary gave him, and the watch he had been so proud of, though that was dead now, and he had not spirit enough left to wind it up. It was October, and the nights were long. Though it was in reality between two and three o'clock in the morning, Nello thought

it would soon be time for all these savage companions to get out of bed again, and for the noisy dreadful day to begin. He got up very quietly, trembling at every sound. There was a window at the end of the room through which the moon shone, and the light gave him a little consolation. He kept his eye fixed upon it, and groped for his clothes, and put them on very stealthily. If any one should hear him, he would be lost; but Nello's little rustlings, like a bird in the dark, what were they to break the slumbers of all those out-door lads, who slept violently, as they did everything else? No one stirred; the snoring and the breathing drowned all the little misadventures which chilled Nello with terror, as when his boots dropped out of his hand, or the buttons on his trousers struck shrilly against the chair. Nothing happened; nobody stirred, and Nello crept out of the room, holding his breath with the courage of despair. He got down stairs, trembling and stumbling at almost every step. When he got to the lower story, that kind moon, which had seemed to look at him through the window, almost to smile at him in encouragement and cheerful support, showed him a little window which had been left open by some chance. He clambered through, and found himself in the garden. There was a great dog in front of the house, of whom Nello was in mortal terror; but here at the back there was no dog, only the kitchen garden, with the tranquil breadth of a potato field on the other side of the hedge. It was not easy to get through that hedge; but a small boy of nine years old can go through gaps which would scarcely show to the common eye. It scratched him, and tore his trousers; but there was nothing in such simple accidents to stop the little fugitive. And what it was to feel himself outside, free and safe, and all his tormentors snoring! Nello looked up at the moon, which was mellow and mild, not white as usual, and which seemed to smile at him. The potato-

field was big and black, with its long lines running to a point on either side of him; and the whole world seemed to lie round him dark, and still nothing stirred, except now and then a rat in the ditch, which chilled Nello with horror. Had he known it was so early, the child would have been doubly frightened; but he felt that it was morning, not night, which encouraged him. And how big the world was! how vast, and silent, and solitary! only Nello, one little atom, with a small heart beating, a little pulse throbbing in the midst of that infinite quiet. The space grew vaster, the stillness more complete, the distance more visionary, and there was a deeper sable in the dark, because of Nello's little heart beating so fast, and his eyes that took everything in. What was he to do, poor little soul, there by himself in the open country, in the unknown world, all in the middle of the night?

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CRISIS AT PENNINGHAME.

ALL this time the old squire lay in the same stupor of death in life. He did not rally. Sometimes there was a look in his eyes—a quiver as of meaning, between the half-closed lids. But they could not tell what it meant, or indeed if it was anything but vague reflection of the light that would break in through a drawn curtain or raised blind. There he lay, day after day, wearing out all his nurses. If he ever slept, or ever was awake no one could tell; but this old man, in the grip of deadly disease, lay there motionless, and tired out all the younger people who watched over him. A nurse had been got for him from the market town, and Mary was rarely out of the sick-chamber. Both of these attendants were worn to death as the monotonous days and nights went past; but the squire lay just the same. They grew pale and hollow-eyed, but he apparently had stopped short, at the point where he was when their vigil began.

In these circumstances, all the world flocked to Penninghame to inquire for Mr. Musgrave. Rural importance shows in such circumstances. He was "by rights," the greatest man in the district, though superior wealth had come in and taken his pre-eminence from him—but everybody recollected his pretensions now. Inquiries came for him daily from every one near who could pretend to be anything. The great great people, and the small great people, the new families and the old, the clergy (who were as good as anybody), and all who sought for a place among the gentry, with whatever hope or right, all interested themselves about the invalid. "His eldest son is still living, I suppose. And what will happen when Mr. Musgrave dies?" the people asked. And all who had any possibility of knowing, all who had any right to know, exerted themselves to supply answers to this question. One had it on the best authority, that John Musgrave was waiting, ready to come home, and that there would be another trial immediately. Some, on the other hand, were certain that John Musgrave never would come home at all to tempt Providence. "There will be an effort made to pass him over, and make his own son heir instead," they said; and some believed it to be certain that the other brother would pension him off, so that the house might not be shamed by a convict squire.

Naturally, Mary knew nothing about these discussions. She spent her time in her father's room, relieving the nurse when her hours for sleep came, resting herself only when she could no longer bear up against the fatigue, seeing nobody but Mr. Pen and Liliás. Mary took little notice now of Nello's departure, and the schoolmaster's letter. It had all been done against her will, but she was too much occupied, now that it was done, to dwell upon it. It was very shameful that he was so backward, and perhaps Mr. Pen and Randolph were right in sending him to school. Her mind was too much

preoccupied for the moment to give anything but this half-angry, reluctant assent to what had been done. And perhaps it would be better *now* if Liliás could go to school too, out of this melancholy house, out of the loneliness which was so hard upon the child. But Liliás was the only consolation Mary herself had; she had grown to be part of herself during this long year. It might be doing the child injustice, as she feared; but how could she send her only companion, her consoler, and sympathiser, away? As for Liliás, though she was deeply moved by Nello's departure, the want of news of him did not move her much. Her father never wrote, never communicated with the child. They had not the custom of letters. It was very dreary, no doubt, but still when he came back unexpectedly, perhaps just at the moment he was most wanted, stepping in, with all the delight of surprise, added to the pleasure of again seeing the absent, that was worth waiting for. This was the philosophy of the family. It was not their habit to write letters. Liliás accepted her own loneliness with resignation, not thinking of any possible alleviation; and she watched, sitting at the door of the old hall, for every one who might come along the road. It was October—the days getting short, the air more chilly, the sun less genial. The woods began to put on robes of colour, as if the rosy sunset clouds had floated down among them. The air blew cold in her face, as she sat outside the hall door. Martuccia within, in the background, shivered, and drew her shawl more closely across her ample shoulders. But Liliás did not feel the cold. She was looking out for some one—for papa, who might come all at once, at any time—for Mr. Geoff, who might bring news of papa—for something to come and break the monotony of this life. Something Liliás felt sure must be coming; it could not go on like this for ever.

"Nello was always company for his

sister," Mary said. Though she assented, she could not but complain. She had come out to breathe the air, and was walking up and down, Mr. Pen by her side. "It is very hard upon Lily, just at this moment, when everything is hanging in the balance, that her little brother should have been sent away."

"It would be very well," said Mr. Pen, "if you would send her away too. Nello wanted it. He would never have learned anything at home. He will come back so much improved. If he is to be received as the heir of everything——"

"If, Mr. Pen?"

"Well; I would not go against you for the world; but there is truth in what Randolph says. Randolph says there must be certificates of his birth, and all that; quite easy—quite easy to get—but where is your brother John to look after it all? He ought to be here now."

"Yes, he ought to be here. But would it be safe for him to come, Mr. Pen?"

"Miss Mary, I can't help wondering about that," said Mr. Pen, with troubled looks: had he grown unfaithful to John? "if he is innocent, why shouldn't he come *now*? No jury would convict——"

Mary stopped him with a motion of her hand.

"Randolph has been gaining you over to his side," she said. They were walking up and down the road close to the house. Just where the great gates ought to be—if the Musgraves were ever rich enough to restore the courtyard of the old castle—was the limit of their walk. Mary could not allow herself to be out of reach even for an hour. She was here, ready to be called, in case her father should come to any semblance of himself. "I do not say he has not some reason on his side, now that my father is—as he is. Everything seems to have grown so much nearer. It is dreadful not to know where John is, not to be able to communicate with him. I wrote to the last place they were living—the

place the children came from—but I have never had any answer. When my poor father goes—as go he must, I suppose—what am I to do?"

"You must let Randolph manage for you. Randolph must do it. God knows, Miss Mary, I don't want to go against you——"

"But you do," she said, with a half smile. She smiled at it, but she did not like it. It is hard, even when a dog, who has been your special follower, turns away and follows some one else. "You never did it before since we have known each other, Mr. Pen."

Poor Mr. Pen felt the reproach. He was ready to weep himself, and looked at her with wistful deprecating eyes; but was it not for her sake?

"I don't know what else to say to you. It breaks my heart to go against you," he said. "Whatever pleases you seems always best to me. But Randolph says—and I cannot deny it, Miss Mary, there's truth in what he says."

"Yes, there's truth in what he says. He has got the child away, and placed him out of reach, with your help, Mr. Pen; and he will push the father away, out of his just place, and make all the difficulties double. He has put you against him already that was his friend, and he will put other people against him. I begin to see what he is aiming at!" cried Mary, clasping her hands together, with indignant vehemence.

Mr. Pen did not know what to say or do to soothe her. He was full of compunction, feeling himself guilty. He to have turned against her! He felt all the horror of it to his very heart.

"We should be just to Randolph too," he said, tremulously; "he means to do what's right. And if I seem to cross you, 'tis but to serve you, Miss Mary. How could you stand in the breach, and bear all that will have to be borne? If Randolph does not come to do what has to be done, you would have to do it; and it would be more than should be put upon you."

"Have I ever shrunk from what has to be done?" she said, with again a half smile of pained surprise.

Mr. Pen had no answer to make; he knew very well she had not failed hitherto; and in his heart he was aware that Randolph's motives were very different from Mary's. Still, he held with a gentle obstinacy to the lesson he had learned. It was going against her, but it was for her sake. They took one or two turns together in silence, neither saying any more. As they turned again, however, towards the house for the third time, Eastwood met them hurrying from the door. Nurse had sent down stairs for Miss Musgrave, begging her to come without delay. The urgent message, and the man's haste and anxious eager looks frightened Mary. The household generally had come to that state of expectation which welcomes any event, howsoever melancholy, as a relief to the strain of nerve and strength which long suspense produces. Eastwood was eager that there might be some change—if for the better, so much the better—but that was scarcely to be looked for—anyhow a change, a new event. The same thrill of anticipation ran through Mary's veins. Was it come now—the moment of fate, the crisis, which would affect so many? She bid Mr. Pen to follow her, with a movement of her hand. "Wait in the library," she said, as she went up stairs.

While Mary took the air in this anxious little promenade up and down, Liliass sat at the hall door, looking out upon the road, looking far away for the something that was coming. She did not know that the rider on the pale horse was the most likely passenger to come that way. Happier visitors were in Liliass's thoughts—her father himself to clear up everything, who would go and fetch Nello back, and put all right that was wrong; or Mr. Geoff, who was not so good, but yet very comforting, and between whom and Liliass there existed a link of secret alliance, unknown to any-

body, which was sweet to the child. Liliass was looking out far upon the road, vaguely thinking of Geoff, for he was the most likely person to come—he who rode along the road so often to ask for the squire: far more likely than her father, who was a hope rather than an expectation. She was looking far away, as is the wont of the dreamer, pursuing her hope to the very horizon whence it might come—when suddenly, all at once, Liliass woke to the consciousness that there was some one standing near her, close to her, saying nothing, but looking at her with that intent look which wakes even a sleeper when fixed upon him, much more a dreamer, linked to common earth by the daylight, and all the sounds and touches of ordinary life. She rose to her feet with a start—frightened yet satisfied—for here was something which had happened, if not the something for which she looked. But Liliass's eyes enlarged to twice their size, and her heart gave a great jump, when she saw that the figure standing beside her was that of the old woman whom she had met in the Chase.

Lizabith had come up unobserved from the water-side. She was dressed exactly as she had been before, with the hood of her grey cloak over her white cap—a stately figure, notwithstanding the homely dress.

Liliass gave a cry at the sight, and ran to her.

"Oh, old woman!" she cried—"oh, I want to ask you—I want to ask you so many things."

"Honeysweet!" said Lizabith, with a glow in her dark eyes. She did not for a moment think, either of what she had come to say, or of the risks that attended her communications with her daughter's child. She thought only of the face she saw reflected in that other face, and of the secret property she had in the child who was so beautiful and so sweet. This was Lizabith's heiress, the inheritor of the beauty which the old woman had been conscious of in her own person, and still

more conscious of in the person of her daughter. Liliás was the third in that fair line. Pride filled the old woman's heart, along with the warm gush of tenderness. No one had ever looked at Liliás with such passionate love and admiration. She did not venture to take the child into her arms as she had done in the solitude of the woods, but she looked at her with all her heart in her eyes.

Liliás seized her by the hand and drew her to the seat from which she had herself risen. "Come!" she said eagerly. "They say you know everything about papa—and I have a right to know; no one has so good a right to hear as I. Oh, tell me! tell me! Sit down here and rest. I once went up the hill, far away up the hill to go to you, but there I met Mr. Geoff. Do you know Mr. Geoff? Come, come, sit down here and tell me about papa——"

"My darling," said 'Lizabeth, "blessings on your bonnie face! but I dare not stay. Some time—soon, if it's God's will, you'll hear all the like of you could understand, and you'll get him back to enjoy his own. God bless my bairn that would give me her own seat, and think no shame of old 'Lizabeth! That's like my Lily," the old woman said, with ready tears. "But listen, honey, for this is what I came to say. You must tell the lady to send and bring back the little boy. The bairn is in trouble. I cannot tell you what kind of trouble, but she must send and bring him back. My honey, do you hear what I say?"

"The little boy, and the lady?" said Liliás wondering; then she exclaimed suddenly with a cry of pain, "Nello! my little brother!" and in her eagerness caught 'Lizabeth's hands and drew her down upon the seat.

"Ay, just your little brother, my honeysweet. My lad is away that would go and look after him, so you must tell the lady. No, no, I must not stay. The time will maybe come. But tell the lady, my darling. The little boy has need of her or of you.

He is too little a bairn to be away among strangers. I cannot think upon his name—nor I cannot think," said 'Lizabeth, with a gleam of grand-motherly disapproval, "what my Lily could be thinking of to give a little lad such an outlandish name. But tell the lady to send and bring him home."

"Oh, I will go, I will go directly. Wait till I tell you what Mary says," cried Liliás; and without pausing a moment, she rushed through the hall, her hair flying behind her, her face flushed with eagerness. The old woman stood for a moment looking after her with a smile; listening to the sound of the doors which swung behind the child in her rapid course through the passages which led to the inhabited part of the house. 'Lizabeth stood stately yet rustic in her grey cloak, with her hands folded, and looked after Liliás with a tender smile on her face. She had nothing left to be proud of, she so proud by nature, and to whom it was the essence of life to have something belonging to her in which she could glory. 'Lizabeth's pride had been broken down with many a blow, but it sprang up again vigorous as ever on the small argument of this child. Her beauty, her childish refinement and ladyhood gave the old woman a pleasure more exquisite perhaps than any she had ever felt in her life. There was little in her lot now to give her pleasure. Her daughter was dead, her days full of the hideous charge which she had concealed for so many years from all the world; and she was old, approaching the end of all things, with nothing better to hope for, than that death might release her unfortunate son before herself. Yet as she stood there, looking after the little princess who was of her blood, her representative, yet so much above anything that had ever belonged to 'Lizabeth, there was a glow through all her veins, more warm, more sweet than any she had ever felt in her life. Pride, and love, and delight swelled in her. Her child's child—heir of her

face, her voice, all the little traits of attitude and gesture, which mark individuality—and yet the young lady of the castle born to a life so different from hers. She stood so gazing after Lilius till the sound of her feet and the door closing behind her had died away. Her heart was so full that she turned to Martuccia sitting motionless behind with her knitting. “Oh, that her life may be as sweet as her face!” she said involuntarily. Martuccia turned upon her with a quiet smile, but shook her head and said, “Not speak Inglese.” The sound of the voice called Elizabeth to herself. The smile faded from her face. Little had she to smile for, less than ever at this moment. She sighed, coming to herself, and turned and walked away.

Lilius ran against Mary as she entered the house at Eastwood’s call. “Oh!” she cried, breathless, “Nello! will you send for Nello? Oh, Mary, he is in trouble, the old woman says—he is ill, or he is unhappy, or I cannot tell you what it is. Will you send for him, will you send for him, Mary? What shall I do? for papa will think it was my fault. Oh Mary, Mary, send for my Nello! Wait a moment, only wait a moment, and hear what the old woman says—”

“Speak to her, Mr. Pen,” said Mary. “I cannot stay.” She was going to her father who must, she felt sure, want her more urgently than Lilius could. Even then it went to Mary’s heart to neglect the child’s appeal. “Mr. Pen will hear all about it, Lilius,” she said, as she hastened up stairs. But Mr. Pen paid very little attention to what Lilius said.

“An old woman? What old woman? My dear child, you cannot expect us at such a moment as this—” said the vicar. He was walking up and down the library with his ears open to every sound, expecting to be called to the Squire’s bedside, feeling in his pocket for his prayer-book. For it seemed to Mr. Pen that the hasty summons could mean only one thing. It must

be death that had come—and it would be a happy release—what else could any one say? But death, even when it is a happy release, is a serious visitor to come into a house. He has to be received with due preparation, like the potentate he is. Not without services of solemn meaning, attendants kneeling round the solemn bedside, the commendatory prayer rising from authorised lips—not without these formulas should the destroying angel be received into a Christian house. He was ready for his part, and waiting to be called; and to be interrupted at such a moment by the tales of an old woman, by the grumblings of a fretful child sent to school against his will—even the gentle Mr. Pen rebelled. He would not hear what Lilius said. “Your grandfather is very ill, my dear,” he told her solemnly, “very ill. In an hour or so you may have no grandfather, Lilius; he is going to appear in the presence of God—”

“Is he afraid of God, Mr. Pen?” asked Lilius with solemn eyes.

“Afraid!—you—you do not understand. It is a solemn thing—a very solemn thing,” said the vicar, “to go into God’s presence; to stand before Him and answer—”

“Oh!” cried the little girl, interrupting him, “Nello is far worse, far worse. Would God do him any harm, Mr. Pen? But cruel people might do a little boy a great deal of harm. God is what takes care of us. The old gentleman will be safe, quite safe there; but my Nello! he is so little, and he never was away from me before. I always took care of him before. I said you were not to send him away, but you would not pay any attention. Oh, my Nello, my Nello, Mr. Pen!”

“Hush, Lilius, you do not know what you are speaking of. What can Nello’s troubles be? Perhaps the people will not pet him as he has been petted; that will do him no harm whatever—it will be better for him. My dear, you are too little to know. Hush, and let me listen. I must be ready when I am called for. Nothing

that can happen to Nello can be of so much importance as this is now."

And the vicar went to the door to look out and listen. Liliás followed him with her anxious eyes. She was awed, but she was not afraid for the old gentleman. Would God hurt him? but anybody that was strong could hurt Nello. She made one more appeal when the vicar had returned, hearing nothing and leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Pen! Oh, please, please, think of Nello a little! What am I to do? Papa said, 'Lily, I trust him to you—you are to take care of him.' What shall I say to papa if he comes home and asks me, 'Where is my little Nello?' Papa may come any day. That is his way, he never writes to tell us, but when he can, he comes. He might come to-day," cried Liliás. "Mr. Pen, oh, send somebody for Nello. Will you not listen to me? What should I say to papa if he came home to-day?"

"My dear little Liliás," said Mr. Pen, shaking his head mournfully, "your papa will not come to-day. Heaven knows if he will ever be able to come. You must not think it is such an easy matter. There are things which make it very difficult for him to come home; things of which you don't know——"

"Yes," said Liliás eagerly, "about the man who was killed; but papa did not do it, Mr. Pen."

Mr. Pen shook his head again. "Who has told the child?" he said. "I hope not—I hope not, Liliás, but that is what nobody knows."

"Yes," she cried, "Mr. Geoff knows; he told me. He says it was another man, and that papa went away to save him. Mr. Pen, papa may come any day."

"Who is Mr. Geoff?" said the vicar; but he did not pay any attention to what the child was saying. There seemed to be a sound on the stairs of some one coming down. "Oh, run away, my dear! run away! Run and play, or do whatever you

like. I have not time to attend to you now."

Liliás did not say a word more, or even look at him again, but walked away with a stately tread, not condescending even to turn her head towards him. In this solemn way she went back to the hall, expecting to find 'Lizabéth; but when she found that even the old woman was gone, in whom she put a certain trust as the one person who knew everything, Liliás had a moment of black despair. What was she to do? She stood and gazed out into vacancy—her eyes intent, her mind passionately at work. It was to her after all, and not to Mary, that Nello had been intrusted, and if nobody would think of him, or attend to him, it was she who must interfere for her brother. She stood for a minute or two fixed—then turned hastily, paying no attention to Martuccia, and went to her room. Liliás, too, had a sovereign, which Mary had given her, and some few shillings beside. She took them out of their repository, and put on her hat and jacket. A great resolution was in her face. She had seen at last what was the only thing to do.

"I think, ma'am, there is a change," the nurse said, as Mary noiselessly but swiftly, as long nursing teaches women to move, came into the room. The nurse was an experienced person. When Miss Brown, and even Mary herself, had seen "a change," or fancied they had seen it before, nurse had never said so. It was the first time she had called any one to the Squire's room, or made the slightest movement of alarm. She led the way now to the bedside. The patient was lying in much the same attitude as before, but he was moving his hands restlessly, his lips were moving, and his head on the pillow. "He is saying something, but I cannot make out what it is," the nurse said. Mary put her ear close to the inarticulate mouth. How dreadful was that living prison of flesh!—living, yet dead!—the spirit pent up and denied all

its usual modes of utterance! Mary wrung her hands with a sense of the intolerable as she tried in vain to distinguish the words, which seemed to be repeated over and over again, though they could make nothing of them. "Cannot you help us?—can you make it out? Is there nothing we can do?" she cried; "no cordial to give him strength?" but the nurse could only shake her head, and the doctor, when he came, was equally helpless. He told Mary it was a sign of returning consciousness—which, indeed, was evident enough—but could not even say whether this promised for or against recovery. The nurse, it was clear, did not think it a good sign. He might even recover his speech *at the end*, she said. And hours passed while they waited, watching closely lest any faint beginning of sound should struggle through. The whole night was passed in this way. Mary never left the bedside. It was not that he could say anything of great importance to any one but himself. The Squire was helpless as respected his estate. It was entailed, and went to his eldest son, whether he liked it or not; and his will was made long ago, and all his affairs settled. What he had to say could not much affect any one; but of all pitiful sights, it seemed to his daughter the most pitiful, to see this old man, always so entirely master of himself, trying to make some communication which all their anxiety could not decipher. Could he be himself aware of how it was that no response was made to him?—could he realise the horror of the position?—something urgent to say, and no way of getting to the ears of those concerned, notwithstanding their most anxious attention? "No, no," the nurse said; "he's all in a maze; he maybe don't even know what he's saying;" and the constant movement and evident repetition gave favour to this idea. Mary stood by him, and looked at him, however, with a pain as great as if he had been consciously labouring on one

side of that bed to express himself as she was on the other to understand him, instead of lying, as was most probable, in a feverish dream, through which some broken gleam of fancy or memory struggled. When the chilly dawn broke upon the long night, that dreariest and coldest moment of a vigil, worn out with the long strain, she dropped asleep in the chair by her father's bedside. But when she woke hurriedly, a short time after, while yet it was scarcely full day, the nurse was standing by her with a hand upon her shoulder. The woman had grasped at her to wake her. "Listen, ma'am, he says—'the little boy,'" she said. Mary sprang up, shaking off her drowsiness, in a moment. The old man's face had recovered a little intelligence—a faint flush seemed to waver about his ashy cheeks. It was some time before even now she could make any meaning out of the babble that came from his lips. Then by degrees she gleaned, now one word, now another. "Little boy—little Johnny; bring the little boy." She could scarcely imagine even now that there was meaning in the desire. Most likely it was but some pale reflection through the dim awakening of the old man's mind, of the last idea that was in it. It went on, however, in one long strain of mumbled repetition—"Little Johnny—little boy." There seemed nothing else in his mind to say. The nurse laid her hand once more on Mary's arm, as she stood by her, listening. "If you can humour the poor gentleman, ma'am, you ought to do it," said the woman. She was a stranger, and did not know the story of the house.

What could Mary do? She sent out one of the servants to call Mr. Pen, who had stayed late on the previous night, always holding his book open with his finger at the place, but who got up now obedient at her summons, though his wife had not meant to let him be disturbed for hours. Then the feeble demand went on so continuously, that Mary in despair

sent Miss Brown for Liliás, vaguely hoping that the presence of the one child might perhaps be of some use in the dim state of semi-consciousness in which her father seemed to be. Miss Brown went with hesitation and a doubtful look, which Mary was too much occupied to notice, but came back immediately to say that Miss Liliás had got up early and gone out. "Gone out!" Mary said, surprised; but she had no leisure to be disturbed about anything, her whole mind being preoccupied. She went down stairs to Mr. Pen when he came. He had his prayer-book all ready. To dismiss the departing soul with all its credentials, with every solemnity that became such a departure, was what he thought of. He was altogether taken by surprise by Mary's hasty address—

"Mr. Pen, you must go at once and bring Nello. I cannot send a servant. He would not, perhaps, be allowed to come. If you will go, you can fetch him at once—to-morrow, early."

"But Miss Mary——"

"Don't say anything against it, Mr. Pen. He is asking for the little boy, the little boy! Nello must come, and come directly. You would not cross him in perhaps the last thing he may ever ask for?" cried Mary, the tears of agitation and weariness coming in a sudden gush from her eyes.

"Let me send for your brother," said the vicar. "Let me send for Randolph. He will know best what to do."

"Randolph! what has he to do with it?" she cried. "Oh go, Mr. Pen; do not vex me now."

"I will go." Mr. Pen closed his book with regret and put it into his pocket. He did not like the idea that the old Squire should depart out of the world like any common man, uncared for. After his long connection with the family, that such a thing should happen without him! Mr. Musgrave had not perhaps been so regretful as was to be desired of all the services of the Church, and Mr. Pen was all the more anxious, now

that he could have everything his own way, that all should be done in order. But how could he resist Mary's will and wish? He put his book in his pocket with a sigh.

"I will do what you wish, Miss Mary; but—it is a journey of many hours—and trains may not suit. Do you think he will—go on—so long?"

"He is asking for the little boy," said Mary hastily. "Come and see him, and it will go to your heart. How can I tell you any more? We do not know even whether he is to live or to die."

"Ah, you must not cherish false hopes," said the Vicar, as he followed her up stairs. The servants were peeping on the staircase and at the doors; they were half disappointed, like Mr. Pen, that the "change" was not more decided. They had hoped that all was nearly over at last.

The darkened room where the night-light was still burning though full day broke in muffled through the half-shuttered windows, was of itself very impressive to Mr. Pen, coming out of the fresh fullness of the morning light. He followed Mary, going elaborately on tiptoe round the foot of the great heavily-curtained bed. The Squire's head had been propped up a little. He had become even a little more conscious since Mary had left him. But his voice was so babbling and inarticulate that Mr. Pen, unused to it, and deeply touched by the condition in which he saw his old friend and patron, could not make out the words—"Bring the little boy—the little boy, not Randolph—little Johnny: bring the little boy." Thus he went murmuring on, and there had gradually come a kind of wish into the face, and a kind of consciousness of their presence. "I wanted to bring Liliás, but Liliás they tell me has gone out; I cannot tell where she can have gone," Mary whispered. "And he never took any notice of Liliás—it is the boy he wants—listen, Mr. Pen, always the boy."

"I cannot make anything of it," said Mr. Pen, moved to tears.

"Oh listen! He says not Randolph, the boy! It is the boy he wants. Look! I almost think he knows you. Oh, what is it he wants?" cried Mary.

The light which had been so nearly extinguished was leaping up in the socket. A sudden convulsion seemed to run over the old man's frame: he made an effort to raise himself. His ashen face grew red, perspiration burst out upon his forehead. Ghost-like and rigid as he was, he moved himself upward as if to get from his bed. The nurse had put herself quietly at her post on one side and she called to Mary to go to the other, while poor Mr. Pen stood by helpless, as if he were assisting at a visible resurrection. "Don't get excited, ma'am," the nurse said steadily; "one moment! I hear the doctor coming up stairs."

The steady tread of some one approaching reassured the women as they half aided, half controlled, the spasmodic force of apparent recovery. The foot came nearer and nearer, thank God. The door opened and some one came in.

It was not the doctor. It was a tall man, with light hair mingled with gray and a fair complexion turned brown. He came straight into the room like one familiar with the place. Miss Brown, who stood near the door, recoiled with a quivering cry, and Mr. Pen, whom he encountered next, fell back with the same quaver of consternation in his voice. He went to where Mary stood, who alone had not looked at him, her eyes being intent on her father's face. He put her aside tenderly, taking her place. "This is my work as much as yours," he said.

To be continued.

A NEW MANUSCRIPT OF GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

Nothing can be more curious than the way in which valuable papers, after they have been lost for years, till their very existence is forgotten, turn up at length among the dusty volumes of a library, nobody knowing how they got there, or where they came from. In the confusion of national archives, where the methodical industry of a few years has had to contend with the neglect of centuries, and where state papers of every age and of every description lie as they first fell from the hands of those who fashioned our history, like the splinters in a workman's shop, it is natural to expect that much information has escaped the eye of the most energetic explorer. But in a private library, and especially in a very small one, it does seem singular that a curious manuscript should remain long neglected and concealed. This, nevertheless, has been the fate of the small volume before us; for years it has been lying on its shelf, and for years it might have remained there, had not good fortune favoured its discovery.

The manuscript is the property of the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, daughter of the late Lord Dunfermline, and granddaughter of that Lord Dunfermline who, as Mr. Abercromby, was for some years Speaker of the House of Commons. Mrs. Trotter being about to leave England, was arranging her books before her departure, when she stumbled upon a queer-looking octavo volume bound in vellum. Upon opening it her curiosity was excited by the nature and appearance of its contents. The pages were arranged like an index or an address book. The margins bore large capital letters, and under every capital was placed the name of some person, according to his initial, and then there were a few lines of writing

in a cramped and crabbed hand. A still closer inspection proved that the names were those of statesmen and distinguished persons living in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., and that the writer, whoever he might be—for there was nothing to indicate his name—had been on familiar terms with all of them. Charles II., James II., William III., Rochester, Clarendon, Sunderland and Shrewsbury, all appear in their turn, and under each of their names comes some observation made by one or the other of them to the writer, or some information which the writer had gathered concerning them, and had entered in his book. Besides these notes there is on a loose sheet of paper a memorandum concerning the execution of Lord Russell. In this it is stated that the writer, acting upon some information which he had received through Dr. Burnet and Dr. Tillotson, had attempted to soften the anger of the king against Lord Russell, but that the information was afterwards found to be false, and that Dr. Burnet, in his zeal for Lord Russell's welfare, had exaggerated the extent of his submission. Mrs. Trotter, judging partly from the notes, but principally from this memorandum, concluded that the manuscript must be the work of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax. In sending us the volume, however, she said that she had never heard of such a manuscript being in the possession of her family, and could only conjecture that it had been purchased by her grandfather, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

We found the volume to consist, as stated, of a mass of notes, and of a loose sheet of paper with a memorandum concerning the execution of Lord Russell. The notes are of a most

vague and desultory description, and are seldom dated: but the earliest seems to refer to the year 1675, and the latest to 1692; probably, however, two-thirds of all the notes relate to the years 1688 and 1689, the period of the revolution. The volume contains the names of ninety persons under initial capitals, and a great number of other names introduced incidentally. The nature and character of the book will be best explained by quotations from it. But as copious extracts will be furnished on a later page, we shall refrain from offering any at present, and pass on to our reasons for asserting the manuscript to be the work of Lord Halifax.

In the first place, a very careful comparison has been made of the manuscript with the acknowledged manuscripts of Halifax in the British Museum. The similarity is so complete, and the proof so satisfactory and overwhelming, that this of itself would be sufficient to establish its genuineness. The contents of the volume are still further conclusive, and we hope that the passages which we shall extract will be considered sufficient to warrant the assertion.

But while the authenticity of the manuscript appears to be beyond dispute, there are two passages in it which may to a certain extent affect its historical value. The first of these suggests the idea that some of the notes are a transcript from the journal of some other person. Under the letter R. in the MS. Halifax writes:—

“Reresby Sir John.—Thus I confesse I did a little temporize with him in these things, it not being convenient to be too open with a Privy Councillor, and so great a Minister, especially having used a freedom of that kind with his L^d to no purpose.”

Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentioning an interview which he had had with Halifax, speaks thus:—

“I must confess I upon this occasion temporized a little, it being neither safe nor prudent to be too open with a Privy Councillor, and so great a Minister, especially as I had been guilty of freedoms with his Lordship to little or no purpose.”

These two extracts, if not verbally, are at least essentially the same; and it is obvious that whoever wrote one must have read the other. The remark contained in it, coming from the great and powerful Lord Halifax, of Sir John Reresby, a considerable man indeed, but far beneath Halifax in rank and influence, would be ridiculous, while it is very appropriate in the mouth of Sir John Reresby. If Halifax wrote the first passage, which we think he undoubtedly did, he copied it from Sir John Reresby; but then if he is not the “I” in this note, why should he be the “I” in any other?

The second passage would at once fix the manuscript to be the work of Lord Halifax, were it not for a difficulty involved in it:—

“Earle Mongrave,” says the MS., “told mee hee intended mee no disrespect when hee voted for an addresse to remove mee from the woollack.”

In 1689 Halifax was Speaker of the House of Lords *pro tem.*, and on the 10th of July of that year, a motion was made for his removal, but on the other hand no such person as Lord Mongrave ever existed. A natural solution of the difficulty might be found in supposing that Mongrave was a misspelling for Mulgrave, and both the divergencies of spelling, and the carelessness of writers of that age fully warrant such a conjecture. A reference, however, to the Journals of the House of Lords shows that Lord Mulgrave's name is not among the list of the peers who attended in the House of Lords on July 10th, though it is recorded both on the 9th and the 11th, the day before and the day after the important vote. It is possible, of course, that he may have been in the House, and that by some accidental circumstance his name was omitted. The forms of the House were then very loosely observed, and make such an assumption not altogether impossible. Only a few years before, the Habeas Corpus Bill was passed by Lord Grey, one of the tellers, taking

advantage of the inattention of his partner, Lord Norris, to count a very fat lord as ten. Even in our own times, we have heard of a lord being recorded as attending in the House while he was in fact on the Continent. Or again, it is possible, that Lord Mulgrave may have voted by proxy. We admit that neither of these hypotheses are satisfactory, but they are the only explanation which we can offer as a solution of the difficulty.

It is impossible clearly to trace the history of the MS., or to discover how it came into the possession of Mrs. Trotter, but circumstances lead us to the conclusion that it may have originally been in the collection of manuscripts belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. In the introduction to the *Savile Correspondence*, published by the Camden Society in 1858, we are told that Halifax kept a diary from which he compiled a journal, and that both these works, though known to have been in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, had disappeared from his library. The question at once suggests itself whether the MS. might not in some way be connected with the lost journal or the diary. Inquiry strengthens the force of the conjecture. It appears that Mr. Abercromby, who owed his introduction to public life greatly to the interest of the Cavendish family, was also intimately connected with the affairs of the Duke of Devonshire, and had been employed by the Duke as his agent. It also appears that Charles Fox, when he was engaged in his historical pursuits, had obtained free use of the Halifax MS. from Devonshire House. The conclusion, therefore, seems naturally to follow, that the MS. had been returned to Mr. Abercromby, the Duke's agent, either by Fox or his executors, and that Mr. Abercromby had mislaid the book or forgotten to return it. It is, however, impossible to accept the volume either as a journal or a diary, as the notes are not only incomplete and fragmentary, but are arranged without any regard to chrono-

logical order. This is enough to show that they are not contemporaneous with the events they commemorate, and leads us to think that the volume is a note-book in which, late in life, Lord Halifax attempted to record some of the incidents of former years, writing each entry as the recollection occurred to him, and hence creating a confusion and jumble of the general contents. It is very easy to imagine how such a book may have passed into the hands of Charles Fox together with, and under the general designation of, some fuller work, and, if this were the case, it has already been shown how it might have found its way into the possession of Mr. Abercromby. This explanation is no more than a mere conjecture, but the connection of Mr. Abercromby with the Duke of Devonshire, and the loss of the Halifax MSS. give it some appearance of plausibility.

We will now turn to the manuscript itself—first giving the memorandum relative to Lord Russell, and then offering extracts from the notes, and preserving with a few exceptions the alphabetical classification in which they are arranged.

I. It will be remembered that at the time of Lord Russell's execution, Lord Halifax was Privy Seal. Great efforts were made to save Russell either by moving the king to mercy, or by inducing the prisoner to recant some of his most objectionable principles. Nobody was more zealous in this latter office than Burnet. Burnet, though he omits all mention of the facts in his History, at length actually pretended that he had succeeded in bending the mind of Russell to submission, and persuaded Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to prevail upon Halifax to go to the King with an intimation of the circumstance. Halifax complied, but he had hardly delivered his message, when he discovered to his annoyance that Russell had not submitted at all, and that he had fallen a victim to an unpardonable but well-meant misstatement of Burnet.

Tillotson, though equally provoked, determined to make one last effort to shake the constancy of Russell, and to induce him to acknowledge the unlawfulness of resistance. With this purpose he wrote him a letter, which he delivered with his own hands, and waited while Russell was reading. He then carried the letter to Halifax, with whom he left it. After Russell's execution this letter came to the knowledge of the king, who had it printed. It has always been a matter of doubt as to how the king became possessed of the letter. Echard, in his *History of England*, states that the interview between Halifax and Tillotson was interrupted by Sir Thomas Clergis, and that Clergis procured a copy of the letter, and gave it to the king.

Tillotson, when in 1689 he was examined before a Parliamentary Committee, appointed to inquire into the deaths of Russell and Sidney, makes no mention of Sir Thomas Clergis, but says that his interview with Halifax was interrupted by the entrance of a servant of the Spanish, or some other ambassador. He also informed the Committee, that Halifax had told him that he had shown the letter to the king himself. This discrepancy between the accounts of Echard and Tillotson does not, perhaps, seem very material, but it is sufficient to afford grounds to Lord John Russell, in his *Life of Lord Russell*, for objecting to a certain statement of Echard upon another point, in which he charges Russell with a scheme for betraying his friends. The memorandum from our MS. which we will now quote, seems to throw some light on this subject. The memorandum runs thus:—

“Dr Burnet came to Dr Tillotson and told him that hee had now brought my L^d Russell to bee sensible of the unlawfulness of Resistance, and desired him to acquaint mee with it, that I might tell it to the King, as that which might in some degree soften him towards my L^d. Dr Tillotson accordingly told this to mee, and I took the first opportunity of acquainting the King with it, and improved it the best I could for his advantage. Dr Tillotson in the meantime goeth to my L^d

Russell to tell him how glad he was of what Dr Burnet had informed him. My L^d said that Dr Burnet was under a mistake, for that he had only said that hee was willing to bee convinced, but not that hee was so. Upon this, Dr Tillotson expostulateth with Dr Burnet for misinforming him, and for making him the instrument to send mee with a wrong message to the King. Dr Burnet confesseth that he said it positively to Dr Tillotson, though my L^d only said it in such a manner as gave him hopes hee would bee converted from his former opinion, but hee took it in the largest sense, because hee believed it might do him a good office to the King. Dr Tillotson upon this, the day before his execution, goeth to my L^d to discourse with him upon the same subject, and withall carryeth with him a letter written by himselfe, to give my L^d to consider of it, which hee did, and afterwards said there was more said against the lawfulness of resistance than hee thought could have been. Dr Tillotson bringeth this paper to mee to justify himselfe, and to rectify the mistake made by Dr Burnet; this was the night before the execution, which being done, the next morning my L^d's speech cometh out, which being contrary to what I had told from him, gave some dissatisfaction at court against the Dr, who having left this paper with mee, being interrupted by the Spanish Ambassador who came to see mee whilst the Dr was with mee, I having perused it, shewed it to Sir T. Clergis, and I cannot remember whether to anybody else, so that the K. heard of it (but not till after L^d Russell was executed), and order was given to have it printed.”

From the above memorandum it is quite clear that Sir Thomas Clergis was made acquainted with Tillotson's letter to Russell. It also becomes clear how it was that Tillotson was not aware of this fact, as his interview had been interrupted by the Spanish ambassador, before Clergis made his appearance. Echard must, therefore, be credited with the knowledge of a circumstance of which Tillotson was ignorant. Lord John Russell has urged the omission of Clergis' name in Tillotson's evidence to convict Echard of an inaccuracy, and hence to infer that Echard, inaccurate on this point, is probably inaccurate in the far more important accusation which he brings against Russell, of a scheme to betray his friends. We do not allude to this subject with the view of maintaining the charge against Russell, because we believe with Lord John,

that such treachery had no place in his character, but merely to direct attention to what seems a flaw in the argument for disposing of Echard's statement.

II. We will now proceed to furnish extracts from the notes. The notes are given exactly as they are to be found in the MS., except that in two cases a few, which related to the same subjects, but were entered in different places, have been brought together to render them intelligible. To the notes we have added some remarks of our own for the purpose of elucidation.

The first note comes under the head of Sir John Baber. Sir John Baber was physician in ordinary to King Charles II., and is mentioned by Pepys as being so extremely cautious, that he would never speak in company till he was acquainted with every stranger present. Halifax says :—

"Baber Sir John told mee (14th Sept. '90) that hee sent the French Embassadour to renew his visits to mee, said that K. James told him I made great court to him by Priests, but that hee bid them ask mee whether I would take away the test, and upon my refusal he told them they were deceived."

And another entry below says :—

"The Dutch Embassadour told mee H. Killigrew had said I used to go to the Nuncio Dadues, and that he saw me going thither."

These notes seem to refer to the latter end of King James's reign. In 1685, Halifax was turned out of office for opposing the repeal of the Test Act, and remained out of office during the rest of the reign of James II. Sir John Reresby, however, mentions that not long before the revolution a treaty was set on foot for the purpose of bringing him into the government, and was conducted by the priests. This, he says, was the reason that Halifax was trusted by James to the last. This report is also mentioned in the diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon. The Nuncio Dadues is no doubt the Count of Adda, the papal Nuncio in England, and H. Killigrew was a courtier of very small reputation.

The MS. then proceeds :—

"Baber Sir John said hee told the K. Ch. 2 all the businesse of Whig concerning the Irish farms, of the 3,000 per an., and of the writing drawn up for it which he would not signe."

We have collected from other parts of the volume the following extracts on this subject :—

"Sir James Shaen was present when the deed was sealed to Lord Witherington for 3000lb. per an., that hee would not signe it, but Dr. Gorge did." Sir James Shaen "sayeth that when the project was proposed in the time of Ch. 2 of farming all the branches of the revenue, L^d Godolphin was to have been Treasurer."

Lord Hide "sent mee to Ch. 2 to let him know hee would serve no longer if L^d Ranelagh was hearkened to. Sayeth in a letter to mee thus—Have a care L^d Ranelagh doth not gaine credit in his waiting week to obstruct this matter, viz., the Irish farms, &c., if he hath any wind of it. If it be proposed to have my L^d of Ormond consulted in it, for which there is no good reason in the world to be armed against it." "Ranelagh Lady was to have had 1000lb. if the project for farming the Irish Revenue by Sir J. S. (Sir James Shaen ?) had gone on. Her son hindered it, but she had her 1000lb. from him." "York D. was to have 3000lb. per an. : at the same time L^d Danby was to have the same out of the Irish farms."

These notes seem to point to a corrupt and rather obscure transaction, which happened in the winter of 1675. In the reign of Charles II., the crown found it convenient to surrender to capitalists the revenue of Ireland in consideration of a fixed sum of money. The capitalists were called "farmers." In 1670 the Irish revenue had been handed over to a company, if we may call it so, of which Lord Ranelagh was the chief farmer. The system was replete with private corruption and public suffering. Lord Essex, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writes, "I can compare it to nothing better than the flinging the reward upon the death of a deer among a pack of hounds, when every one pulls and tears what he can for himself, for indeed it has been no other than a perpetual scramble." At Christmas, 1775, Lord Ranelagh's "farm" expired,

and measures had to be taken for settling the revenue. Lord Essex went to London to offer his advice, and we find from Carte's *Life of the Duke of Ormonde*, that Ormonde was there too. Essex had already written to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland to inform him that the revenue had been placed in the hands of Mr. Pett, Sir John Baber, and Sir William Petty, when an extraordinary scene occurred. Mr. Pett vehemently declared before the council that the Lord Treasurer Danby had accepted a bribe from some of those who treated for the farm. Essex, who apparently did not believe in the charge, thought that designing people had worked upon Mr. Pett. Mr. Pett, however, and Sir John Baber withdrew from the farm. But the business did not end here. According to Burnet, Danby was charged at the council table with favouring particular persons. Lord Widdrington admitted that he had offered Danby a large sum of money, but that Danby had civilly declined it. Halifax then observed that Danby had rejected the offer very mildly; but not so as to discourage a second attempt. It would be somewhat strange, he remarked, if a man should propose to run away with another man's wife, and if the other should indeed object, but with great civility. The taunt so nettled Danby, that he got Halifax dismissed from the council board. The above notes seem to show how very far the corruption extended, and a reference to the impeachment of Danby, as Duke of Leeds, in 1695 bears still further testimony to his corruption in this matter. The Sir James Shaen mentioned in the notes was a great capitalist, and Dr. Gorge became apparently some years afterwards a Commissioner of the Irish Revenue.

"*Bolton Duke* said that L^d Monmouth and Montague had told him I was the occasion of L^d Russell's death. Made me great professions. Said he was satisfied of the falseness of imputing Lord Russell's death to me."

"*Caermarthen L^d* told the King that the Treasurer's place was fayrely worth 20,000lb. per an."

This is a considerable increase over its former value. At the Restoration, the salary of the Lord Treasurer, Lord Southampton, was fixed at 8,000*l.* a year, and the appointment to subordinate offices was left in the hands of the King. After the death of Lord Southampton in 1667, the Lord Treasurer obtained the patronage of the subordinate offices, and kept the 8,000*l.* a year as well.

"*Caermarthen L^d* told mee it had been happy if the King would have been content with the Regency."

This is an allusion to a proposal made by Rochester, Nottingham, and Clarendon, on the flight of James II., that a regent should be appointed. What makes the passage interesting is that Danby (Marquis of Caermarthen) voted *against* the motion, which was only lost by two votes.

"*Caermarthen L^d* said openly at his table, that the Ch. of England was divided into two parties, of which one was for bringing in K. James, and *by God* hee believed they would do it. Hee told the Spanish Emb. that King William was a weak man, and spoyled his own business. Told Sir J. Reresby that if K. James would quit his papists it might not *yet* be too late for him."

In his memoirs, Sir J. Reresby states, that Danby had said that if King James would but give the country some satisfaction about religion, which he might easily do, it would be very hard to make head against him.

"*Caermarthen L^d* said that K. James sent to offer to put himselfe into his hands before hee went away, that his answer was by Ch^l Berty who was sent, that his own force which hee had in the North was *not sufficient to trust to*; but if his Majesty would bring a considerable party with him, and come without the papists, hee would sooner lose his life than his Majesty should be injured."

This passage, which is certainly a curious one, has already been substantially given by Sir John Reresby. Lord Caermarthen, then Lord Danby, had not only heartily entered into the scheme for bringing over the Prince of Orange, but he had actually drawn up

the heads of the Declaration to be proclaimed by the Prince to the English people. Danby had undertaken the task of raising the North, and he had written strong advices to the Prince to effect his landing in Yorkshire with a *small* army instead of making a descent in the West. This plan was violently opposed by Admiral Herbert, who declared that the coast of Yorkshire was so dangerous, that to disembark there would be to imperil the safety of the fleet. Had the Prince of Orange landed in Yorkshire with a small army, and in such a position as to prevent the co-operation of the fleet, it is very probable that Danby might have made his own terms with either the King or the Prince.

"*Caermarthen* L^d complained to him (Sir John Reresby), that I insisted upon the words Rightfull King in the Oath."

When the form of a new oath of allegiance to William had to be decided on, the words rightful and lawful King were violently objected to, and a new form, to bear faith and true allegiance, successfully substituted. Many argued that under this new oath they were only bound to support William while in possession, but could, without violating their consciences, assist in the return of James. The substance of the above note is to be found in Reresby's memoirs. In fact it is obvious that Halifax must have seen these memoirs.

"*Capell Sir Henry* told mee that the King was as certainly married to the D. of Monmouth's mother, as hee was to his wife."

King Charles, however, upon the Duke of York's going abroad in 1679, made a solemn declaration in council, and both signed and sealed it, that he was never married to Monmouth's mother.

"*Clarendon* L^d said at the Cabinet Councell to K. James: S^r, you are Master of the presse, I hope you will be so of the pulpit."

"*Dartmouth* L^d at K's first coming pretended his pension of 1000lb per an. hee had from K. James. Sir W. Booth told L. P. that L^d Dartmouth did certainly connive at the Prince of Orange his passing by. Said

his first falling out with L^d Churchill was that hee found out L^d Churchill told what was resolved in secret with L^d Hide. Told mee it just after the sea-fight, when Torrington was put out, if they had offered him the command of the fleet, hee would have taken it. May 27th, '89. K. said he had some thoughts of allowing L^d Dartm. a pension, but hee would see how hee behaved himself."

It will be recollected that Dartmouth commanded King James's fleet at the time of the invasion of the Prince of Orange, and that he has often been charged with intentionally permitting the Prince to sail past him. This charge is repeated here by Sir W. Booth. Burnet, however, declares that Dartmouth, though disapproving of the general policy of King James, was determined to act loyally to him, as admiral of his fleet, and that his apparent apathy was owing to unfavourable winds. Dartmouth informed Burnet, that whatever stories had been told to the contrary, he intended to fight, and that both officers and men would have fought, and fought very heartily. When Dartmouth told Halifax that he would have accepted the command of the fleet had it been offered to him after Torrington was put out, he alludes to the Battle of Beachy Head, and the disgrace of Torrington. Had he received the command, he would have probably betrayed it. Almost at the moment of the battle, he was engaged in an intrigue with the French to surrender Portsmouth, and in 1691 died in the Tower.

"*Dryden* Mr. told mee hee was offered money to write verses agst mee."

Dryden, in James II's. reign, finding it to his advantage to change his religion, turned a Roman Catholic, and soon afterwards brought out his great poem of the *Hind and the Panther*. We don't remember any attack in verse by Dryden on Halifax. The following description of him, however, in *Absalom and Achitophel*, under the name of Jotham, is well known:—

"Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Indued by nature and by learning taught

To move assemblies ; who but only try'd
The worse a while then chose the better
side,
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too,
So much the weight of one brave man can
do."

"Dec. 3rd, '90.—*Ambassador Dutch* told mee hee had not for a great while been in the K's confidence ; that Deickfielt (Dykvelt) was not his friend. That Deickfielt put the King upon arbitrary councils. Said that the late mutinies at Harlem and Rotterdam arose in part from jealousies of that kind. Said that hee had the same coldnesse when in Holland, as here."

"*Essex L^a* told mee Lady Portsmouth said to him, my L^a the King must be absolute else hee is not King."

Such was the language of the court in the reign of Charles II. Charles on one occasion told Lord Essex, that he did not think he was a king, as long as a company of fellows (so he styled the House of Commons) were looking in to all his actions, and examining his ministers, as well as his accounts.

"*Essex L^a* said at councill that the apprehension of Popery made him imagine he saw his children frying in Smithfield. Said his brother had but little understanding, and the worst was hee thought hee had a great deal. Told mee with anger and surprize that some were for setting up the Duke of Monmouth—afterwards hee was for it."

This is the Lord Essex who was charged with treason at the same time as Russell and Algernon Sydney, and who committed suicide in the Tower. His brother was Sir Henry Capel, afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. As will be seen from the letters of Lord Essex, there had been a misunderstanding between the two brothers.

"*Fitzpatrick Coll.* bragged hee had put Father Peters and L^a Powis into the Cabinet Councill with L^a Sunderland. Told mee that out of ill-will to my L^a Sunderland, who was not his friend, hee got Father Peters and L^a Castlemaine joyned in the secret Cabinet."

We cannot discover who Colonel Fitzpatrick was, and his story does not agree with the account given by Burnet. Lord Castlemaine, the husband of the Duchess of Cleveland, had been sent by James to Rome upon a pompous mission to the Pope.

On his return there is nothing in Burnet to show that he was ever admitted to the secret council. Father Petre, on the other hand, *through the influence of Sunderland*, and much in opposition to the wishes of the queen, became a privy councillor. Everything was managed by Sunderland and Petre, "he, only, and Petre being of the secret Council."

"*Grafton Duke* told mee that if the fleet had fought, they had been all destroyed. Said L^a Torrington would justly throw the blame upon the Councillours if hee was pushed. Said hee would never serve if L^a Monmouth had anything to do in the fleet. Said L^a Monmouth was mad."

These remarks allude to the proceedings of Torrington before the Battle of Beachy Head. William was in Ireland, and the government was left in the hands of Mary, and a council of nine. Tourville issued out of Brest with a very large French fleet. Torrington, under the impression that he was not strong enough to withstand an attack, retreated, and all England was thrown into the greatest alarm. The council met in London, and had an anxious session. Various propositions were made, among which was one by Monmouth, that he might be immediately allowed to join the fleet. At length it was determined to send strict orders to Torrington to fight, and there ensued the Battle of Beachy Head, the destruction of the Dutch contingent, and the subsequent trial and disgrace of Torrington.

"*How.* Aug. 8, '89. K. said hee had said those words concerning him in the house that if he was not king hee must either fight with him or cudgell him. Resolved to dismiss him. The question only was of the manner."

John Howe was vice chamberlain to the queen, and one of the bitterest speakers in the House of Commons. Lord Macaulay mentioning his acrimony says it once inflicted a wound which changed even the stern composure of William, and constrained him to utter a wish that he were a private gentleman, and could invite

Mr. Howe to a short interview behind Montague House.

"James K. told mee some years since when hee was on shipboard that sure L^d Feversham was the best servant that ever man had. When hee sent to interrogate the L^ds upon occasion offered, hee confessed hee could not imagine that the aversion to his religion had been so great. When it was told that there were but 2 things to do, either to make a great condiscention without reserve, or to venture at the head of those troops which had not revolted,—hee said the last was not to be done, for no brave man would ever engage himself against all reason &c. Note, hee would not do the first neither."

"Jeffrey L^d upon occasion of Gov^t to be settled in New England; I arguing for the liberty of the people he replied—whosoever capitulateth rebelleth.—This at the Cabinet Councell."

Fox, in his history of the reign of James II., tells us that Halifax had proposed in council a plan for modelling the charters of the American plantations upon a basis of English rights and liberties. The scheme was defeated, chiefly through the machinations of the French Court.

"King. June 24th '89, said hee was so tired hee thought hee must leave us."

This, doubtless, alludes to the well-known intention of William to abandon England and retire to Holland.

"K. told D. Hamilton once; do you know I am your King? I believe you have a mind to be King of Scotland; I would you were."

This story has been told in various ways, none of which are flattering either to the Scotch or to the Duke of Hamilton. In Lord Macaulay it is—"I wish to Heaven that Scotland were a thousand miles off, and that the Duke of Hamilton was King of it. Then I should be rid of them both." Burnet's version is very similar.

"Monmouth L^d proposed to L. P. to trust him with the present possession of the estate, and hee would give him security to pay the rent of it, for his life, *where he pleased*—L. P. said L. Mon. got Gibs to be made a Welsh judge, that he might swear ag^t him. Gibs was once L. P.'s servant. He was to swear about his being reconciled to the Ch. of Rome—L. P. sayeth L. Mon. offered money to severall persons to swear ag^t him.—L. P. said L. Mon. employed the Bp. of Salisbury

to perswade the K. to have him left out of the act of Grace, *but the K. would not*—Aug. 29. '89. K. laughed at the small appearance of L^d Monmouth's reg^t, said it was raised for a Commonwealth.—Monmouth L^d told mee at the K's first coming in that if hee did not use him well, hee should find hee had a sword ag^t him as well as for him—Told L^d Falkland some years since, that they two must governe the world, rout the old fellows in businesse—that they would drink a bottle, and bee good company with the King—said at his first entrance into the commission of Treasury, that hee would understand the businesse of it as well as L^d Godolphin in a fortnight.—Told Rochester hee ought not to be my friend for I was the greatest enemy to him in the world—L. P. told me L^d Monmouth would have perswaded him to escape, to make him criminall."

The above notes are very characteristic of Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous Earl of Peterborough. The letters L. P. occur frequently in the MS., and we are inclined to think they refer to Lord Peterborough. Peterborough had turned Roman Catholic in the reign of James II., and was the uncle of Monmouth, who was his heir, and who eventually succeeded to his earldom. The relationship would also account for Monmouth's desire to get rid of Peterborough, that he might at once succeed to the estates. On the other hand, there is no mention of such a circumstance in Warburton's life of Lord Monmouth, nor was Lord Peterborough's property large enough to offer a great prize to his cupidity. As to the other notes it will be remembered that Monmouth was made first commissioner of the Treasury in 1689, and that much to his vexation he found Goldolphin placed at the same board. The enmity which Monmouth alludes to between Rochester and Halifax had been of long standing. Halifax had in the reign of Charles II. accused Rochester of misappropriating the revenue, and had driven him from the influential post of Lord Treasurer to the more dignified but less important one of Lord President. Halifax pursued his unfortunate enemy with the taunt, that he had often before heard of a man being kicked down stairs but never of his having been kicked up.

"Marleborough-Earle told mee the beginning of August '90 that he had in his own mind made a scheme of a Cabinet Council, viz. P. myselfe, if I would come in, 2 secretaries, L^d Steward—L^d P.—Lords Mountrath and Drumlanrick were to have given 600 guineas to Lady Marleborough for the place L^d Faulkland had in the Princes family.—Made a bargain with a Jew for 4^d a loafe, and sold it to the soldiers for 5^d."

"Nottingham L^d June 24. '89. K. said the worst of L^d Nottingham was his caballing with L^d President (Caermarthen). Engaged with the P. of Orange and then flew back upon which they were in consultation to pistoll him. K. often told mee he was a weak man."

That it was the intention of some of those who were engaged with the Prince of Orange to shoot Nottingham is confirmed by Lord Dartmouth in a note to Burnet. Dartmouth says:—"The Duke of Shrewsbury told me, that upon this declaration of Lord Nottingham (that he would not go further in the business), one of the lords said he thought things were brought to a short point, either Lord Nottingham or they must die, and proposed shooting of him on Kensington Road, which he should undertake to do in such a manner that it should appear to have been done by highwaymen." Lord Danby, however, considered there was more danger in killing Nottingham than in leaving him alone; he was therefore left unmolested. Lord Macaulay varies the story. He says that Nottingham, when he informed the conspirators that he could go no further with them said his life was fair forfeit, and if they chose to distrust him they might stab him.

"Peterborough L^d told mee that K. James was offered to have L^d Marleborough, Grafton, Kirk, killed, but could not resolve it."

Lord Peterborough, as has been said, was a Roman Catholic, and most likely in some of the secrets of the party. The above proposition was probably made when it was discovered that these officers were corresponding with the Prince of Orange. It has been told on various authorities that Lord Marlborough had a design of

seizing the person of James and of carrying him a prisoner to the Prince, and that he had determined if the attempt failed to assassinate him. The latter part of this report rests upon very poor authority, but even if the first part is true it affords a strong motive for the proposition made in the MS.

"Rochester L^d told me in March 1690 that hee could have a place at Court if he would. Told mee if K. James came back, hee would do just as hee did. K. said Aug. 4. '89. hee would never imploy L^d Rochester. K. said April 4. '89. hee would never agree to spare my L^d Rochester and to condemne my L^d Moulgrave."

"Russell L^d spoke against L^d Shaftesbury, and said hee would spoyle everything hee had to do with. Told mee once that if C^b the 2nd should dy, there should be 100,000 swords drawn, of which his should be one."

Though united in the popular cause, there was very little in common between Russell and Shaftesbury. Russell was upright, constant, and, for the times in which he lived, of stainless character. Shaftesbury was unscrupulous, fickle, and one of the greatest libertines of the age. "I believe, Shaftesbury," said Charles II. to him, "thou art the wickedest dog in England." "May it please your Majesty," retorted Shaftesbury, "of a subject I believe I am." Nevertheless, both their paths led them to a similar fate—Russell to die on the scaffold, and Shaftesbury to breathe his last as an exile. The latter part of the note seems to refer to King Charles's illness in 1679. Had he died, the succession of James would probably have been disputed. Henry Savile, brother of Lord Halifax, writing to Henry Sidney, says: "The news of our master's illness has so frightened me, that I expect this day's letters with great impatience, as well as with fear and trembling. Good God! what a change would such an incident make. The very thought puts me out of my wits. God bless you, and deliver us all from that damnable curse."

"*Salisbury*, B^r K. s^d the B^r of Salisbury would do more hurt than 20 people could do good. K. said, April 21, '89, hee wished hee knew everybody else as well as hee knew the B^r of Salisbury. K. said, June 17, '89, the B of Salisbury was dangerous; had no principles."

"*Seymour Sir Edward* to mee blamed the B^r for refusing to read the declaration; told me L^d Dartmouth was a shallow monster; that L^d Rochester was the last of mankind, insolent in prosperity, dejected in adversity; told mee, some time after K. William's coming over, that hee intended to indite half a score Roman Catholics to get their forfeitures."

Sir Edward Seymour was one of the leading members of opposition in King James's parliament, and was one of the first to join the Prince of Orange on his arrival in England. He was, however, far from pure in his public life, as the above note shows. He had been Speaker of the House of Commons, and, according to Burnet, was the first Speaker who had not been bred to the bar. It is said of him that he understood the House of Commons so perfectly, that he could decide the fate of a question from the faces of its members; and that when he was a partizan of the Court, and saw a motion going against it, he would misstate the question, and so delay it, till the party had gathered itself together. Another characteristic story is told by Lord Dartmouth. "When Sir Edward was Speaker, his coach broke at Charing Cross, and he ordered the beadles to stop the next gentleman's they met, and bring it to him. The gentleman in it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach, but Sir Edward told him it was more proper for him to walk in the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons, and left him so to do without any further apology."

"*L^d Sunderland* came to mee, when L^d Essex quitted his place in the Treasury, to conjure mee from the K. to take it. L^d Hyde came along with him and joyned in it. Hee told mee, at the same time, if I would take it, hee would be answerable that in three months I should have the White Staffe."

This was in 1679, when the King refused to call a parliament. Essex

retired, and Halifax fell ill partly through vexation. It was rumoured that his illness was the result of disappointment at not being made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Halifax assured Burnet that he had been offered this post, but had refused it. A note in our MS., under the heading of Lord Tirconnell, leads us to doubt this assertion, as Halifax was not sufficiently compliant in regard to the Catholics.

"*Sunderland L^d* pressed Barillon that the French might march towards Colleen (Cologne) when they went to Philipsbourg."

This note proves the treachery of Sunderland to both King James and the Prince of Orange. According to Lord Macaulay, Sunderland attached himself to the Prince about the middle of August, 1688, which was before the King of France turned his troops from Cologne to Philipsburg. Had Sunderland's advice been taken, the frontiers of Holland would have been threatened, and the Dutch expedition probably prevented.

"Mr. — told mee that he knew it next to a demonstration that Father Peters, though it was in some kind irregular, hath been forced to say two masses in a morning, because L^d Sunderland and L^d Moulgrave were not to know of one another."

"*L^d Sunderland* moved K. Charles to put away the Queen and his brother from him, the K. replied to him, My L^d I am a Rogue in little things, I have my frailties, but I will not be a Villaine; this the K. told again to the Queen."

Several proposals of a similar kind were made by his courtiers to Charles II. The Duke of Buckingham once had the audacity to suggest that the queen should be kidnapped during a masquerade, and sent to the plantations. The king replied, somewhat in the spirit of the above, that it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers.

"*L^d Sunderland* said at his table that rather than not gain the majority of the House of L^ds, if hee was the K. hee would create L^d Feversham's troop Peers."

This relates to the end of the reign of James II., when the king was attempting to pack a House of Commons, and had determined to violate parliament. Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes to Burnet's history, tells the same story. "The old Earl of Bradford," he writes, "told me he dined in a great deal of company at the Earl of Sunderland's, who declared publicly that they were now sure of their game; for it would be an easy matter to have a House of Commons to their minds, and there was nothing else could resist them. Lord Bradford asked him if they were as sure of the House of Lords, for he believed they would meet with more opposition there than they expected. Lord Sunderland, turning to Lord Churchill who sat next him, and in a very loud voice, cried, 'Oh, Silly, why your troop of guards shall be called to the House of Lords.'" It is curious that Lord Sunderland's son should have been one of the warmest supporters of the celebrated bill of 1719 for restricting the numbers of the peerage. He desired to defend the House of Lords from the scandalous abuse of large creations of peers.

The MS. continues that

"After L^d Sunderland was turned out, L^d Dover came to L(ord) P(eterborough), and told him though hee had not been well with L^d Sunderland, yet he must do him a favour, and assured him hee would not offend the King by it, hee must send to his Priest in Northamptonshire to go to Althorp, because my Lady Sunderland would not let him have a chappell. Lady Sund. said her L^d never was a Papist, but only appeared so, that he might do the better service."

Sunderland became Catholic in the very last moments of the reign of James II. He had for some time been advising the King to make concessions to the people. The King was half inclined to comply, till a false report arrived of the destruction of the

Prince of Orange's fleet. James at once asserted all his old principles, and Sunderland made the only reparation which could save his credit with the King, that of becoming Catholic.

"L. P. told mee the French Embassadour sent him to the Duke of York to perswade him not to declare, and that hee would bring him as good casuist's opinions as were to convince his conscience in it. The D. replied the French Embassadour was a Rogue and had no religion, hee forgave my L^{ds} moving it, because hee knew hee meant well, but charged him never to repeat it."

The Duke was at first desirous to keep his conversion a secret, but was not allowed by the Pope to do so. Having once declared himself a Roman Catholic, he remained firm. In 1682 Charles II. was most anxious that the Duke, then in Scotland, should attend the Episcopalian Church merely for form's sake. The Duke refused, on the grounds that such conduct would not be consistent with his conscience.

Here we shall stop, at all events for the present. A great number of notes have necessarily been omitted, and we are well aware that many people would have preferred that the space devoted to our own remarks should have been occupied with further extracts from the manuscript. But it has not been so much our object to lay the entire manuscript before the public, as to draw attention to its significance and historical value, in the hope that some information may be derived as to its origin and history. With this view we have extracted those passages which seemed most characteristic, and in transcribing them, have adhered to that order in which the writer himself has placed them. In short, we have only tried to enable the reader to form some independent opinion of the authenticity and character of the MS., and if this object has been attained, we shall remain satisfied.

HUGH F. ELLIOT.

THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.¹

II.—THE COLOURS OF PLANTS.

THE colouring of plants is neither so varied nor so complex as that of animals, and its explanation accordingly offers fewer difficulties. The colours of foliage are, comparatively, little varied, and can be traced in almost all cases to a special pigment termed chlorophyll, to which is due the general green colour of leaves; but the recent investigations of Mr. Sorby and others have shown that chlorophyll is not a simple green pigment, but that it really consists of at least seven distinct substances, varying in colour from blue to yellow and orange. These differ in their proportions in the chlorophyll of different plants; they have different chemical reactions; they are differently affected by light; and they give distinct spectra. Mr. Sorby further states that scores of different colouring matters are found in the leaves and flowers of plants, to some of which appropriate names have been given, as erythrophyll which is red, and phaiophyll which is brown; and many of these differ greatly from each other in their chemical composition. These inquiries are at present in their infancy, but as the original term chlorophyll seems scarcely applicable under the present aspect of the subject, it would perhaps

be better to introduce the analogous word Chromophyll as a general term for the colouring matters of the vegetable kingdom.

Light has a much more decided action on plants than on animals. The green colour of leaves is almost wholly dependent on it; and although some flowers will become fully coloured in the dark, others are decidedly affected by the absence of light, even when the foliage is fully exposed to it. Looking therefore at the numerous coloured substances which are developed in the tissues of plants; the sensitiveness of these pigments to light; the changes they undergo during growth and development; and the facility with which new chemical combinations are effected by the physiological processes of plants as shown by the endless variety in the chemical constitution of vegetable products, we have no difficulty in comprehending the general causes which aid in producing the colours of the vegetable world, or the extreme variability of those colours. We may therefore here confine ourselves to an inquiry into the various uses of colour in the economy of plants; and this will generally enable us to understand how it has become fixed and specialised in the several genera and species of the vegetable kingdom.

In animals, as we have seen, colour is greatly influenced by the need of protection from or of warning to their numerous enemies, and to the necessity for identification and easy recognition. Plants rarely need to be concealed, and obtain protection either by their spines, their hardness, their hairy covering, or their poisonous secretions. A very few cases of what seem to be true protective colouring do, however, exist, the most remarkable being that of the "stone mesembryanthemum," of the Cape of

¹ In the first part of this paper I used the term "voluntary sexual-selection" to indicate the theory that many of the ornaments of male animals have been produced by the choice of the females, and to distinguish it from that form of sexual selection which explains the acquisition of weapons peculiar to male animals as due to the selective influence of their combats and struggles for the possession of the females. I find that Mr. Darwin thinks the term "voluntary" not strictly applicable, and I therefore propose to alter it to "conscious" or "perceptive," which seem free from any ambiguity and make not the least difference to my argument.

Good Hope, which in form and colour closely resembles the stones among which it grows; and Dr. Burchell, who first discovered it, believes that the juicy little plant thus generally escapes the notice of cattle and wild herbivorous animals. Mr. J. P. Mansel Weale also noticed that many plants growing in the stony Karoo have their tuberous roots above the soil, and these so perfectly resemble the stones among which they grow that, when not in leaf, it is almost impossible to distinguish them (*Nature*, vol. iii. p. 507). A few cases of what seem to be protective mimicry have also been noted, the most curious being that of three very rare British fungi, found by Mr. Worthington Smith, each in company with common species, which they so closely resembled that only a minute examination could detect the difference. One of the common species is stated in botanical works to be "bitter and nauseous," so that it is not improbable that the rare kind may escape being eaten by being mistaken for an uneatable species though itself palatable. Mr. Mansel Weale also mentions a labiate plant, the *Ajuga ophrydis*, of South Africa, as strikingly resembling an orchid. This may be a means of attracting insects to fertilize the flower in the absence of sufficient nectar or other attraction in the flower itself; and the supposition is rendered more probable by this being the only species of the genus *Ajuga* in South Africa. Many other cases of resemblances between very distinct plants have been noticed—as that of some Euphorbias to Cacti; but these very rarely inhabit the same country or locality, and it has not been proved that there is in any of these cases the amount of inter-relation between the species which is the essential feature of the protective "mimicry" that occurs in the animal world.

The different colours exhibited by the foliage of plants, and the changes it undergoes during growth and decay, appear to be due to the general laws already sketched out,

and to have little if any relation to the special requirements of each species. But flowers and fruits exhibit definite and well-pronounced tints, often varying from species to species, and more or less clearly related to the habits and functions of the plant. With the few exceptions already pointed out, these may be generally classed as *attractive* colours. The seeds of plants require to be dispersed so as to reach places favourable for germination and growth. Some are very minute, and are carried abroad by the wind, or they are violently expelled and scattered by the bursting of the containing capsules. Others are downy or winged, and are carried long distances by the gentlest breeze. But there is a large class of seeds which cannot be dispersed in either of these ways, and are mostly contained in eatable fruits. These fruits are devoured by birds or beasts, and the hard seeds pass through their stomachs undigested, and, owing probably to the gentle heat and moisture to which they have been subjected, in a condition highly favourable for germination. The dry fruits or capsules containing the first two classes of seeds are rarely, if ever, conspicuously coloured, whereas the eatable fruits almost invariably acquire a bright colour as they ripen, while at the same time they become soft and often full of agreeable juices. Our *red* haws and nips, our *black* elderberries, our *blue* sloes and whortleberries, our *white* mistletoe and snowberry, and our *orange* sea-buckthorn, are examples of the colour-sign of edibility; and in every part of the world the same phenomenon is found. The fruits of large forest-trees, such as the pines, oaks, and beeches, are not coloured, perhaps because their size and abundance render them sufficiently conspicuous, and also because they provide such a quantity of food to such a number of different animals that there is no danger of their being unnoticed.

The colours of flowers serve to render them visible and recognisable

by insects which are attracted by secretions of nectar or pollen. During their visits for the purpose of obtaining these products, insects involuntarily carry the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, and thus effect cross-fertilization, which, as Mr. Darwin was the first to demonstrate, immensely increases the vigour and fertility of the next generation of plants. This discovery has led to the careful examination of great numbers of flowers, and the result has been that the most wonderful and complex arrangements have been found to exist, all having for their object to secure that flowers shall not be self-fertilised perpetually, but that pollen shall be carried, either constantly or occasionally, from the flowers of one plant to those of another. Mr. Darwin himself first worked out the details in orchids, primulas, and some other groups; and hardly less curious phenomena have since been found to occur, even among some of the most regularly-formed flowers. The arrangement, length, and position of all the parts of the flower is now found to have a purpose, and not the least remarkable portion of the phenomenon is the great variety of ways in which the same result is obtained. After the discoveries with regard to orchids, it was to be expected that the irregular, tubular, and spurred flowers should present various curious adaptations for fertilization by insect-agency. But even among the open, cup-shaped, and quite regular flowers, in which it seemed inevitable that the pollen must fall on the stigma, and produce constant self-fertilization, it has been found that this is often prevented by a physiological variation—the anthers constantly emitting their pollen either a little earlier or a little later than the stigmas of the same flower, or of other flowers on the same plant, were in the best state to receive it; and as individual plants in different stations, soils, and aspects, differ somewhat in the time of flowering, the pollen of

one plant would often be conveyed by insects to the stigmas of some other plant in a condition to be fertilized by it. This mode of securing cross-fertilization seems so simple and easy, that we can hardly help wondering why it did not always come into action, and so obviate the necessity for those elaborate, varied, and highly complex contrivances found in perhaps the majority of coloured flowers. The answer to this of course is, that *variation* sometimes occurred most freely in one part of a plant's organization, and sometimes in another, and that the benefit of cross-fertilization was so great that *any* variation that favoured it was preserved, and then formed the starting-point of a whole series of further variations, resulting in those marvellous adaptations for insect fertilization, which have given much of their variety, elegance, and beauty, to the floral world. For details of these adaptations we must refer the reader to the works of Darwin, Lubbock, Herman Müller, and others. We have here only to deal with the part played by colour, and by those floral structures in which colour is most displayed.

The sweet odours of flowers, like their colours, seem often to have been developed as an attraction or guide to insect fertilizers, and the two phenomena are often complementary to each other. Thus, many inconspicuous flowers—like the mignonette and the sweet-violet, can be distinguished by their odours before they attract the eye, and this may often prevent their being passed unnoticed; while very showy flowers, and especially those with variegated or spotted petals, are seldom sweet. White, or very pale flowers, on the other hand, are often excessively sweet, as exemplified by the jasmine and clematis; and many of these are only scented at night, as is strikingly the case with the night-smelling stock, our butterfly orchis (*Habenaria chlorantha*), the greenish-yellow *Daphne pontica*, and many others. These white flowers

are mostly fertilized by night-flying moths, and those which reserve their odours for the evening probably escape the visits of diurnal insects which would consume their nectar without effecting fertilization. The absence of odour in showy flowers and its preponderance among those that are white, may be shown to be a fact by an examination of the lists in Mr. Mongredien's work on hardy trees and shrubs.¹ He gives a list of about one hundred and sixty species with showy flowers, and another list of sixty species with fragrant flowers; but only twenty of these latter are included among the showy species, and these are almost all white flowered. Of the sixty species with fragrant flowers, more than forty are white, and a number of others have greenish, yellowish, or dusky and inconspicuous flowers. The relation of white flowers to nocturnal insects is also well shown by those which, like the evening primroses, only open their large white blossoms after sunset. The red Martagon lily has been observed by Mr. Herman Müller to be fertilized by the humming-bird hawk moth, which flies in the morning and afternoon when the colours of this flower, exposed to the nearly horizontal rays of the sun, glow with brilliancy, and when it also becomes very sweet-scented.

To the same need of conspicuousness the combination of so many individually small flowers into heads and bunches is probably due, producing such broad masses as those of the elder, the gueldre-rose, and most of the Umbelliferae, or such elegant bunches as those of the lilac, laburnum, horse-chestnut, and wistaria. In other cases minute flowers are gathered into dense heads, as with *Globularia*, *Jasione*, clover, and all the Compositae; and among the latter the outer flowers are often developed into a ray, as in the sunflowers, the daisies, and the asters, forming a starlike compound flower, which is

itself often produced in immense profusion.

The beauty of alpine flowers is almost proverbial. It consists either in the increased size of the individual flowers as compared with the whole plant, in increased intensity of colour, or in the massing of small flowers into dense cushions of bright colour; and it is only in the higher Alps, above the limit of forests and upwards towards the perpetual snow-line that these characteristics are fully exhibited. This effort at conspicuousness under adverse circumstances may be traced to the comparative scarcity of winged insects in the higher regions, and to the necessity for attracting them from a distance. Amid the vast slopes of debris and the huge masses of rock so prevalent in higher mountain regions, patches of intense colour can alone make themselves visible and serve to attract the wandering butterfly from the valleys. Mr. Herman Müller's careful observations have shown, that in the higher Alps bees and most other groups of winged insects are almost wanting, while butterflies are tolerably abundant; and he has discovered, that in a number of cases where a lowland flower is adapted to be fertilized by bees, its alpine ally has had its structure so modified as to be adapted for fertilization only by butterflies.² But bees are always (in the temperate zone) far more abundant than butterflies, and this will be another reason why flowers specially adapted to be fertilized by the latter should be rendered unusually conspicuous. We find, accordingly, the yellow primrose of the plains replaced by pink and magenta-coloured alpine species; the straggling wild pinks of the lowlands by the masses of large flowers in such mountain species as *Dianthus alpinus* and *D. glacialis*; the saxifrages of the high Alps with bunches of flowers a foot long, as in *Saxifraga longifolia* and *S. cotyledon*, or forming spreading masses of flowers, as in *S. oppositifolia*; while the soap-

¹ *Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations*, by Augustus Mongredien. Murray, 1870.

² *Nature*, vol. xi. pp. 32, 110.

worts, silenes, and louseworts are equally superior to the allied species of the plains.

Again, Dr. Müller has discovered that when there are showy and inconspicuous species in the same genus of plants, there is often a corresponding difference of structure, those with large and showy flowers being quite incapable of self-fertilization, and thus depending for their very existence on the visits of insects; while the others are able to fertilize themselves should insects fail to visit them. We have examples of this difference in *Malva sylvestris*, *Epilobium angustifolium*, *Polygonum bistorta*, and *Geranium pratense*—which have all large or showy flowers and must be fertilized by insects,—as compared with *Malva rotundifolia*, *Epilobium parviflorum*, *Polygonum aviculare*, and *Geranium pusillum*, which have small or inconspicuous flowers, and are so constructed that if insects should not visit them they are able to fertilize themselves.¹

As supplementing these curious facts showing the relation of colour in flowers to the need of the visits of insects to fertilize them, we have the remarkable, and on any other theory utterly inexplicable circumstance, that in all the numerous cases in which plants are fertilized by the agency of the wind they never have specially coloured floral envelopes. Such are our pines, oaks, poplars, willows, beeches, and hazel; our nettles, grasses, sedges, and many others. In some of these the male flowers are, it is true, conspicuous, as in the catkins of the willows and the hazel, but this arises incidentally from the masses of pollen necessary to secure fertilization, as shown by the entire absence of a corolla or of those coloured bracts which so often add to the beauty and conspicuousness of true flowers.

The adaptation of flowers to be fertilized by insects—often to such an extent that the very existence of the species depends upon it—has had widespread influence on the distribution of plants and the general aspects of vege-

tation. The seeds of a particular species may be carried to another country, may find there a suitable soil and climate, may grow and produce flowers, but if the insect which alone can fertilize it should not inhabit that country, the plant cannot maintain itself, however frequently it may be introduced or however vigorously it may grow. Thus may probably be explained the poverty in flowering-plants and the great preponderance of ferns that distinguishes many oceanic islands, as well as the deficiency of gaily-coloured flowers in others. This branch of the subject is discussed at some length in my Address to the Biological Section of the British Association,² but I may here just allude to two of the most striking cases. New Zealand is, in proportion to its total number of flowering plants, exceedingly poor in handsome flowers, and it is correspondingly poor in insects, especially in bees and butterflies, the two groups which so greatly aid in fertilization. In both these aspects it contrasts strongly with Southern Australia and Tasmania in the same latitudes, where there is a profusion of gaily-coloured flowers and an exceedingly rich insect-fauna. The other case is presented by the Galapagos islands, which, though situated on the equator off the west coast of South America, and with a tolerably luxuriant vegetation in the damp mountain zone, yet produce hardly a single conspicuously-coloured flower; and this is correlated with, and no doubt dependent on, an extreme poverty of insect life, not one bee and only a single butterfly having been found there.

Again, there is reason to believe that some portion of the large size and corresponding showiness of tropical flowers is due to their being fertilized by very large insects and even by birds. Tropical sphinx-moths often have their probosces nine or ten inches long, and we find flowers whose tubes or spurs reach about the same length; while the giant bees, and the

¹ *Nature*, vol. ix. p. 164.

² See *Nature*, September 6th, 1876.

numerous flower-sucking birds, aid in the fertilization of flowers whose corollas or stamens are proportionately large.

I have now concluded this sketch of the general phenomena of colour in the organic world. I have shown reasons for believing that its presence, in some of its infinitely-varied hues, is more probable than its absence, and that variation of colour is an almost necessary concomitant of variation of structure, of development, and of growth. It has also been shown how colour has been appropriated and modified both in the animal and vegetable world, for the advantage of the species in a great variety of ways, and that there is no need to call in the aid of any other laws than those of organic development and "natural selection" to explain its countless modifications. From the point of view here taken it seems at once improbable and unnecessary that the lower animals should have the same delicate appreciation of the infinite variety and beauty—of the delicate contrasts and subtle harmonies of colour—which are possessed by the more intellectual races of mankind, since even the lower human races do not possess it. All that seems required in the case of animals, is a perception of *distinctness* or *contrast* of colours; and the dislike of so many creatures to scarlet may perhaps be due to the rarity of that colour in nature, and to the glaring contrast it offers to the sober greens and browns which form the general clothing of the earth's surface.

The general view of the subject now given must convince us that, so far from colour being—as it has sometimes been thought to be—unimportant, it is intimately connected with the very existence of a large proportion of the species of the animal and vegetable worlds. The gay colours of the butterfly and of the alpine flower which it unconsciously fertilises while seeking for its secreted honey, are each beneficial to its possessor, and have

been shown to be dependent on the same class of general laws as those which have determined the form, the structure, and the habits of every living thing. The complex laws and unexpected relations which we have seen to be involved in the production of the special colours of flower, bird, and insect, must give them an additional interest for every thoughtful mind; while the knowledge that, in all probability, each style of coloration, and sometimes the smallest details, have a meaning and a use, must add a new charm to the study of nature.

Throughout the preceding discussion we have accepted the subjective phenomena of colour—that is, our perception of varied hues, and the mental emotions excited by them—as ultimate facts needing no explanation. Yet they present certain features well worthy of attention, a brief consideration of which will form a fitting sequel to the present essay.

The perception of colour seems, to the present writer, the most wonderful and the most mysterious of our sensations. Its extreme diversities and exquisite beauties seem out of proportion to the causes that are supposed to have produced them, or the physical needs to which they minister. If we look at pure tints of red, green, blue, and yellow, they appear so absolutely contrasted and unlike each other, that it is almost impossible to believe (what we nevertheless know to be the fact) that the rays of light producing these very distinct sensations differ only in wave-length and rate of vibration; and that there is from one to the other a continuous series and gradation of such vibrating waves. The positive diversity we see in them must then depend upon special adaptations in ourselves; and the question arises—for what purpose have our visual organs and mental perceptions become so highly specialised in this respect? When the sense of sight was first developed in the animal kingdom, we can hardly doubt that

what was perceived was light only, and its more or less complete withdrawal. As the sense became perfected, more delicate gradations of light and shade would be perceived; and there seems no reason why a visual capacity might not have been developed as perfect as our own, or even more so, in respect of light and shade, but entirely insensible to differences of colour, except in so far as these implied a difference in the quantity of light. The world would in that case appear somewhat as we see it in good stereoscopic photographs; and we all know how exquisitely beautiful such pictures are, and how completely they give us all requisite information as to form, surface-texture, solidity, and distance, and even to some extent as to colour; for almost all colours are distinguishable in a photograph by some differences of tint, and it is quite conceivable that visual organs might exist which would differentiate what we term colour by delicate gradations of some one characteristic neutral tint. Now such a capacity of vision would be simple as compared with that which we actually possess; which, besides distinguishing infinite gradations of the *quantity* of light, distinguishes also, by a totally distinct set of sensations, gradations of *quality*, as determined by differences of wavelengths or rate of vibration. At what grade in animal development this new and more complex sense first began to appear we have no means of determining. The fact that the higher vertebrates, and even some insects, distinguish what are to us diversities of colour, by no means proves that their *sensations* of colour bear any resemblance whatever to ours. An insect's capacity to distinguish red from blue or yellow may be (and probably is) due to perceptions of a totally distinct nature, and quite unaccompanied by any of that sense of enjoyment or even of radical distinctness which pure colours excite in us. Mammalia and birds, whose structure and emotions are so similar to our

own, do probably receive somewhat similar impressions of colour; but we have no evidence to show that they experience pleasurable emotions from colour itself when not associated with the satisfaction of their wants or the gratification of their passions.

The primary necessity which led to the development of the sense of colour, was probably the need of distinguishing objects much alike in form and size, but differing in important properties;—such as ripe and unripe, or eatable and poisonous fruits; flowers with honey or without; the sexes of the same or of closely-allied species. In most cases the strongest contrast would be the most useful, especially as the colours of the objects to be distinguished would form but minute spots or points when compared with the broad masses of tint of sky, earth, or foliage against which they would be set. Throughout the long epochs in which the sense of sight was being gradually developed in the higher animals, their visual organs would be mainly subjected to two groups of rays—the green from vegetation, and the blue from the sky. The immense preponderance of these over all other groups of rays would naturally lead the eye to become specially adapted for their perception; and it is quite possible that at first these were the only kinds of light-vibrations which could be perceived at all. When the need for differentiation of colour arose, rays of greater and of smaller wave-lengths would necessarily be made use of to excite the new sensations required; and we can thus understand why green and blue form the central portion of the visible spectrum, and are the colours which are most agreeable to us in large surfaces; while at its two extremities we find yellow, red, and violet, colours which we best appreciate in smaller masses, and when contrasted with the other two or with light neutral tints. We have here probably the foundations of a natural theory of harmonious colouring, derived from the order in which our colour-sensations have

arisen, and the nature of the emotions with which the several tints have been always associated.¹ The agreeable and soothing influence of green light may be in part due to the green rays having little heating power; but this can hardly be the chief cause, for the blue and violet, though they contain less heat, are not generally felt to be so cool and sedative. But when we consider how dependent are all the higher

¹ There is reason to believe that our capacity of distinguishing colours has increased even in historical times. The subject has attracted the attention of German philologists, and I have been furnished by a friend with some notes from a work of the late Lazarus Geiger, entitled, *Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Menschheit* (Stuttgart, 1871). According to this writer it appears that the colour of grass and foliage is never alluded to as a beauty in the Vedas or the Zendavesta, though these productions are continually extolled for other properties. Blue is described by terms denoting sometimes green, sometimes black, showing that it was hardly recognised as a distinct colour. The colour of the sky is never mentioned in the Bible, the Vedas, the Homeric poems, or even in the Koran. The first distinct allusion to it known to Geiger is in an Arabic work of the ninth century. "Hyacinthine locks" are black locks, and Homer calls iron "violet-coloured." Yellow was often confounded with green, but, along with red, it was one of the earliest colours to receive a distinct name. Aristotle names three colours in the rainbow—red, yellow, and green. Two centuries earlier Xenophanes had described the rainbow as purple, reddish, and yellow. The Pythagoreans admitted four primary colours—white, black, red, and yellow; the Chinese the same, with the addition of green. If these statements fairly represent the early condition of colour-sensation they well accord with the view here maintained, that green and blue were first alone perceived, and that the other colours were successively separated from them. These latter would be the first to receive names; hence we find purple, reddish, and yellow, first noticed in the rainbow as the tints to be separated from the widespread blue and green of the visible world which required no distinctive colour-appellation. If the capacity of distinguishing colours has increased in historic times, we may perhaps look upon colour-blindness as a survival of a condition once almost universal; while the fact that it is still so prevalent is in harmony with the view that our present high perception and appreciation of colour is a comparatively recent acquisition, and may be correlated with a general advance in mental activity.

animals on vegetation, and that man himself has been developed in the closest relation to it, we shall find, probably, a sufficient explanation. The green mantle with which the earth is overspread caused this one colour to predominate over all others that meet our sight, and to be almost always associated with the satisfaction of human wants. Where the grass is greenest, and vegetation most abundant and varied, there has man always found his most suitable dwelling-place. In such spots hunger and thirst are unknown, and the choicest productions of nature gratify the appetite and please the eye. In the greatest heats of summer, coolness, shade, and moisture are found in the green forest glades; and we can thus understand how our visual apparatus has become especially adapted to receive pleasurable and soothing sensations from this class of rays.

The preceding considerations enable us to comprehend, both why a perception of difference of colour has become developed in the higher animals, and also why colours require to be presented or combined in varying proportions in order to be agreeable to us. But they hardly seem to afford a sufficient explanation, either of the wonderful contrasts and total unlikeness of the sensations produced in us by the chief primary colours, or of the exquisite charm and pleasure we derive from colour itself, as distinguished from variously coloured objects, in the case of which association of ideas comes into play. It is hardly conceivable that the material uses of colour to animals and to ourselves required such very distinct and powerfully-contrasted sensations; and it is still less conceivable that a sense of delight in colour *per se* should have been necessary for our utilization of it.

The emotions excited by colour and by music, alike, seem to rise above the level of a world developed on purely utilitarian principles.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

GIBRALTAR: FORTRESS OR COLONY?

FOR close upon two hundred years Gibraltar has been an English possession, held in the face of sudden assault, protracted siege, and repeated negotiation for diplomatic surrender. Yet the conditions of its tenure have still to be exactly decided; the responsibilities, moral and political, which it imposes on its rulers are unsatisfactorily defined; its general character—fortress or colony—is not a point on which there is any practical unanimity of opinion. Since the English standard first waved over the Rock Gun, these questions, after having been to all appearance settled by the voice of Parliament, and the unmistakable declarations of the national will, have again and again been mooted on some plea of justice, or of policy. The issues of the dispute have been gradually narrowed, and the withdrawal of the British garrison from the rock which guards the Mediterranean, instead of being advocated, as it once was, by each of the great political parties of the state in succession, has become the dream of a few philosophers of humanity. Still, events are at the present moment passing in the history of Gibraltar which remind one that the ancient competition between the military value and the commercial usefulness of the place is not yet ended, and that the degree of obligation entailed on its present lords continues to have its place in the regions of controversy.

Many important questions are suggested by the draft ordinance laid upon the table of the House of Commons last session for establishing a code of customs-regulations at Gibraltar. Does the exceptional geographical relation of an English settlement to a foreign state demand from the English Government certain

commercial restrictions, demonstrably detrimental to the trade of such settlement? The simplest manner of answering that inquiry is to say that considerations of trade can have nothing to do with our occupation of Gibraltar, which is purely a military stronghold. But though this reply has been already actually made in the London press, the fact remains that a considerable, and, as will be seen, a perfectly legitimate trade has sprung up on and around the Rock, and that these commercial excrescences could only be removed by something very like the confiscation of existing interests. As, therefore, the wholesale abolition of the Gibraltar trade appears impracticable, it remains to be seen what can be done in the way of regulation. The subject is one which Parliament will shortly have to settle. All that need be attempted here is to mention certain facts relevant to the point, which will have both novelty and interest for an English public, as well as to indicate, by reference to a few episodes in the chronicles of the Rock, the wider interests with which the problem is charged, and, it may be, the altered guise in which old differences have now reappeared.

Gibraltar had no sooner been proclaimed the property of the English crown, than it became the bone of party contentions, which may be regarded as foreshadowing most of the political differences whose cause it has subsequently been. Sir George Rooke's victory of July 1704—the year of the battle of Blenheim—was admitted at the time to be a glorious one, and was attended, on its announcement, with the customary share of rejoicings. But the seizure of the Rock, and the appropriation of it in the name of England, were condemned by the Whig critics of the period

as in direct contradiction of the laws of political and national morality. Anxious to identify himself with the acquisition of a stronghold whose importance for England he at once recognised, Rooke gave orders that the Imperial banner of Charles III., in whose cause the capture had been effected, should be hauled down, and the Royal standard of England hoisted in its stead. The city was then declared to belong to her most Gracious Majesty Queen Anne, and eighteen hundred English seamen were landed to occupy the place, the acquisition of which immediately became a party question. Rooke's Tory friends lauded the achievement with indiscreet enthusiasm, and compared the victor of Gibraltar and Malaga to the conqueror of Blenheim. The Whigs stigmatised the feat as insignificant in itself, and noticeable only for the dishonesty which had accompanied it. The heroes of Blenheim and Gibraltar became the rival watchwords of the two political parties in the state, and competing addresses reached the sovereign from all parts of the country.

Subsequently to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which it was formally yielded to Great Britain, negotiations for the surrender of Gibraltar to Spain were continued over a long series of years. George I. suggested to the Spanish government, through the medium of the Regent of France, the possibility of the restoration of Gibraltar upon certain conditions, and for five or six years the king was perpetually sending confidential agents to negotiate with the Spanish government on the understanding that a suitable equivalent should be forthcoming. To minimise this equivalent was the object of Spain; indignant outbursts from parliament and the country were the sole comments on the transaction vouchsafed by England.

The siege of Gibraltar—the first since it had been in the hands of the English, the thirteenth in its history—followed, and established the fact that

the fortress was from the land side impregnable. Shortly after peace between Spain and England was concluded, the old negotiations began again. Then, as now, the Spanish government complained that the English occupation of the Rock afforded immunity to smugglers. Then, as now, there were charges of alleged seizures made by Spanish ships, and counter-charges preferred by Spanish officials. The elder Pitt himself, who was at the head of affairs, recognised that the possession of even a stronghold so valuable had its disadvantages; and in a secret despatch, dated August 23, 1751, to the English ambassador at Madrid, Sir Benjamin Keene, authorised him to offer the cession of Gibraltar to Spain, on condition that she would enter into an alliance with England against the French. But the offer came too late, and England was still to be burdened with what Pitt and other statesmen of the day did not hesitate to call an incubus. The national enthusiasm for Gibraltar had greatly diminished; the expenses of the place had risen to a proportionately high figure, and the administration of the local government was notoriously bad. "I grow weary of this place," wrote Tyrawley, the governor of Gibraltar, to Henry Fox, in 1757. "That Gibraltar is the strongest town in the word, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and that London Bridge is one of the seven wonders in the world, are the natural prejudices of an English coffee-house politician. As for Gibraltar, I do not see that we do ourselves much good, or anybody else any hurt, by our being in possession of it." Tyrawley's views no doubt had much weight with Pitt, and the press teemed with attacks by pamphleteers of all political denominations against the corruption and abuses of the government of the Rock.

Even while the famous siege was actually in progress, negotiations between England and Spain for the cession of Gibraltar were renewed.

In 1782 Mr. Bankes brought forward a motion in favour of surrender in the House of Commons. He had scarcely sat down when Fox sprang to his feet, and denounced with impassioned eloquence the "pusillanimous proposal." "The fortress of Gibraltar," he said, "was to be reckoned amongst the most valuable possessions of England. It was that which gave us respect in the eyes of nations; it manifested our superiority, and supplied us with the means of obliging them by protection. Give up to Spain the fortress of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean became to them a pool, a pond in which they can navigate at pleasure, and act without control or check." Burke followed in the same vein. "No other post" (and Oran, it may be mentioned, had been suggested as an equivalent) "which the Spaniards could give us, had the same or anything like the same recommendations—as a post of war, a post of power, a post of commerce, and a post which made us valuable to our friends, and formidable to our enemies." A few months afterwards Lord Shelburne again mooted the subject, and a draft treaty on the basis of the cession of the Rock was actually prepared. The Shelburne Cabinet at once fell, and North and Fox came into power on the avowed platform of "No surrender." This was the last of the long series of abortive negotiations. Fox congratulated the country on having finally taken its resolve, and Florida Blanca, the Spanish minister, who himself, and through his agents, had been busily at work, was compelled to confess that there were "national prejudices in England which superseded all other reasonings." The utmost that Spanish valour and diplomacy could do had been accomplished. Spanish armies had been sacrificed, the Spanish exchequer was exhausted. Gibraltar "defended by the English, had answered to the gallant summons to surrender; platonically, with mere torrents of red-hot iron—as if stone Calpe had become a throat of the

Pit, and had uttered such a Doom's blast of a *No* as all men must credit."¹

Thus far Gibraltar has been viewed as a stronghold, resolutely defended against military assault and diplomatic manœuvre. It remains to be seen whether it possesses any of those aspects and opportunities of civilian commerce, which are essential to a colony. In a society, mainly military, and in a place of which the most stirring associations are military exclusively, it is inevitable that the occupation of the trader should be ignored or misrepresented. The idea of a mercantile society, conducting its operations in a perfectly legitimate manner, and on a scale of considerable importance, is altogether foreign to the ordinary conception of Gibraltar. The visitor to the Rock sees a flotilla of small craft in the bay, and a number of respectably clad persons in the street, who have obviously nothing to do with the garrison. He is led to conclude, from the remarks of his military cicerone, that these represent the smuggling interest. "Scorpions" and smugglers are indeed pretty generally employed as convertible terms, and as for the commerce of Gibraltar, the current notion is that it is composed entirely of the traffic in contraband goods.

The administration of Gibraltar can only be described as an anomaly. The governor is a military man, who is also commander-in-chief of the garrison, but who in his capacity as governor receives no military pay, his salary being derived exclusively from civil sources. Yet that there are civil, in addition to military, duties for the governor to discharge has been traditionally ignored. The first ruler of the Rock to recognise the fact that he had civil as well as military functions was his Excellency Sir George Don, who in 1814 established the Gibraltar police. Sixteen years later the first charter of justice was given to the city

¹ Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book II chap. v.

of Gibraltar, a magistracy was established, civil liberty was accorded to its population, and the Rock was emancipated from the reign of purely military law. But the struggle between the two elements—the martial and commercial—was not yet at an end, and indeed may be said only to have come to a head in 1856. The then governor of the Rock, Sir Robert Gardiner, a man of vigour and ability, but who believed that trade and commerce of all kinds should be rooted out, did not disguise his wish to destroy every trace of civil government, and to expel the mercantile community that had grown up under it. He excluded the members of the Exchange Committee from the State entertainments at Government House. Without the sanction of the legislature he issued an ordinance, subsequently revoked, for “prohibiting unlicensed printing.” He protested in a long letter to Lord Palmerston that until Gibraltar again became a military fortress only—in other words, until the charter of 1830 was withdrawn—troublesome altercations between England and Spain would continue. The Exchange Committee petitioned the Crown for a Consultative Council, Sir Robert Gardiner declared that such a body could only be “a tribunal of appeal for the propagation of smuggling.” Quarantine he condemned as the handmaid of smuggling. He went into an elaborate argument to show that the commercial system of Gibraltar involved a violation of the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht, under which England held the Rock. Finally, he dwelt on the “insignificance of the persons engaged in trade at Gibraltar,” consisting in all, according to his account, of “seven British, three Spanish, and four other foreign merchants.”

The Gibraltar traders addressed a memorial to her Majesty, in which they repeated at some length Sir Robert Gardiner’s allegations, particularly drawing the attention of the Colonial Office to the fact that instead

of the merchants being limited to fourteen individuals, they embraced the representatives of thirty-two British firms, having houses in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, as well as of fifteen Spanish, Italian, German, Danish, and American firms. Her Majesty’s Government declined to adopt Sir Robert’s suggestions, and Sir Robert Gardiner was himself reprimanded for having exceeded his instructions.

It is undeniable that Great Britain was compelled from the first to recognise the commercial character of her Mediterranean possession. The Order in Council proclaiming Gibraltar a free port for ever, was only issued by Queen Anne’s ministers in 1705 under pressure of manifest necessity. The Emperor of Morocco refused to allow the export of the timber, lime, bricks, and other materials required for the fortifications of the place except on the condition that Gibraltar was made a free port as well for the Moors as the Jews. Before 1710 it had become a valuable *entrepot* for the distribution of British manufactures to the Barbary states and to the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean. “Progressively increasing,” writes Mr. Montgomery Martin,¹ “Gibraltar became at length the centre of a commerce, which, considering the number of its inhabitants, was perhaps without its equal in the world. An idea of the extent to which it was carried may be judged from the fact that in one year the value of British manufactured goods imported into Gibraltar direct from England, and exclusive of colonial produce, was nearly 3,000,000l.” The facts and statistics of the present are, however, of more importance than those of the past. Nor is it necessary here to trace the successive stages by which the fortress of Gibraltar attained its existing importance as a commercial station. The number of ocean-going steamers frequenting the port of

¹ *History of the British Colonies*, vol. v. p. 100.

Gibraltar is between two and three thousand a year. At present custom-house regulations and supervision do not exist, and the only expense imposed on ships anchoring in the harbour is represented by the port-dues. Vessels of every calibre and of all nations are free to come and go without inspection or detention. This freedom, coinciding as it has done with the development of steam navigation, has made the port one of regular call for craft arriving from, and bound to, every quarter of the globe—the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, North and South America. The emporium of an extensive commerce, Gibraltar naturally affords employment for a large number of labouring men, and creates a custom for the purveyors of provisions and supplies of every kind. English and colonial manufactures and other merchandise exported from England to Gibraltar are almost entirely conveyed in large steamers *en route* to ports lying to the eastward. Obviously it is of the utmost moment that the transshipment of these goods should be expeditious and inexpensive. “Wool, grain, wax, and other produce from Morocco”—it is stated in a memorial presented to Lord Carnarvon by the members of the Gibraltar deputation which was in London a few months ago—“fruit, wine, oil, and other produce from Spain, are sent to Gibraltar for transshipment to England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, America, ports in the Mediterranean, India, and China. With the exception of India and China this produce is sent without any previous knowledge of the exact vessel which will convey it from Gibraltar, but in reliance upon the fact that vessels for all those places constantly call there.” In the case of India and China the enforcement of the restrictions now contemplated must destroy the carrying trade conducted by the mail steamers. The risk of delay, and the heavy penalties which delay entails, will compel these to leave Gibraltar out of their calculations.

There is another sort of traffic which

is now threatened. The ordinance proposed by the Colonial Office, and consisting of seventy-nine clauses, may be briefly described as rendering impossible any movement of merchandise of any description in the port or town of Gibraltar, whether for export or import, without custom-house supervision or intervention. It is said that some of these clauses may be relaxed in favour of large steamers belonging to well-known lines. That, as no provision for it is inserted in the ordinance, will be an affair for the discretion of the custom-house officers, while it is difficult to see how such exceptions can be made without the effect of invalidating the entire scheme. But Gibraltar is a place of retail as well as wholesale trade. The coast of Morocco, Spain, and Portugal is lined with small gardens and farms, whose owners bring or send their produce in ships of slight burden to the population of the Rock, purchasing there with the proceeds of their cargoes little ventures of Gibraltar merchandise. An embargo will virtually be laid on these by the new customs regulations, and the probability, or rather the certainty, is, that they will seek another market, the most likely spot for which is Oran.¹

That in this latter class of craft a considerable amount of smuggling into Spain is done cannot be denied, the contraband articles imported being not only tobacco but Manchester goods;

¹ “On our side,” writes Senor Montero, deputy to the Cortes for the district contiguous to Gibraltar, “it must be stated very distinctly that Gibraltar is for the towns of the neighbouring districts the universal market in which our corn, our garden produce, game, fish, and cotton, are disposed of. . . . It is a centre which maintains numbers of labourers whom the farmer could not pay if he had not a ready and convenient sale for his produce. All these will suffer inevitably from the consequences of any impoverishment of Gibraltar. . . . Spain possesses a numerous body of *carabineros*, and a fleet sufficient to guard her coasts. These are ample for the purpose of preventing smuggling, without requiring that ancient rights should be set at naught, with the additional result of injuring Spanish and English subjects.”

for upon both the duties levied by the Spanish Government are so high as to be practically prohibitory. That it is the bounden duty of the English Government to take every precaution for which it can be reasonably held responsible against the surreptitious export of tobacco, &c., from an English fortress, may be readily admitted. But even then it has to be shown that the proposed ordinance satisfies the conditions of the case. Its clauses will certainly prove effectual in preventing Gibraltar being for the future a centre of the smuggling trade. But smuggling into Spain will not be at an end; it is only the basis of operations which will be changed. The causes of the illicit trade in tobacco between English and Spanish territory may be described as the inferior quality of tobacco imported by the Spanish Government, the duty imposed on all privately-imported tobacco, which is so high as practically to create a government monopoly, and the corruption prevailing among the Spanish revenue officials. Twenty-five years ago there were precisely the same inducements to smuggling as at present. Marshal Narvaez took the question up, and during his administration in 1851 and 1852, so completely did the Spanish custom-house officers do their work that the contraband trade was at a stand-still. It is thus clear that if the new ordinance becomes law, England, the champion and representative of Free Trade, will have admitted the responsibility which devolves on her as mistress of Gibraltar of assisting an administration so corrupt and incapable as that of Spain in perpetuating a system of the most rigid protection. The collateral results of the policy will be fatal to much of the legitimate trade of Gibraltar, and largely destructive of the vested commercial interests of the place.

But it may be asked, what is the alternative? If it be granted, as it cannot indeed but be granted, that there are certain reasonable responsibilities which Great Britain should fulfil, and

that all which the Colonial Office can do to terminate the innumerable petty disputes between the commanders of the Spanish Guarda-Cortas, and the English officials, shall be done; what other legislation than the ordinance will meet the necessities of the case? Here we may turn with advantage to the suggestions of the Gibraltar merchants themselves. If Her Majesty's Government consider it advisable to adopt precautions for the purpose of avoiding any suspicion of complicity with, or connivance at, the proceedings of smugglers with Spain, the Gibraltar executive would appear to have the remedy in its own hands. There is only one point in Gibraltar at which merchandise can be landed or shipped—a small wharf near the northern extremity of the Rock, whence the only entrance to the town is through the port known as water-port, which is closed at first evening gun-fire. The three other points at which the rock is accessible, are the Ragged Staff, used as a landing place for officers of the army or navy, and civilians who have permits from the governor; the New Mole, where government stores are housed; and, on the east side of the Rock, Catalan Bay, where there is a fishing village and military guard, but where no merchandise of any kind is landed or shipped. It should further be stated that on the north front there are numerous ship-building yards and sheds, a steam factory, stores for cattle, and forage for the supply of the garrison; that in Gibraltar Bay are hulks and storeships, held by traders under licenses granted by the governor. All these of course furnish a considerable amount of cover for contraband articles. Now, as the buildings and gardens on the north front of the Rock are held by special permission from the War Office, it would surely be possible to prohibit the deposit of tobacco in any of these—the penalty for breach of such an order being the withdrawal of the permission. Nor could there be any

difficulty about inserting a clause in every hulk or store-ship license, prohibiting their use as receptacles of tobacco.

There are also certain provisions which, if properly enforced, could scarcely fail to be effective. The port regulations of Gibraltar forbid any boat or small craft moving about the bay after sunset without special permission. This order has become a dead letter, and the consequence is, that, as the Gibraltar memorialists point out, "Spanish boats, including craft engaged in smuggling enterprises, and Spanish revenue cruisers, have for many years been in the habit of traversing British waters unchecked in any direction, and at any hour of the night." If the existing water police of Gibraltar is not sufficient for the purpose of checking this habitual violation of a local law, it should be increased at the expense of the colony. The space to be patrolled is very limited, and as has been already said, there is only one small wharf from which boats can leave the town. It would be possible to supplement these provisions by a new enactment of a very obvious character. If it is thought that when all which has been now suggested was done, there was any danger of ships leaving Gibraltar ostensibly on legal voyages, smuggling tobacco into Spain, it would be perfectly practicable to compel them to take bills of health, these bills being delivered only on the production of a documentary assurance from the consul who represents their nationality, that their papers are in order.

That the "habitual depredators on the Spanish revenue" are not British subjects, but Spaniards, is admitted by Lord Carnarvon, who further declares that one nation cannot be expected to "assist another in the enforcement of its fiscal laws." Unless, therefore, it is demonstrable that the plan now suggested—that of putting the legal machinery which is already available into operation, and at the same time, if necessary, supplementing

it in one or two places—would be inadequate for the discharge of such moral duties as we owe to Spain in consequence of our possession of Gibraltar, it is difficult to see what *prima facie* justification for the new ordinance can be urged. The policy which has been recommended above would amount to loyal co-operation on the part of the English with the Spanish authorities—surely the utmost that in this matter can be morally claimed or expected. The policy initiated by the ordinance will involve a grave injury to the commercial rights and opportunities of British subjects residing at Gibraltar—if not at the dictation of Spain, yet in deference to Spanish feeling, and in consequence of the shortcomings of the Spanish government. The spirit animating so material a concession is closely akin, however different its manifestation, to that which prompted the negotiations for the restitution of the Rock to Spain a hundred years ago. What it is now in reality proposed to do is to establish at Gibraltar a custom-house system, which will not only bring in no revenue to the colony, since no duties are to be levied, but which will involve considerable expense. The chief revenue of Gibraltar consists at present of port charges, and is assessed at about 120,000*l.* a year. These charges will at once be reduced if effect is given to the ordinance. Ships and customers of all kinds will be warned off Gibraltar, trade will dwindle, and property which, if capitalised, would amount to two millions sterling, will be depreciated according to the estimate of the Gibraltar Exchange Committee by one-third. The *Times* suggests that the ordinance may at least have the effect of securing to England the benefits of the "most favoured nation" clause—to which Germany has just been admitted, and under which England is, by the Treaty of Utrecht, entitled to come—in the matter of imposts on goods of British manufacture. But, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* (August 14th) remarks—"If

England is under the moral obligation contended for by the Colonial Office, we have no right to make our fulfilment of it a matter of barter with the Spanish government; and if the Spanish government are not bound to give us all the advantages of the most favoured nation, it is scarcely dignified to go to them in a bargain-making spirit, and offer, in consideration of certain concessionary laws, what we have declared to be our duty."

It appears, then, on a review of the whole evidence, that, whether it is or is not in the nature of things desirable for Gibraltar to possess only a military status, the place actually has a civil and commercial existence; that this commercial existence is recognised by the mere fact of the Rock coming within the jurisdiction of the Colonial Office; that the ordinance which is now hanging over Gibraltar commerce would inflict a definite injury on those "British interests" of which we have recently heard so much; and that, while admitting a moral claim—outside the ordinary claims of international law—on the part of the Spanish government, the ordinance would by no means improve the feelings which exist between the British community on the Rock and the Spanish population in the neighbourhood. Further, the precedent which it would establish might be dangerous to English commerce in other parts of the world; for instance, at Hong Kong, which, like Gibraltar, is a free port. If it has been, as seems to be the case, decided that Gibraltar shall preserve its colonial attributes—in other words, its commercial opportunities—the one question to be solved is, how, with the least prejudice to them, we can discover a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with Spain? The alternative plan to the government proposals, which has been sketched here, at least deserves examination.

The custom house officers, on whose report the ordinance is based, admit that they had much trouble in

arriving at an accurate knowledge of the facts of the case. It may be doubted whether most of the difficulties which have been experienced in the government of this dependency, whose character is so strangely mixed, are not the result of misconception and ignorance. To promote a better understanding between the civil inhabitants of Gibraltar and the home government, the former petitioned, for a Consultative Council, without legislative or administrative attributes, in the days of Sir Robert Gardiner. The idea is one for which the advocacy of it by Sir G. C. Lewis, in his treatise *On the Government of Dependencies*, should secure some attention. Amongst the advantages of such a scheme is mentioned the fact that "it would provide an authentic organ through which the local government and the home authorities could easily learn the opinion of the intelligent and proprietary classes of the dependency." The Colonial Office does not appear to be opposed to the formation of such a body in the case of Gibraltar. But there is the arbitrary veto of Mr. Jorkins to be considered in the shape of the alleged resistance of the War Office. A Consultative Council would—such is said to be the opinion of Pall Mall—soon acquire a legislative power, and form a co-ordinate authority with the military governor. As Sir G. C. Lewis remarks, it could only do this "by the sufferance of the governor and the home authorities." Properly regulated it would be an assistance, and not an obstacle, to the authority of the governor, would provide him with information on points on which he is now ignorant, but for which he is responsible, and would do much to complete the fusion between the civil and military elements of the population. That the impending ordinance is an experiment cannot be denied; that it is a necessary experiment has yet to be shown.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.

THE University of Upsala, Sweden, has within the last few days celebrated its fourth centennial anniversary, having been inaugurated on the 21st of September, 1477. Among Scandinavian universities the first in age, it ranks first also as to number of teachers and students. In both respects it compares favourably with its twenty sister institutions in the German empire, inasmuch as out of them only those of Berlin and Leipsic possess greater forces of instructors and learners, and those of Freiburg, Greifswald, Heidelberg, Leipsic, Rostock, and Wurzburg priority of foundation, while the university of Tübingen is a twin of that of Upsala. Even were the universities of Austria, Russia, and Switzerland added to those of the German empire proper, Upsala would be outstripped by Prague and Vienna only in professoriate and scholars, and by them and Basel in age. But whatever inferiority academic education in Sweden exhibits in comparison with the most cultivated State of Europe will be compensated for when we consider the proportion of the whole nation which pursues university studies; for from this point of view Sweden is not only equal to Germany, but even superior, the number of its academical teachers being relatively somewhat greater than those in Germany, while that of students is as 1 in 2,175 instead of 1 in 2,580. So far the position of Upsala rests on obvious historical and statistical facts. But as an institution of learning it cannot be judged by such material standards. No doubt, more scientists than Linné and Berzelius have lived within its precincts between Messenius and Rudbeck in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, and Upström, Ångström, and Theorell, who but recently have gone to rest. But even were such

enumeration a fair proof of its comparative merits, it would little befitt one of its own *alumni*, whose duty is rather to give a picture of the present status of his *alma mater*, leaving to others to pronounce upon it an impartial judgment. Anyhow, the writer ventures to assert that Upsala has contributed a fair share to scientific researches, and much more than a fair share to popular education. It is a noteworthy fact, that as early as the reign of Charles XI.—a contemporary of the English revolution—the most part of Swedish men and women could read print; and statistics show that at the present time even of criminals of all ages only three per cent—probably mostly minors—are totally without school training. In addition, a fact worth mentioning is that Sweden does not possess any “governing class,” but that the people itself, by elected assemblies or chosen deputies, manages its own affairs within the local communities as well as the State at large. The Swedish Diet, though elected mainly from the rural population, challenges other legislatures as regards its discreet and patriotic management of all that relates to the promotion or diffusion of science and culture. The part that Upsala University has undeniably played in educating the whole nation may, assuredly, outweigh some dozens of scholars of world-wide celebrity.

Before entering on his description—in which the writer has to beg the indulgence granted to one who is using a foreign tongue—it will not be unbecoming for an English reader to be told that the essential features of this university are, first, that it is an institution for knowledge, and, secondly, that it is national. It searches after truth in all its forms, regardless of utilitarian application;

and leaving the technical and practical to other institutions, contents itself with the theoretical. Even in the professions themselves practice only so far falls within the university course, as the subject taught is a matter of empiricism instead of one of pure science, but yet the practical men in all the professions receive their necessary scientific outfit there. On the other hand, it has but little to do with discipline and education proper, and does but indirectly train useful and honourable members of "society." In no sense is it a tryst, where the select youths of the nation meet with a view less to study than to form connections, or to spend comfortably some years of leisure-life. If there be such they are rare exceptions, the great bulk of the students devoting themselves earnestly to books and lectures. In its pursuits after knowledge the university is entirely free both in teaching and learning. No compulsory drill by recitation of set text-books takes place, nor do the professors waste time either in marking the students down or up, according to daily shown proficiency, or in watching their egress and ingress in duly licensed lodgings or university buildings. The teachers within their respective spheres are at liberty to teach what they choose and how they choose, being responsible only for their own work, but not for that of their disciples.

But, besides this, the University of Upsala is a national institution in the widest and truest sense of the term. No class in the community is excluded from participation in its benefits, but throwing its gates open to all, it receives the sons and daughters of the poorest and humblest farmer or artisan with the same impartiality and affection as those of the wealthiest banker or the proudest nobleman, and, save in divinity and law, women are exactly on the same footing as men. Meddling in no private affairs of the students, either as regards lodgings or dress, the university leaves them free to live at the

cheapest possible rate. All the public instruction is wholly gratuitous, and sufficient to all the students who avail themselves of it and work in earnest. Books and scientific appliances are also free, and at the disposal of the students. No "idle" Fellows—the English institution of Fellowships is totally unknown in Scandinavia—drain the financial resources; but whatever means for the promotion of learning the university owns is bestowed upon the most prominent of its pupils, with preference to those of straitened means, where merits are equal. Consequently, it affords all students an equal chance of first-rate education at the lowest price, and thus has raised many a man who, from the lowliest home, has ascended to the highest places in the State or Church. This accounts for the devotion with which all classes—mechanic, farmer, and tradesman no less than clergyman and nobleman—are attached to their institutions of learning, and prone to grant to them all pecuniary assistance at their command.

Upsala University was founded in the year 1477, by Sten Sture the Elder, then Regent of Sweden, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Upsala, and the consent of Pope Sixtus IV. Its first privileges were modelled after those of Bologna and Paris. In fact, it was rather an enlarged cathedral school, and continued for nearly 150 years to be a university in name more than in reality. For some time it was even totally supplanted by a Jesuit College at Stockholm. Its slow and precarious growth is closely connected with the disturbed circumstances of the whole State, internal and external, religious and political. The university first exercised the power of conferring degrees in the year 1600, and was first placed on a firm basis by Gustavus Adolphus (1611–32), who endowed it with his own library and estates, and furnished it with professors worthy of the name. From the time of Gustavus Adolphus, who may thus rightly be styled its second founder, Upsala University has

been in progress up to our own time, when it has gained the position we have already claimed for it.

The government and instruction of the University are chiefly regulated by academical statutes, the enactment of which is vested in the king. The existing statutes, which followed upon those of 1852, were issued January 10, 1876. The governing body consists of a chancellor, pro-chancellor, rector, consistorium majus, consistorium minus, and treasury board. The chancellor is elected by the larger consistory, on approval of the king, and is charged with the general concern of the academic erudition, discipline, and finances. The Archbishop of Sweden is *ex officio* pro-chancellor. The larger consistory is composed of all the ordinary professors, and the smaller one of the pro-rector and five fellows, one from each of the three first faculties, and one from each section of the faculty of arts, all five elected every third year by consistorium majus from amongst the ordinary professors. Of both consistories the academical librarian and treasurer are additional members; the rector presides over both, and the pro-chancellor is in all cases entitled to a seat. The rector is appointed for two years by consistorium majus out of the professors of two years' standing. As actual head of the university, he exercises control over all academical matters and persons, especially the disciplinary superintendence of the students. Matters relating to the financial state of the university are committed to the treasury board, composed of the treasurer and three ordinary teachers, elected once in three years by the larger consistory. Special university departments are carried on by bodies of their own—such as the chancery or secretariate, the university library, &c.

There are four Faculties—Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Arts. Each Faculty consists of its own professors, under the presidency of a dean, which office is held yearly by the members in rotation. The staff of teachers includes

professors, ordinary and extraordinary, adjuncts and docents, with training-masters in music, drawing, gymnastics, and horsemanship. Professors are nominated by the king, and adjuncts and training masters by the chancellor, while docents are appointed by the chancellor. In these appointments the sole principle prevailing is that of scientific proficiency.

Candidates for a professorship must submit a dissertation and two lectures, all bearing on subjects pertaining to the vacant chair. The dissertation may be either in Latin, Swedish, French, German, English, or Italian; but the lectures must be delivered in the mother tongue, one of them on a subject chosen by the candidate, the other on one selected from amongst several presented by the faculty or section. Judgments on the candidates having been given by both consistories, the pro-chancellor and the chancellor, all the documents concerned are remitted to the king. The nomination of adjuncts is subject to the same requirements as that of professors, though resting ultimately with the chancellor.

With each chair, one or more docentships are connected. These appointments depend on the chancellor. As a matter of fact, the granting of *venia docendi* often follows a doctor's degree. Where the two do not coincide, the doctor qualifies himself by other treatises or publications, and pursues special studies for one or two years subsequent to taking his degree. In no stage are tutorial—as understood at English or American universities—or disciplinary powers in the candidates taken into consideration, nor do any general principles affect the final result.

On the whole, therefore, academical appointments at Upsala remind us closely of those at German universities, one difference being that the "disputations" at the latter are, more or less, a mere ceremony, whereas with us they are of the highest consequence, because the issue depends as much on

the defence as on the gist of the dissertation. Again, competition in German universities will, no doubt, on the score of their great number, be keener than at Upsala, which, although it to some extent furnishes Lund with professors, supplies its own educational staff from among former graduates. The emulation from without comes rather from the secondary schools, since they are largely officered by younger university teachers, who sometimes compete for professorial dignities. For this reason, and by virtue of its numerous pupils, Upsala will scarcely lack meet instructorial resources.

With but few exceptions all chairs are state; those created by private munificence are filled in accordance with the particular provision of the founder. As to docents, the chancellor is empowered to withdraw *venia docendi* on the requisition of a faculty or section and consistorium majus, whereas professors and adjuncts hold office during good behaviour. Training masters receive their position from the chancellor, on recommendation of the larger consistory.

The main subjects of university instruction are:—In Divinity—theological cyclopædia, exegetical, systematical, historical, and practical theology. In Law—judicial cyclopædia, Roman law, international and constitutional law, political economy, history of law, and the system of Swedish law in all its branches. In Medicine—anatomy, physiology, medical chemistry and pharmacology, pathology and pathological anatomy, practice of medicine, surgery, and ophthalmics, obstetrics and gynæcology, medical jurisprudence, and state medicine, and the history of medicine. In the humanistic section of the Faculty of Arts—theoretical and practical philosophy, history, and statistics (*Staatswissenschaft*), classical oriental and modern European philology and æsthetics. And in the Mathematical-natural scientific section of the faculty—mathematics, astronomy, physics, mechanics,

chemistry, mineralogy, geology, botany, and zoology.

Prior to the opening of each term all the instructors of the same faculty or section meet for the purpose of drawing up a general programme, to be submitted to the consistorium minus and published as a special university catalogue.

The academical year is divided into two terms—an autumn term, from September 1st to December 15th, and a spring term, from January 15th to June 1st. The first and last fortnights of each term are devoted to examinations and other academical occupations, to the exclusion of public lectures. One week at Easter and another at Whitsuntide are also exempted from public deliveries. The vacations may be utilised by the students for academic study; and, as a matter of fact, persons desirous of accelerating their university course stay throughout the whole year, some with a view of getting special assistance from the younger teachers. All official teaching is communicated in the form of lectures, delivered in the rooms or halls of the university. The discourses of professors are given on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and those of adjuncts on Wednesdays and Saturdays; the docents read at their own discretion. The delivery occupies an hour, deducting "the academic quarter," as a necessary interval for assembling. All official lectures are gratuitous. No fees whatever are paid for public university tuition, and a student can in this respect pass his whole curriculum for nothing. But no legal obligation is imposed upon him to attend, and he accordingly does so at his own choice and convenience. He has, of course, to give his name to the "reader," but the attendances are not recorded as in England, nor verified in any "Anmeldungsbuch" of his own as in Germany. Neither do they convey any particular benefit as regards tests to be passed, because the examiners take no notice of attend-

ance, but merely of proficiency in the candidates. The lecturer therefore reads merely to students who are anxious to hear him, and who attend with a view to learn and improve themselves. The lectures are open to female and male scholars alike, and even to non-academic citizens. As a matter of fact outsiders, often ladies, are also present, when the matter explained is of a kind to interest them. Whenever the theme itself involves it, the instruction exhibits an elementary character, as in starting Arabic, Sanscrit, astronomy, geology, and other topics not taught in the "intermediate" schools. But the number of subjects falling within the scope of those schools is pretty extensive, and the standard reached in them before matriculation such that the student is prepared to enter directly upon his academic career. In Sweden primary education is compulsory *on all*. On the primary schools follow the "higher elementary" or secondary ones, which I would gladly describe at length if my space permitted. Those, however, who wish for such information will find it in a paper on "Education in Sweden," in the *International Review*, of New York.

To return to the university, the lecturer "reads" either from manuscript or extempore, and the lecture is supplemented by scientific exercises, in which ordinary teachers are bound to give their assistance gratuitously. Furthermore, all instructors are legally obliged to aid the students by private teaching, to be paid for on the part of the receiver, and carried on in the form either of lessons or lectures. The payment amounts to two or three Swedish crowns (18 crowns = 1*l.*) an hour, for each party to a private lecture course or "collegium," commonly occupying as much time as the public one of a professor—say 20 crowns per term. The attendance at a lecture, private or public, will vary from half a dozen to hundreds. Neither for instruction nor examinations are text-books prescribed, but

the student uses whatever works he pleases, and prepares himself for whatever part of his subject, and to whatever degree of proficiency he judges most convenient. Informing the examiner that he has devoted closer attention to some subject, or portion of a subject, with a view of receiving a higher mark, the demand on the part of the teacher will be raised accordingly. However, in practice the student usually consults the teacher as to the choice of books.

With few exceptions the students conclude their academic pursuits by an examination, the time of passing which depends upon themselves, since no judicial or customary prescriptions for that end are in force. The average age of the examined is scarcely to be ascertained, for while a doctorate or even a docentship may be obtained at twenty-three, there may be undergraduates who are mature and even aged men. In fact, the university does not prevent any one remaining a student at Upsala the whole of his life, if he prefers it.

Turning to examinations and degrees, there are at the disposal of the faculties of Arts, Medicine and Law, the grades of candidate, licentiate, and doctor, and in Divinity those of candidate and licentiate. The degree of doctor in divinity, though it can be obtained by dint of academic studies, is, as a rule, granted by the king. Female students are admitted to all examinations except divinity and law. To obtain a doctorate in philosophy, the candidate has to translate from Swedish into Latin, as a *conditio sine qua non*, and to undergo the "candidate-examination" in theoretical philosophy, history, Latin, and Scandinavian or Northern languages. In connection with either mathematics or some one subject of natural science, and in addition to the obligatory subjects, a candidate may take up extra subjects within the entire province of the faculty. The examination is partly in writing and partly oral, and the candidate must satisfy the examiners

in each one of the obligatory subjects, and obtain not less than eight merit units in all.

The examination for licentiate in Philosophy includes a good many subjects, arranged under seven "schools," of which the candidate may select but one, or even some portion only of one. Whatever division he chooses, he must satisfy the examiners in two subjects as necessary, and an additional one as optional. As to the mode of testing the candidate, the only difference between this and that just spoken of is that he has to compose a scientific treatise on some subject approved by the professor. The examinee fails unless he receives "approbation" for the dissertation, as well as for all the subjects of the oral examination, with at least five merit units in the latter.

Students have to undergo a preliminary examination before starting on the professional university curriculum. A medical student becomes a candidate in Medicine by proficiency in anatomy, physiology, medical chemistry, pharmacology, general pathology, and the history of medicine; and so on for the licentiate. Before admission to such examination, the student must produce certificates of his having passed the prescribed exercises in the laboratory and clinics, or attended to practical medicine, either with special charge of patients in a hospital, or privately, or is able to superintend an apothecary's shop. In the faculties of law and divinity the degrees of candidate and licentiate are given on duly passed examinations; that for a candidate covering all the subjects which belong to the respective faculty, and that for a licentiate evincing a thorough acquaintance with them, as well as a certain range of practical experience in both. It may be added, that the doctor's degree, in all faculties, excepting that of Divinity, is bestowed on a dissertation as the ultimate requirement. The dissertation is to be composed, printed, and defended publicly by the author,

and the judgment of the faculty or section on it bears upon the defence as well as the contents. For the disputation, the faculty appoints an "opponent," whilst two others are selected by the "respondent" himself; but any one present may take part in the debate. Of the antagonists, the "third opponent" comes off not so badly, if he be clever in joking upon the publication, and thus amuse the audience; but the other two, in particular the "faculty opponent," have to assail in earnest, and thus not only afford the author the best opportunity of showing his ability, but also procure reputation for themselves. The disputation is therefore of great moment. It is attended by the dean or professors, who have to pass sentence; and the former may cause the contest to cease after four hours. Degrees in Law and Medicine are commonly conferred in an informal manner at the close of spring term, whereas those in Arts take place every third year, accompanied by showy festivities. As far as the doctoral degree in Arts is concerned, this festival, to borrow from another essay of the writer's, may be said to commence on the day when the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the successful candidates meet for the sake of twining the ornamental wreath from the Linnæan laurel. The following night is signalled by serenades by the graduates and their friends, while the celebration proper on the following day is ushered in by the firing of cannon at the royal castle, and centres in the Parnassus, a large platform in the cathedral, capable of holding all those immediately interested. There the recent graduates, the jubilee doctors, and the graduates of fifty years' standing, are solemnly invested with the ring and laurel crown, amid firing of guns, pealing of bells, organ-music, and all the usual necessary features of such occasions. These are followed by a dinner in the greenhouse of the botanical garden, and concluded by a ball in the large hall of the "*Carolina Rediviva*."

In the means of acquiring literary and scientific knowledge the university is pretty rich, though in antiquities and objects of art it is still somewhat defective. In addition to a library of 180,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts, it possesses numerous scientific collections, laboratories, clinics, a botanical garden, an observatory, &c.; all in charge of professors and staff; as well as gymnasium, orchestra, drawing and reading rooms, and so forth. Apart from the university library, the "student corps" and each "nation" has a library of its own. Academic jurisdiction extends to a circuit of six miles round Upsala, and concerns merely such acts as involve the relation of the students to the university, common, civil, and criminal suits falling under the cognisance of the ordinary law courts. The punishment inflicted may be either simply a reproof and warning, rustication, or expulsion and loss of "stipend," *i.e.* scholarship. Additional penalties may be inflicted when a student is found guilty of any crime by a common court. And on the other hand, the rector is entitled to assist students involved in criminal charges by procuring them professional counsel. Such interference is, however, very rare; and, owing to the peculiar constitution of the university, the students have the right, as well as the power, to maintain order amongst themselves.

The agencies by which this is done are the corporations or "nations" into which all of the students are divided. Having entered the university, the students, whether male or female, are under obligation to join one of the "nations" at their own option; but any "nation" may exclude those whom it deems unworthy of entrance, and the excluded have to submit to special surveillance ordered by the rector. Furthermore, no academical testimonial will be issued to any student, unless the opinion of his or her nation has been first ascertained. In this way the

nations, *i.e.* the students themselves, exercise a legal and moral restraint over their members, the more beneficial and effective as it springs from independent action and conscious responsibility.

Besides furthering diligence, morality, and good order, the object of these bodies is to afford the students means of mutual assistance, by libraries, disputations, lectures, testimonials, loans, recommendation to, or granting of, "stipends," musical and theatrical entertainments, and the like. Each nation has a house of its own, with reading-room and library, drawing-room, assembly-room, offices, &c. These corporations unquestionably exercise a most advantageous influence on the university life, the more so as the teachers also are members of them, the result of which is to encourage a more familiar and personal intercourse between them and their pupils. A "Nation" is made up of honorary and non-honorary members, the latter consisting of resident undergraduates or graduates, the former chiefly elected from the teachers. Honorary members do not interfere in the affairs of the society, even when entitled so to do, and their principal duties consist in attending feasts to which it may invite them. The non-honorary or active members are divided into seniors, juniors, and recentiors. Recentiors—slightly resembling the German "foxes,"—are freshmen who have served their apprenticeship, and after two or more terms, are promoted to the rank of juniors. Out of these the seniors are chosen in a certain proportion to the whole of the nation, so as to form the very *élite* of it in character, knowledge, industry, and experience. The management of the affairs of a nation is intrusted to various boards; but matters of importance are transacted by the whole nation, presided over by its "curator." The boards and officers are elected by and out of the nation, commonly once a year, and the curator from amongst younger academical teachers.

The general superintendence is vested in an inspector, chosen by the nation from the ordinary professors, and approved of by consistorium minus. Admission to, and membership of, a nation, is subject to a payment, averaging in each case fifteen crowns a term. In fine, it may be stated that all the business of the nation is regulated by statutes made by itself on sanction of consistorium minus. There are in all thirteen nations, one representing Stockholm, and the others the different dioceses and provinces of the country, the number of members in each varying from twenty-two to two hundred and three.

The nations together form the "student corps" which, again, has authorities and business of its own. The general charge of the corps is lodged in a chairman—nominated by all the students, commonly out of the province of younger university teachers,—and a directory elected by the nations from amongst themselves in proportion to the number of their members. The departments are superintended by special officers or committees, all chosen by and from the student corps itself. Like each nation, the student corps has a flag or standard of its own, to be used on public occasions.

In the autumn term, 1876, there were at Upsala:—

	Theology.	Law.	Medicine.	Philosophy.	Total.
Professors.	4	5	7	17	33
Adjuncts .	3	1	5	13	22
Docents .	1	2	3	45	51
Total . .	8	8	15	75	106
Students .	361	142	172	776	1,451

There were also four training masters, and six academical chairs were vacant. The number of students given above is somewhat lower than the average of previous years.

The financial position of the university, though trifling as compared with that of Oxford or Cambridge, is rich for so poor a country as Sweden. In the year 1872 the total income amounted to 1,758,286 crowns

(97,682*l.*), a great part of which was derived from donations—200,000, for instance, from estates granted by Gustavus Adolphus. Of the expenses a good deal is due to salaries, those of a professor being 6,000, and of an adjunct from 2,400 to 3,000 crowns per annum. In the faculty of divinity the teachers derive their payment from prebends or pastorships. Having completed their sixty-fifth year, both professors and adjuncts are entitled to pensions, amounting in the former case to 4,500, and in the latter to 2,500 crowns. Docents have no salaries, but receive their income partly by stipends—of 750 or 1,000 crowns a year—and partly from fees for private instruction. There are about 550 scholarships or stipends given either by the university, other authorities, or the student unions. They are founded principally by endowments of private charity for support of students, or for encouragement of scientific travels. In the latter case they vary from hundreds to thousands of crowns, and in the former from under one hundred to several hundreds. They are bestowed on various conditions, amongst which industry, morality, and the poverty of the receiver preponderate. During his tenure of the scholarship the student is subjected to the control of a special inspector, generally a professor, appointed in conformity with the regulations of the testator.

If we look on the university life as such, it has in times past not been wanting in peculiarities and eccentricities, as the following account of a "deposition" or initiation of freshmen in 1716 will convince the reader. "The master of ceremonies or 'depositor,' " so the description runs, "made the freshmen put on garments of various materials and colours. Their faces were blackened, the brims of their hats bent down, and long ears and horns fastened to them, long pigs' tusks put into the corners of their mouths, which they were compelled to keep there, like pipes, under penalty of being caned. Their shoulders were

covered with long black cloaks. In this garb, more horrid and ridiculous than that in which the victims of the Inquisition were led to the stake, the 'depositor' drove them with a stick from the 'room of deposition,' like a drove of cattle, into the auditory. There he arranged them in a circle round himself, made faces and outrageous courtesies to them, ridiculed their odd attire, and finally addressed them in a serious harangue. He spoke of the vices and follies of youth, and urged the necessity of their being reformed, chastened, and polished by study. He then propounded several questions to them; but the tusks in their mouths prevented them from speaking distinctly, so that their utterances rather resembled the grunting of swine. Consequently, the depositor addressed them as such, struck them lightly on their shoulders with his cane, and reproached them. Their teeth, said he, indicated intemperance in eating and drinking, on account of which young people are apt to have their intellects clouded. Then he pulled a pair of wooden tongs out of a bag, and choked and shook them until the teeth dropped out. He then continued by saying that if they were docile and diligent, they would lose their inclination for intemperance and gluttony just as they had lost their tusks. Then he tore the long ears from their hats to intimate that they would have to study diligently in order not to resemble jackasses. He then took the horns from them as a symbol of brutal coarseness, and at last took a plane from his bag. Every freshman had to lie down, first on his stomach, then on his back and both his sides, and in each of these positions he planed their whole body, saying that literature and art would polish their minds in a similar way. After various other ludicrous ceremonies, he filled a large vessel with water, which he poured over the freshmen's heads, afterwards roughly wiping them down with a coarse rag. To conclude the farce, he admonished the company

whom he had polished, washed, and brushed, to enter upon a new life, to contend against wicked institutions, and to give up bad habits, which were apt to disfigure their mind, not less than the various parts of their disguise had disfigured their bodies."

In our own time the student life, though not without its peculiarities, will not compare with that of old, perhaps not even with that of German, English, or American students. At least we search in vain at Upsala for an academic youth who, like his German contemporary, bears in his face the marks of many a hard-fought duel; or whose soul is, like that of an American, occupied by dark, fanciful ceremonies; neither do we meet with a single one who has carried from the cricket-field or the boat-race the envied prize of an athletic triumph so valued at Oxford and Cambridge.

As to dress, too, there is little or nothing about an Upsala student to distinguish him from a non-academic youth of his own social position. His confrater at Oxford and Cambridge, for instance, is immediately recognisable from the outside world by a mediæval, monastic attire which gives him the semblance of a man in holy orders. Visiting Cambridge, I was at first struck at the sight of the quaint cap and gown or surplice, thinking "how many good-looking candidates for the Church there are here." A German student differs from his countrymen—at least when belonging to a "corps" or "union." If he be a "Bursch," he will exhibit a cloven nose or lip—perhaps both—or some other scratch or scar on his face, indicating him as one of the leading spirits among the students of his *alma mater*. He commonly wears a coloured head-covering, and a ribbon to match surrounding his breast; and as a "chargirter," or in "wicks" (complete student rig), has "kanonen" (bluchers) and spurs; tight white leather breeches, "peckesche" (black embroidered velvet jacket), "paradeschläger" (dress-sword), large

leather gloves, ribbon, and either "cerevis" or "barret"—the one an embroidered velvet cap scarcely big enough to cover an infant's head, the other a velvet head-gear, provided with an embroidered roll or lap, with a buckle and two plumes on the left side. Compared with English and German students, the Upsalians, consequently, make but a poor show, for in winter they are dressed like other mortals, and only in summer time don a cap of a somewhat academical peculiarity. This head-dress of velvet, with the top white, the brim black, and a blue and yellow badge in front, not unfitly marks out the wearers as the chosen sons of Apollo.

With reference to the teachers, the only apparent distinction between them and other gentlemen is a dress coat, with a velvet collar on which is embroidered two lyres and a laurel wreath, to be worn on academic and other solemn occasions.

As the students thus usually resemble the "Philistines" in apparel and outer appearance, they can also socially mingle with them, though no doubt choosing rather to join company amongst themselves, and more specially so within the same "nation." Their peculiar transactions and habits of life, such as they are, will be found in the gatherings of the students as "corps" and "nations." In the former capacity they meet for business in some large hall of the university buildings, under the presidency of the chairman or speaker of the "corps," and with a right in every student of participating actively in what is carried on; or they sit as the "student directory," for the preparatory consideration of questions to be determined upon by the assembly at large. When in "directory" the meeting is made up of some thirty to fifty of the most influential, experienced, and conservative students; in the "corps" of some hundreds or perhaps a thousand; the decisions thus depending upon the pure de-

mocracy. In both large and small assemblies the business is carried on in the most commendable way, and the debates may often serve as models in regard both to substance and form. The "student corps," preceded by a flag of its own and the colours of the different nations, takes the lead in celebrating the patriotic and religious anniversaries of Swedish history, such as the union between Sweden and Norway (Nov. 4th), the accession of Gustavus Vasa (June 6th), the death of Charles XII. (Nov. 30th), and of Gustavus Adolphus (Nov. 6th). It also celebrates, at the beginning of the spring term, the "Knutfest," as a general memorial day in honour of the "fathers," and of any Scandinavian celebrities who may have died during the previous year.

The gatherings of a "nation" are of a twofold character: either for business, or for enjoying life. In the former the "curator" presides over the whole of the nation, and every member is obliged to attend under pain of a fine, unless prevented from doing so by reasons to be approved of by the president. A general attendance is ensured also by the fact that the matters transacted concern individuals more directly than those debated in the corps meetings. The whole of the students form, so to speak, a "United States" on a small scale, a democratic federative republic, where the "corps" authorities and affairs are the exceptions, and the "national" ones the rule. A "nation," therefore, not only manages the affairs kindred to those of the student corps, but elects officers, enacts rules and regulations, decides upon the budget of the body—perhaps on the reparation of its "parliament house," or on the building of a new one, on the purchase of books and newspapers, and so forth; and will often have to give testimonials of study and character, to grant loans, stipends, and the like. Untimely or hasty decisions are the less to be feared, as the votes, with hardly an exception, are graded—as, for instance, three in a

senior, two in a junior, and one in a recentior. The debates may be prolonged during whole sessions. In each nation there are, naturally, both friends of "the old, good, and experienced," and "radicals," who look "the new" straightforward in the face without fear and anxiety. As far as my own experience reaches, the "national" meetings distinguish themselves for high parliamentary manners and mature determinations, and form a practical school for training the students in judicious, business-like transactions, in praise of which too much can hardly be said. The decisions, once taken—are faithfully acted upon by the whole corporation, without fear of "reaction" or *coup d'état*. In the same way, scientific meetings, either of a nation or of particular academic societies, carry on their business; the students endeavouring earnestly, by disputations and deliveries, to draw attention to, or solve questions pertaining to, various branches of learning. But such earnestness expires with the term; and, just as Mr. Toots, at the end of the half, "threw off his allegiance and put on his ring, and happening to mention the Doctor in casual conversation shortly afterwards, spoke of him as 'Blimber,'" so, half an hour after the close of the parliamentary or scientific session, the circumspect philosopher, or conscientious censor, or grave legislator, will turn out to be a gay, heedless freshman, enjoying himself at a glass of "Swedish punch," accompanied by cheerful laugh, song, music, theatricals, dancing, and other amusements.

All the different kinds of merry student amusements centre in the "student-sexa," and its appurtenances. Of course, this can vary indefinitely as to number of partakers and breadth of arrangements, but the more characteristic features are not difficult to trace. The battlefield of fun is generally the senatorial-philosophical hall just mentioned, now transformed into an

abode for Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses. But sometimes the festival is of a general character, when the honorary members, students, and other outside persons are invited as guests of the nation, or of its individual members, and when only a part of the festivity is played off in the nation-house, and the other part, usually the "sexa" proper, in a restaurant of larger dimensions.

The following narratives of the first festival of my own nation, at which I, as a new-fledged freshman, was a party on entering the university in 1859, and of the last general student one, before I left Sweden in 1874, will give the reader some idea of Upsala students' revelries in their more extravagant and frolicsome manner.

About midday, on a wintry February day in 1859, my comrades and I left the nation's house in sledges to be carried to Old Upsala. Deep snow covers the frozen ground, a boreal chill pervades the air, and but a feeble sun throws some pale beams on the jolly companions. On such a day it was but a natural precaution to have tasted some drops of the academic "nectar" before we started, and even to have a provision of it for our journey. This was not without adventures. For on account either of the runaway habits of our spirited steeds, or because the drivers understand less how to manage them than the punch-glasses, we have pushed on not so very far ere the sledge upsets and some of the company are rolling in the snow. At length, however, all—ladies and gentlemen, runaway and steady—reach the goal, and burdened with old Northern mead in mighty silver-plated horns, presented by former Swedish princes, laboriously climb the wide-renowned hills of Old Upsala. On their tops, with an extensive view round the very cradle of the Swedish nation, with a blue-skied heaven above, and Odin, Thor, and Frei "buried" beneath, songs resound and horns circle among the brothers to the honour of the vernacular gods, who still

speak and sing in the "Eddas," and of the "Fathers" who a thousand years ago brought forth rich material and intellectual harvests out of the desolate wildernesses of the North. On our return we are warmed by several dances, the writer himself being engaged in a Swedish waltz by a native-born Englishman from Oxford. Whether Terpsichore laughed or wept, no one can say, but the performers themselves were greatly pleased. A free-and-easy luncheon too, similar to a "sexa," though not on so large a scale, precedes the entrance into the theatre, where other members of the nation are acting a French vaudeville. Intense applause on the part of the public testifies to the ability of the players, and the ladylike graces and loveliness of the "student-actresses" must have caused keen heart-pains to many a Philistine spectator. By the way, I will notice here that most nations have a theatre of their own fairly well appointed, and furnishing the students once or twice a year with scenical entertainments. The piece—the parts for women inclusive—is throughout acted by students only, even when ladies are present among the public. By the more prominent student-artists public dramatic performances are also given at the theatre of Upsala, and even outside the city.

The doors of Thalia finally closed, those to the "sexa" hall are thrown open, and into it we march to the air of a student-song mingling with the tones of a band playing in the gallery. A table of vast dimensions down the middle of the room contains the *pièces de résistance*, but other small ones are ranged at intervals along the walls. The latter are covered by milk jugs, beer and porter bottles, tumblers, and such like primitive matters; but the big one is dressed in a festival, gentlemanlike way, bouquets, flowerpots, and trees out of the Linnæan botanical garden mixing with silver and porcelain plates on a ground of shining white. To a hungry soul like myself,

however, the contents of the dishes are far more important than the dishes themselves, and truly there was plenty to calm the most ravenous appetite. Polyphemus himself need not have left this table of vast dimensions unsatisfied! Beef, veal, mutton, pork, hare, chickens, partridge; salmon, eel, herring—even "Norwegian herring in paper"—pike, sardines; cheese, butter, bread; potatoes, spinach, radishes; compote, tart, cake, sweetmeats; apples, walnuts, raisins, oranges; chablis, hock, sherry, Bordeaux, muscat, and "Swedish *aqua vite*." A liberal host, indeed! And so watchfully as he cares for us all throughout the supper! The tables never lack anything whatever, but assiduous waiters are busy supplementing the old provisions and bringing forth new ones continually. I hardly disparage the hospitality of Penelope by applying Homer's description to our *restaurateur*:—

"With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers
bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble
spread;
With fire prepared they deal the morsels
round,
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets
crowned."

Of the whole fabric of drinks and dishes at such a supper as this, the first in honour and moment are the "Swedish" bread and brandy. They form the essential part, and without them the most experienced *chef*, with all the gastronomic wines and meats of Paris, would be unable to bring an Upsala "sexa" into existence. The Swedish brandy, made from potatoes, rye, or barley, is of different sorts, and that commonly used at "the bread-and-butter table," and called "Talu brandy," is, when good, both animating and of excellent taste. It aims at giving an appetite, and does not fail in its aim. At a "sexa" it is the first to be "mouthed in," and "the whole" may be followed by "the half," "the third," and so forth, these expres-

sions signifying successive draughts so taken that the glass is to be filled and emptied entirely the first time, to its half part the second time, to its third part the third time, and so forth. I have seen "the octave" accomplished, but to ascend the ladder so high is a very rare exception, and there is usually some sham in the whole proceeding. Some of Apollo's sons do not even touch the "Swedish wine" at all, though they may fetch the glasses and fill them. The clang of the glasses is accompanied by songs; the leader of the national orchestra giving the tune, and all present joining at least in the refrain. The intervals of these songs are occupied by the harmonies of the band in the gallery. In addition, all through the repast every one is free to chat, laugh, walk about, and so forth, the *sexa* always being a promenade one, and not like a German "*commerz*," where the students are riveted, as it were, to their benches, tables, and schoppen.

The Swedish bread—as indispensable for a *sexa* as the brandy—differs materially from bread in England and on the Continent. "*Cosmopolitan*" bread is little used with us, being regarded as more appropriate for babies and very old people than for persons of vigorous health, and to the "national" one it will never become a dangerous rival. Fancy the dough baked out in a circular plate of about twelve inches in diameter, and completely flat, with numerous parallel lines on the upper side and a hole in the centre, and you have our Swedish bread before you. Being quite hard, it is easy to break, but you cannot bend it, and in broken pieces it is put into the basket.

"Help yourself" is here the rule. No doubt some attention is paid to the professors—knives and forks are put into their hands, for instance; no doubt all present behave as gentlemen; but there is an American liberty of action about the whole which contrasts strikingly with the manners at a London dinner.

The *sexa* lasted about two hours, and no one needed to quit it hungry, as we returned "home" again for the "*zwyck*." The dancing hall in the nation's house, already spoken of, now presents itself in the shape of a beer saloon, of special splendour. In the middle is a long table, and a couple of small ones in the corners; besides these nothing but a pianoforte, and benches along the walls. The other apartments—drawing-room, library and reading-room, &c.—preserve their usual fittings. On the side-tables are soda and seltzer, and on the large one numbers of small glasses and two or three big bowls, with pitchers for filling the bowls when empty. All these vessels are brimming with "*Swedish punch*," which constitutes the only stimulating liquor during the rest of the night. This exclusively national drink assuredly owes its great popularity in my Fatherland to its Swedish origin. Among foreigners its repute, however, is not yet solid, and many will probably still say of it, as did a distinguished American scholar: "*The Swedish punch has a celestial taste, but there is something of the devil about it.*" Even a German, albeit accustomed to exhaust twenty or thirty schoppen a night, pays respect to the Swedish punch; it will cause him, he says, "*feeble knees*" and "*Kater*" or "*graues Elend*;" but my countrymen, well-knowing the "*devil*" in the punch, take care to elude the charming tempter. Having stepped into the hall we are addressed by the "*curator*" in a toast, inviting us to be welcome and enjoy life, and are then left to ourselves in all the liberties of the *sexa*, including power to smoke. Henceforth speeches, student-songs, and performances on the piano alternate. Later on the large table is moved away, and the wardrobe of the theatre is searched for robes, petticoats, bonnets, shawls, muffs, hats, dress-coats, &c., &c.; for Terpsichore once more deigns to call us, and some of the company prepare to greet her.

Immediately before her appearance I quitted the nation for my room, not one in a "duly licensed lodging," but one of my own choosing, and with no fear of being reported for late hours. Others had done the same already; among them probably all honorary members, the scholar from Oxford without question. Our absence or presence, however, in no way alters the general character of such a meeting as that of which I have sketched the outline. The students, having no reason to avoid the professors, like to meet them, while the latter know pretty well that the students, though they occasionally show themselves as jolly companions, on the whole live a life more laborious, earnest, and moral than the greater part of other youths of their own class and age. Of those who greeted the Muses some saluted Phœbus also, and in his presence gratified themselves with a so-called "night sexa." This meal, when indulged in, is of course a frugal one, consisting merely of "what the house can afford to offer" out of the national pantry. So far for my initiation to *Alma Mater*.

As regards the general student festival when I quitted the university in 1874, my account may be condensed into a few lines. This festivity deals with the celebration of the arrival of spring, and is carried on by the "student corps" at large, in accordance with ancient rules. On the evening of

the 30th of April all the students, led by the standard of the corps and the "national" colours, and marching to the airs of the Singers' Chorus, proceed from the market-place to the Royal Castle, close by the city, in order to hail the coming of spring. A few lingering snow-flakes will occasionally protest against the festival, whilst blazing bonfires and fireworks from the great restaurant outside Upsala, form a poor substitute for the absent sun, in glory of which "the white-capped" sing "How beautiful the May sun shines." Having performed the customary proceedings, they set out for their respective nations, for the purpose of finishing by *sexa* and *zwyck* the work begun. The festivities are continued through May-day, the nations with their colours mutually greeting each other with songs and addresses. On the occasion in question, these merry customs protracted themselves into an extempore May carnival, characterized by scenes and figures of great extravagance—on foot, on horseback, and in coaches.

Closing here my sketch of Upsala University in general, and the student life in particular, I would add but these words:—If there be one feature peculiarly characteristic of an Upsala student, it is his love of singing, in the practice of which he is, perhaps, not unworthy of being a countryman of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson.

K. M. THORDÉN.

LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

THE beginning of this century witnessed the gradual extinction of a great social power. It has died out, and its place knows it no more.

La Grande Dame s'en va, wrote a French author about the year 1830; *le milieu respirable pour elle n'existant plus; elle n'a pas faire école*. He was right; *la Grande Dame* is extinct. And not only in France, but in English society almost simultaneously she disappeared. Whether from the same cause—that the elements necessary to her existence are wanting here also—or whether, according to the inflexible laws of supply and demand, she ceased to exist when the restlessness of modern life no longer required her calm, obstructive influence, I leave to wiser heads to determine. Enough to note the fact that she has departed, and left no successors. I trust that I shall not be misunderstood to imply that our society has not still, notwithstanding the debasing influences of slang and fastness, numerous specimens of the high-bred lady “*of the best class, and better than her class*,” who has ever been the boast of our aristocracy, and remains to bear her own witness to her own days. Those who are now gone, but in my youth were still living and retained in their manners the traditions of the old school, were so numerous and well-known that to name some would be invidious, to omit none impossible, without trenching on the sacredness of private life. Still, there was *one* whom I may be forgiven for naming, because her political existence and *rôle* have marked her place in the history of her times; one who will ever be to me the type of the perfect lady, everywhere recognised, whatever her outward symbols, by that inward grace of good breeding, which in Horace

Walpole's famous words *is good feeling*. Who that ever knew her does not remember the graceful hostess, whose house the most insignificant never left without feeling he had received an individual welcome, while the familiar word or jest distinguished the friend or *habitué*? She who had for all the kind word, the happy phrase, yet whose gentle dignity kept aloof any risk of the forwardness which might have been feared in a society as mixed as that which the interests of the Liberal party obliged her to receive. She who to her latest day reigned over society by her exquisite tact even more than by her position; and gained all hearts by that irresistible charm which sprang from the well of kindness in her own. But the exigencies of the society in which she played so prominent a part had effaced in her the traditions of her youthful days. Between the type she represented and that of the *Grande Dame de l'Ancien Régime* there is a great gulf fixed by national habits and character. Lady Palmerston, under fostering circumstances, might live again; but the *Grande Dame* was an anomaly: she is gone for ever.

To attempt to trace out this dissimilarity and its causes would require an abler pen than mine, a profound knowledge of the social history of the past century in both countries, and, above all, the risk of entering on a subject treated by master minds of the past generation, and in this by De Tocqueville, Prévost Paradol, Henri Taine, and many other celebrated writers. I wish carefully to avoid any national comparisons, and simply try to fix the recollections of my earliest youth, passed entirely in Paris in close intimacy with many of the families representing the greatest names in

French history. Thus I became better acquainted with their domestic life, with the tone of their very restricted intimate circle, than was perhaps the case with any English in the days succeeding the Restoration, when the soreness of recent defeat had just succeeded the privations of the Continental Blocus, and the name of England was with few exceptions odious to all French ears. It happened in our case that amongst the noble *émigrés* returned from England my parents had some personal friends, and a family connection in the Faubourg St. Germain, and thus saw them in their own homes, a favour seldom accorded to strangers. We children continued playmates of our still older friends, the children of the Orleans family, which gave us a foot in both camps—for opposite camps they were. The Duc d'Orleans—tolerated from his position as *premier Prince du sang*, and until the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to the Crown—was looked upon with distrust by the Court and the noble Faubourg as the son of Egalité, the pupil of Madame de Genlis, the Swiss schoolmaster, the American democratic wanderer, the bold advocate of the political offender. The well-known ambition and influence of his sister, Madame Adelaide, added to this unjust distrust, which not even respect for his angelic wife could conquer. A king's daughter, a Bourbon, aunt of the young Duchesse de Berri, who was tenderly attached to her,—such claims as these could not be wholly ignored by the Court and its followers; but the gloomy Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had never forgiven the murder of her parents, naturally kept aloof from the Duc d'Orleans, and only the necessary intercourse took place between the Court and the Palais Royal. The liberal education which Louis Philippe gave his sons, sending them to walk daily, satchel on back, to the Collège de France, to pursue their studies in common with boys of all classes, went counter to all their ideas. The brilliant society of the Palais Royal and

Neuilly, where everything distinguished in arts, literature, and even finance, was entertained with the most princely hospitality, was, by its very contrast, equally distasteful to the gloomy, ascetic Court. The Duchesse d'Orleans, adored by all who approached her, lived but for her husband and her beautiful young family, in whom her somewhat southern piety counteracted the liberal tendencies of their education. She cultivated in them religious feelings. She animated them with enthusiastic loyalty to the throne. I remember hearing that when the guns were firing for the birth of the first child of the Duchesse de Berri, the young Duc de Chartres, then between eight and nine years old, sat intently listening for the eventful twenty-first gun (which indicated the birth of a prince), saying, *Silence! j'écoute si c'est mon roi, ou ma femme*, unconscious of anxiety for the throne which hung on the balance. Such was the state of parties in 1823, when I first recollect the families of whom I shall now speak.

It is very remarkable how little, although only separated by that narrow Channel passed daily by thousands, how imperfectly we know good French society. We have our preconceived notions, our judgments formed on the writings of a certain class of French novelists, who because they write about comtesses and duchesses, we fancy must know them.¹ We in England may safely trust to the novels of the late Lord Lytton, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Whyte Melville, George Elliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Thackeray, Lady G. Fullerton, and a few others, to give a foreigner a sufficiently accurate idea of life on the higher rungs of the ladder to which they mostly belong. But it is not so in the France of modern days, where writers do not belong to the upper classes, or do not write novels. Some memoirs written

¹ See this well stated in "French Novels and French Life," by: H. de Lagardie; *Macmillan* for March, 1877.

by themselves, but printed for private circulation only, could alone give an idea of a class to which in our appreciation of their home life and domestic virtues I fear we do but scant justice. I, who have seen them in the bosom of their families, who have received from these, the last of their social type, constant kindness, and cordial reception should indeed feel proud and happy, could my simple but faithful witness serve to dispel one erroneous impression, or conquer one unjust prejudice against those I early learnt to love and respect.

There were other reasons besides the natural distaste for the English to account for so few of them having been admitted into the intimacy of French families. All foreigners, *accueillant* as they are to strangers in society, are far more chary than we are of admitting them into domestic life, partly because, owing to the spoliation of the Revolution, and the new laws of division of property, many of the great families were poor, partly that "hugger mugger" is the only term to express the life of a French family, even many of the greatest, in those days when it was the custom for all the different *ménages* composing it to live under one roof. These ancestral houses, *Hôtels* as they were called, were mostly situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, where some of them are still to be seen spared by the Revolution—although more have perished in the suicidal fires of the Commune. Some streets, as the Rue de Lille, Rue de l'Université, Rue St. Dominique, were entirely composed of these lordly elevations, with their grand old trees towering over the high wall which separated them from the quiet street they overshadowed, to which no shops brought traffic or noise. It was difficult to realise that this was the bustling Paris whose deafening roar and whirl of excitement you had left on the Boulevard but a few minutes before. In this wall the entrance gate, called the *Porte Cochère*, so gigantic that you wondered how

easily the porter swung it on its circular hinges, admitted carriages; the foot-passengers entering by a small door cut in the large one, as in some of our own old houses. These hotels were immense; none of our largest houses in London, except Burlington House before its alteration, give an idea of them. You drove into a large court, round which the house was built, a peristyle in the centre. The garden front on the ground and first floors was devoted to the heads of families and to reception; the second floor, and the two sides of the court, were divided into innumerable apartments with *entresols*; these although low-pitched, were roomy, and in the clear sky and light air of Paris had none of the stuffy darkness which would be their lot in London. That they are pleasant abodes enough any one who has enjoyed the *entresol* apartment at the Hotel Bristol will testify. In these were lodged the younger branches of the family, the tutor, M. l'Abbé, the secrétaire, and the hangers-on—their name was legion. As the sons and daughters grew up and married, each young couple took an apartment in the *caravanseraï* of one or other paternal abode. There could not be a separate kitchen to each, therefore from mingled motives of economy and a wish to keep a due watch and hold over the young couple, all had their meals in common in the apartment of the head of the house, excepting the morning *café*, which was taken by each person when and where they liked. There is still in some French houses of my acquaintance a sort of buttery, where, between the hours of eight and nine, an unrestricted supply of coffee, milk, and bread in the rough, but excellent in its kind, can be had; served on white marble slabs, cleaner and less expensive than tablecloths. This arrangement saves time, as each servant comes at the hour most convenient.

Between eleven and twelve came the *déjeuner*, which we should call luncheon. Often have I assisted with my young companions at these repasts,

where, with an eye as keen as any at the table, the great-grandmother presided over four generations, beginning with her own already aged sons or daughters, and ending with the baby in its high chair attended by its Normande nurse, in her fly cap, feeding it with broth out of a glass—a very nasty-looking proceeding, by the by. At the top of the table near the lady sat the old friend, who, according to inviolable custom, came on a certain day of the week—his other days being similarly filled up at other hospitable houses. Then some relation who had in poverty found an asylum with the head of the house. The *lectrice*, or companion of the old lady, M. l'Abbé, the friend and counsellor of the family; interspersed with them the married sons and daughters; the boys with their tutor; rarely the men of the family, at least the young ones, but all the children. The *déjeuner* was good, but plain; soup, cutlets (without sauce), filets of beef with fried potatoes, omelettes and cheese, of which an immense variety is eaten in France, and fruit. The dinner, at six o'clock, was a repetition of the *déjeuner* minus the baby and its broth, and plus fish, *entrées*, and sweets, as well as the men of the family, who were often out in the morning, receiving in friendly houses the same *sans façon* hospitality they left in their own. Still it would have been difficult and inconvenient to invite strangers to such uncereemonious meals, and there being no schoolroom table (because there were no schoolrooms), it was impossible to break up the heterogeneous assemblage except on great gala occasions. The result was that in those days no, or at least, very few, French families gave dinners.

After the *déjeuner* and a visit to *Bonnemaman*, as the grandmother is prettily called in French, when we were duly presented and given the freedom of the house in torrents of *mon bijou, charmante, délicieuse*, duly distributed to us all with laudable impartiality, and accompanied by

pastilles de chocolat, which I appreciated much more, we were dismissed to the garden—not the miserable strip of modern Paris (when it has one), but shade in summer, sunny walks in winter, and space enough in those airy quarters of the town to dispense with going out of its walls for daily exercise. In those days there were few open carriages, fewer still with one horse; and the coachman and pair of fat old horses were kept chiefly for evening, or for the necessary work of the day. The young women drove *au Bois* with their husbands in cabriolets or curricles, which came from England, and were beginning to be a fashion. French women, as a rule, walk less, but live more in the open air than we do. In fine weather they sat almost entirely in their gardens, reading, writing, working, many days never going out of it, except *à la messe* in the morning to some small church close by, which was the almost universal custom of the higher classes. French servants, shopkeepers, in general all women of the lower classes, both town and country, sit outside their doors at their work whenever the weather allows of it. They are to be seen at the door of the palace as of the cottage, or under the *porte cochère* in the shade, carding mattresses, shelling peas, dressing their children, working, or spinning; not a moment will they be indoors that they can help. Sometimes we children were all taken to the Tuileries by the *bonne* of the family. There, in a sunny corner, sheltered by the terraces overlooking the Place de la Concorde, and named from its warmth *La petite Provence*, we exercised ourselves at the skipping-rope with a proficiency I look back to with admiration, double twirls in one leap being highly applauded by the critical audience of fly-caps—each with a fusty-looking baby in her arms—and wooden-legged Invalides, its usual frequenters, whose appreciation we much coveted. There were also some *gaufres*, a sort of pancake, thin and crisp, made instantaneously in an iron

shovel on a little charcoal stove, which, by permission of the authorities, was allowed in one corner for the delectation of the fly-caps and their charges; also a honey wafer, called *plaisirs*, and fresh milk were to be had here, as in all public promenades at Paris. These were provided for by a few sous put into our tiny pockets with a lump of bread, for the *gouter*, a sort of non-descript meal, of any trash obtainable, which French children have as a stop-gap between *déjeuner* and dinner. Alas! I have since seen my poor *petite Provence* filled with savage Turcos and Zouaves instead of kind old Invalides, and camp-fires replacing the little *gaufre* stove of my childish days.

The old custom of bringing up girls in convents was fast dying out. Many of our young friends were educated at home, or, at all events, only went to a convent the year preceding and following their first communion, a time always with them spent in retirement. If at home, they did not come down when there was company, that their minds should not be distracted from the solemnity of the act. There are, or at least there were, no governesses in these families. If the daughters were brought up at home, they, and indeed the sons also, were so much with their mothers, that no assistance but that of masters and the old *bonne* who had nursed them, was required.

French women are in general devoted mothers, seldom leaving their children, and expending upon them what the poet calls "the strong necessity of loving," to which many of their marriages formerly gave little aliment. Amongst them is many a mute inglorious Sévigné, who lacked not Sévigné's feelings for her daughter, exaggerated as they may seem to us, but only the power of expressing them. Their time is much more their own in the day than with us, because morning visiting does not exist, none but a sister or an intimate is admitted before the evening, which is considered the time for society; they were therefore free to attend to their favourite pursuits

and studies, or to their children's education. They did not formerly, as we do, and they do now, go to the sea-side, travel, pay country visits. The great families had magnificent châteaux, but these had mostly been *saccagé* at the Revolution, and there were no means to refurbish them; some were very far off, and a journey to Touraine or Provence, before the days of railways, was too heavy an expense. They often preferred leaving them unoccupied, and, if rich enough, had villas on the beautiful hills of St. Germain, or Meudon, or even nearer Paris, where within a walk from the Champs Elysées were some charming country houses, with farms and green fields, now covered with streets and shops. In one of these beautiful residences, Le Val, in the Forêt de St. Germain, belonging to the old Princesse de Poix, I passed many never-to-be-forgotten days. The family consisted of the blind grandmother, looking like a Rembrandt stepped out of its frame, and her two sons, the eldest a widower with an only child; she herself a widow after a year's marriage, her young husband buried under the snows of the Russian retreat. Celebrated over Europe for her wit and charm, she refused the most brilliant offers of marriage to devote herself to her father and her only child, a daughter. The second son, one of those rare characters of unostentatious piety, living but for the good he could do in this world of suffering, entirely occupied with social questions on the improvement of the lower classes, to which he devoted his life, the best of sons, of fathers, of husbands. His wife, a Talleyrand, holding by her birth not more than by her kindness and virtues, a position which led even the Great Emperor to press her acceptance of the post of Grande Maîtresse to Marie Louise; and caused her to take the same post with the young Duchesse de Berri at the Restoration, which she retained in society as long as she lived. Their mantle descended on the four bright handsome children, with whom

we roamed the beautiful forest. The eldest son took a prominent part in political and utilitarian life in his own province. The second was well-known as a diplomat in England. To name the daughter, Mrs. S. Standish, is but to recall virtues, charms, and talents, celebrated in the literary and social world of her own and her adopted country. A family of perfect affection, of unpretending goodness; whom to know was to love. It is of such as these (and they were not so unique in that society) that we loftily shrug our insular shoulders, and thank Heaven we are not as these foreigners are.

We often pronounce French women frivolous in their pursuits, reading, and lives; this I think an unjust judgment. What I saw of French women in former days has led me to the contrary conclusion; I do not speak of the present generation, but let us see what is the witness of French history as far back as the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*. In that most charming of books, *Mdme. de Sévigné's Letters*, we find that ladies read and understood Descartes' philosophy, the theological disputes of the Jansenists and the Port Royal, Laplace's Astronomy, the writings of Pascal, Latin and even Greek authors, history in its driest forms, algebra, &c. See the list she sends her daughter of the books she provides herself, and *le bien bon*, l'Abbé de Coulanges, for a rainy week *aux Rochers*. It is like the *menu* of a first-class competitive examination. It includes St. Augustine, Bourdaloue, and Massillon as pious reading; as light reading, *pour nous délasser*, Dante and Tasso in Italian, and Delisle's translation of Virgil; as fiction, *Le Grand Cyrus*, and some works by the *bel esprits* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whom Molière was already flagellating in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but whose influence even *Mdme. de Sévigné's* sound sense had not shaken off.

Absurd as was the use women in

those days made of their learning, the education must have been of a high order which enabled them to hold such dialogues as those satirized by Molière in the *Femmes Savantes*.

Trissotin. "Je m'attache pour l'ordre au péripatétisme."

Philaminte. "Pour les abstractions j'aime le platonisme."

Armande. "Epicure me plaît, et ses dogmes sont forts."

Bélieu. "Je m'accommode assez, pour moi, des petits corps ;

Mais le vuide à souffrir me semble difficile, Et je goûte bien mieux la matière subtile."

Trissotin. "Descartes, pour l'aimant, donne fort dans mon sens."

Armande. "J'aime ses tourbillons."

Philaminte. "Moi, ses mondes tombants."

The husband of the *femme savante*, Chrysale, that incarnation of good sense, tells her to—

"Ôter, pour faire bien, du grenier de céans
Cette longue lunette à faire peur aux gens,
Ne point aller chercher ce qu'on fait dans la lune,
Et vous mêler un peu de ce qu'on fait chez vous,
Où nous voyons aller tout sens-dessus-dessous."

Et l'on sait tout chez moi, hors ce qu'il faut savoir;
Mes gens à la science aspirent pour vous plaire."

Et tous ne font rien moins que ce qu'ils ont à faire."

From this, and from the perfect scene in which the bluestocking dismisses her cook, because her language is not that of Vaugelas (the great grammarian of the period), as well as from the plot of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, where the valets personate their masters and talk the pedantic jargon of the period, it is evident that the servants of these *femmes savantes* participated in the studies and pretensions of the house. This epoch of bad taste passed away; but all French memoirs, down to the Revolution of '92, prove that the education of women of the highest rank embraced even abstruse studies. History tells us that the Duchesse du Maine, one of the most beautiful and dissipated women of the Court of Louis Quinze, herself collated, in secret from

the Bibliothèque du Roi, the arguments and legal precedents to establish her husband's right to the regency. In the correspondence of the Comtesse de Sabran, a beautiful young widow in the days of Louis Seize, with the Chevalier de Boufflers, to whom she was engaged, and afterwards married, we find her reproaching him for not writing to her in Latin, telling him that he is so severe a critic she dare not send him her translation of Pythagoras and of the Ode of Claudius on Old Age. She is reading the letters of Abelard and Eloisa in Latin, with such pleasure, that she is translating some of them. She explains to him an effect of light which puzzled him, adding that she had gone through three courses of lectures on chemistry and physics in her life, and retained them. In the journal of her daily life, she says: "I get up at seven, I write and study till eleven, then after *déjeuner* I paint until dinner time at a full-length portrait of La Comtesse Auguste de la Marck"—the Princesse d'Arenberg (her intimate friend), who shared these studies. She is also painting a large historical picture. All this is intermixed with accounts of the *fêtes* she went to, and in the most womanly and tender letters. I saw this lady at an advanced age; she died as late as 1833.

In the last century, the Grande Dame was invariably educated at a convent. It is a mistake to suppose her education was neglected. The nuns, it is true, taught little besides the fairy needlework, in which they excelled, and the reverential, if somewhat narrow and childish, religion of which the reverence at least remained with their pupils through life. No woman, at least in noble society, was outwardly negligent of the observances of the Church, and to speak of them even slightly would have been esteemed the acme of bad taste. True, some women of the great families during the few years preceding the Revolution, led away by the genius of Voltaire and his school, and by the

influence of the times, abjured in great measure their early religious beliefs; but these were exceptions, and in most cases they returned in their old age to the faith instilled into their youthful hearts. Beside this training from the nuns, they received from professors of almost every branch of literature (too often neglected with us) a solid education *des études sérieuses*, continued when they left the convent by M. l'Abbé, their brother's tutor, and far different from the light reading and showy accomplishments of these days. This lasted even beyond their early marriage, which was not considered as emancipating them from study.

The Revolution, with its horrors, or a life of exile and wandering, must have interrupted the studies of the Grande Dame as I knew her in my childish days. I was not of an age to judge of her in that respect, except from what I have since heard from her grandchildren. Those that I recollect up to 1830, when we finally left Paris, a few months before the second revolution, were some of them between seventy and eighty, the survivors of '93. Some had passed through the prisons waiting daily for death, and saved only by Robespierre's fall; others had seen parents and husbands torn from them to the scaffold. Others, mere children at that fearful time, had been rescued by devoted nurses, or with their parents had found timely refuge in England or Germany. One there was, who, when but ten years old, had watched from the window of her home the *fête* for the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette (May 1770), and had witnessed the fearful disaster by which so many perished on that day, almost on the spot where the guillotine was to stand twenty years later. She had episodes of her court life after marriage to relate to us, of her hairbreadth escapes, of her flight to exile. There was the old Princesse de V——x, who passed through the *Terreur* shut up in one room in her Paris home (whence she had refused to emigrate), watched by two *gardes nationaux*, her life only

saved by an unknown protector in the revolutionary tribunal. Many returned when the danger was passed, to resume, though impoverished, their former existence, amid the wreck of families and fortunes which they had refused to retrieve by adherence to the Empire. Others returned only at the Restoration, having lived in the narrow circle of the *énigrés* unaltered in ideas, *n'ayant rien appris, et rien oublié*, and bringing with them the traditions and manners of bygone days. Some would still call Napoleon M. Bonaparte, and would date in 1814 "*20ème année du règne de Louis XVIII.*" It is said that they even altered history. I have been told that a printed history exists which states that S. M. Louis XVIII. gave the command of his armies and the government of his kingdom to M. Bonaparte, not liking after his brother's death to return to France for some years.

There is wonderful vitality in aged French women, particularly of the noble class—not only are they as a rule long-lived but the vigour of their mind and faculties remains intact to advanced age, and strengthens the tenacity of habits and ideas which was a characteristic of the Grande Dame. She came from exile, after ten or fifteen years passed, perhaps in England, amongst a race different in all things from her own, and with many of whom she was on even affectionate terms. But not one thought, not one prejudice was modified; as a drop of oil cast on a stream will be tossed about, surrounded, pressed upon, but never mingle with the water, she remained in the midst of world of progress, her own unaltered self.

They were noble old women; I remember still the sort of we with which I looked on those venerable relics of a past already become history. Differing in character, as all human beings differ, and some of them twenty years younger than the others there were still amongst them some general features of resemblance, a certain strange assemblage of contrasts. That

struck you first about her (and which still distinguishes French ladies) was her *ton* and language—always strictly grammatical, and pure French, but startling you by its almost brusque *bonhomie*, its utter absence of all affectation or self-consciousness, homely in expression, but never trivial; above all things she eschewed fine words, and stilted phrases. *L'épicière dit mon épouse, le roi dit ma femme*, was the principle on which she spoke; but no vulgarisms, no slang or cant ever sullied her lips; she spoke well, and pithily, not unfrequently with short, sharp sentences, *qui emportaient la pièce*, if she happened to be offended. She spoke with decision, with the authority of one who knows that she is respectfully listened to. Her manner was generally perfect in its ease and adaptation to the person addressed; in its natural unstudied felicity of expression; illustrating the axiom that to conceal art is the acme of art. French women are fond of talking; it is no effort to them; the shyness which in us English so often destroys the grace and power of speaking is, if it exists, so combated in their earliest years that it is unknown to them. With her simple *grandes manières*, perfectly civil and well bred, she knew how to draw the line—elaborately, ceremoniously civil to those whom she did not wish to admit within her circle, or encourage to return; while with her own intimates she gladly relapsed into the familiar snuff-taking, the not over particular talk her soul rejoiced in (for she called a spade a spade if she had occasion to mention it), or topics of conversation perhaps not in general use with us; such she considered it affectation to avoid. But it was all said in such grand simplicity, so evidently without any idea of shocking her hearers—or indeed any idea that it *could* or *ought* to shock them—that you could not feel annoyed. She had mostly mother wit, and those equable spirits and cheerful temperament which alone could have carried her through

the fearful scenes of her childhood, or the poverty and privation of her youth and middle age. The courage which had supported her mother on the scaffold had not deserted her, she had gone through what would have killed women of another stamp. Reverses and dangers found her undaunted, ready as ever to risk life and fortune for her sovereign or her "idea," and rearing her children to the same devoted loyalty.

The second Vendée proved that they were the equals of the Lescures and La Rochejaquepins of the first. To their children these women were tenderly and even passionately attached; but the tone of maternal authority—whatever the age—of decision in all family matters, and of undisputed sovereignty at home, never ceased but with life. A prominent feature in them was the strength and constancy of their friendship, and this has been a trait in French character in all times. Their time, their house, their fortune if required, is devoted to their friends; they will leave all to nurse them in illness, to console them in sorrow. Mme. de Staël, in *L'Influence des Passions*, places friendship in the rank of a passion, and devotes to it one of her most eloquent chapters. These friendships used to be carried on without interruption from the convent days. One of them told me that for sixty years she and her friend had never failed to meet on the same anniversary and spend a month or two together, although dwelling a long distance apart. Proud of birth rather than of rank or social position—which, as she never went out of her house, she only valued for the court it brought her—she loved to recall the *hauts faits* of her ancestors, and the history of her family. But she equally valued that of others; she held that *noblesse oblige*—she might commit many sins, but never a meanness; and would sacrifice any interests to the honour and glorification of her name! Haughty she was undeniably, sometimes cruelly, insolently so; but it was the naïf haughtiness of one who never has had her superiority ques-

tioned, and it was always to her equals, never to her inferiors. She passed for being fond of money, but it was to accumulate for her children—she had no other interests. Life is singularly simplified in these existences, bounded by their own room, absolutely despotic as head of the family, and is completely independent as to fortune, with the power of absolute disposal of it at will. With her inferiors, her dependants, above all, with her personal servants—the *valet de chambre*, a sort of Caleb Balderstone, who often filled the place of five or six of our servants, and her lady's maid, an old woman like herself—she spoke with a familiarity which made my young eyes open wide at its contrast with our English home ways. She said *vous* to her husband if she still had one, but would *tutoyer* her servants. The distance in her own mind was too immeasurable to fear any possible advantage being taken of this freedom. The devoted attachment of these servants through the perils of the Revolution through exile and privation, justified the system. Ill-paid, ill-fed on the remains of their master's table, snatched behind a screen in the ant-room, harder worked than our servants could conceive possible, lodged anyhow, anywhere, they still preserved the old feudal feeling of clanship and reverential devotion to the family and their forefathers had served the out of mind.

It must be said that to them the family were affectionately kind, nursed them in illness, took a part in all their concerns, danced at their weddings, were godparents to their children, and showed them that lively interest, that human sympathy, worth far more than the gold they perhaps had not to give, although the old age of these retainers was never left without provision. Many of the great families being poor, the number of their domestics was small, although the dependants and members might be numerous; but the one whose convenience was never neglected, who was honoured with personal intercourse and long conversations with his noble

mistress, was the cook—always a man, for the *cuisinière* only belonged to the *bourgeoisie*.

My Grande Dame was invariably fond of her dinner, rather boasted of being *gourmande*. The Princesse de Poix used to hold as an axiom, *que le signe distinctif d'une femme bien née, c'est de se connaître en cuisine*. French ladies mostly satisfy this requirement. They drink very little wine, generally *de l'eau rouge*, no tea or coffee after dinner, but they are not afraid of a tiny glass of the delicious liqueurs that are served round in such numbers at a French house.

Whatever the variety of character between them, there is one point in which all agree, love of conversation. The Grande Dame's real enjoyment in life was her *salon*. By this term is meant a reception held every evening, where the guests never expect food, or invitation after their first introduction. The *salons* I speak of were, I imagine, rather restricted to their own circle. I was too young at the time to go into society, so it is only from what I heard from my young friends, and from those I have since seen, that I can trace the difference which seems to have existed between the past and the present society. The halo of veneration which surrounded the aged grandmother, the heroine, the victim of catastrophes and misfortunes, of which perhaps history offers no other example, made *her* and her tastes and amusement the one object of the family reception; but they were not so amusing to others, with the exception of the Hôtel Beauvau, and one or two isolated cases. Still they were very agreeable ways of passing the evening, judging from the few which survived the reverses of 1830. The old lady sat enthroned in her comfortable arm-chair, the only one in the room—people did not loll as they do now. A *fauteuil*, that is one of those little stiff-backed articles with straight short arms which we see ranged round the old state rooms in French palaces, was placed near her, to which

came the first guest, yielding the place in turns to each arrival. The other elderly ladies had their work at a table apart, where the visitors came to pay their *devoirs*; and—again apart—the young women and girls of the family, perhaps at a tea-table, a novelty then beginning to come in, although not much understood, for a girl friend said to me one day, “Comment va ta maman?” “Mais bien; pourquoi?” “Ah! c'est qu'elle prenait du thé hier.” They still considered it as a *tisane* and medicinal. Politics were not talked at these houses, for the simple reason that the Grande Dame had none but loyalty. To her there was but one party—Monarchy; but one danger—Democracy. *La Charte* was something Louis XVIII. had kindly given to his people, but was never to interfere with his good pleasure of sending away one set of ministers for another, or passing any laws or enactments. Her code was neither Liberal nor Conservative, but *les Gentil-hommes et la Canaille*. Strange as it may seem to us, such was her world of ideas from 1804 to 1830. There were in Paris at that time, as later, many *salons*, all differing in their society, literary, political, artistic, diplomatic, scientific, even theatrical; some receiving the young and brilliant world, some devoted to the graver questions of the day, some combining on one day in the week all parties, all specialities—except *les ennuyeux*. It would be far beyond my scope to enter into details of them. There is a charming volume called *Les Salons de Paris*, written, I believe, by M. E. de Girardin, which may enlighten English people as to a form of society which does not exist and never can flourish in England.

During the last ten years of the Restoration these *salons* constituted the chief *société* of the *noblesse*. Louis Dix-huit, infirm and selfish, did little towards restoring the brilliancy of former days. Few courtiers survived the emigration. My Grande Dame's husband, if still alive, was a *chambellan*, but probably too old to attend Court,

certainly too old to give life to it. They led a very dull existence. Too poor to give *fêtes* themselves, and avoiding the new nobility, they only went to the Court or Embassies, and occasionally to the Rothschild's and Delmar's, as neutral houses.

The gloom of Charles Dix's Court, after the assassination of the Duc de Berri, closed the door to all but the friends and adherents of the old order of things. The young generation began to horrify their parents by their indifference to such dull amusements and wearisome favours. The young widowed Duchesse de Berri, after a few years of seclusion, attempted to give again some animation to the Tuileries, but she failed, and who can wonder that, unheeding the royal frowns, she collected around her the rebellious youth of the noble Faubourg, and with them sought, in the brilliant circle of the Palais Royal, the pleasures denied them in the stern and solemn Tuileries? With her young cousins—the Duc de Chartres, growing into manhood with the promise he so well kept of being the handsomest and most charming man of his day; with the Duc d'Aumale, and the rest of the gay young *troupe*, they rode, they drove ponies, they read books *à l'index*,

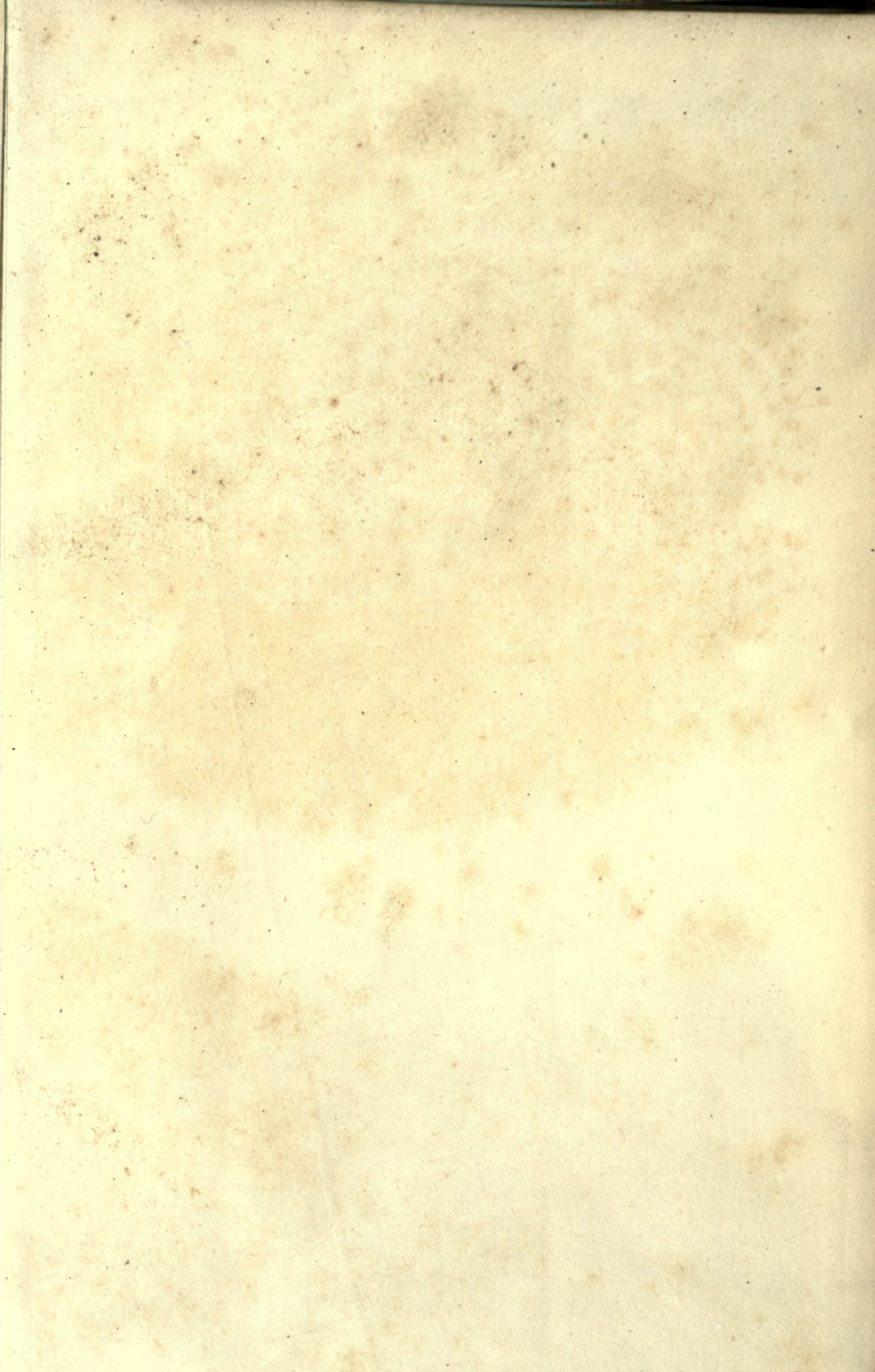
they went to masked balls; it was said that, worst of all, they learnt English, and that, ignoring Waterloo, some of them actually visited London in the season, bringing back English fashions in horses and carriages, and even the taste for clubs, which before then were mere political *réunions*. The parents wisely felt that the next generation must progress with their times; they had too much sense to attempt to stem the torrent. The grandmother in her *salon*, though shorn of the pomp of her former stately existence, impoverished, but surrounded by her children's love and care, attended as dutifully as ever by the young reformers themselves, glided away her last days, scarcely realising the changes around her. She was growing very old, she had no longer vigour to use her restraining influence, had she retained it. To her darkening sight the cloud which was lowering over the Monarchy bore no threat. Few of them lived to see the Bourbons a third time dethroned, driven to exile or death. Before the Revolution of 1830 most of them died away, and with the accession of the *Régime Bourgeois* ended the *Grande Dame de l'Ancien Régime*.

AUGUSTA L. CADOGAN.

END OF VOLUME XXXVI.







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